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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

The Quebec Resolution

OUR chief regret about the resolution of the Quebec Legislature opposing the sending of compulsory service men to the fighting fronts is the fact that it prevents any member of that Legislature who voted for it from ever becoming an effective force in national politics. There were two or three members of whom we had entertained considerable hopes; and the lack of men of first-class political quality from Quebec in the national arena is one of the gravest of the country's problems.

The raising and disposal of the fighting forces of the country is a purely national function, and provincial Legislatures (Ontario's included) have no more business passing resolutions about it than about the making of war or peace. Legislators who allow themselves to be bulldozed by Mr. Chaloult cannot expect to be taken seriously in the rest of the country. The Quebec Legislature has no responsibility whatever for the defence of Canada, and no knowledge of what that defence requires. The only excuse we can think of for its action is that perhaps it would not have occurred if Mr. Hepburn had not provided a precedent for it earlier in the war.

In such ways do the chickens of our sectionalism come home to roost, and it is hard to say who is the more to blame.

Who Misled Quebec?

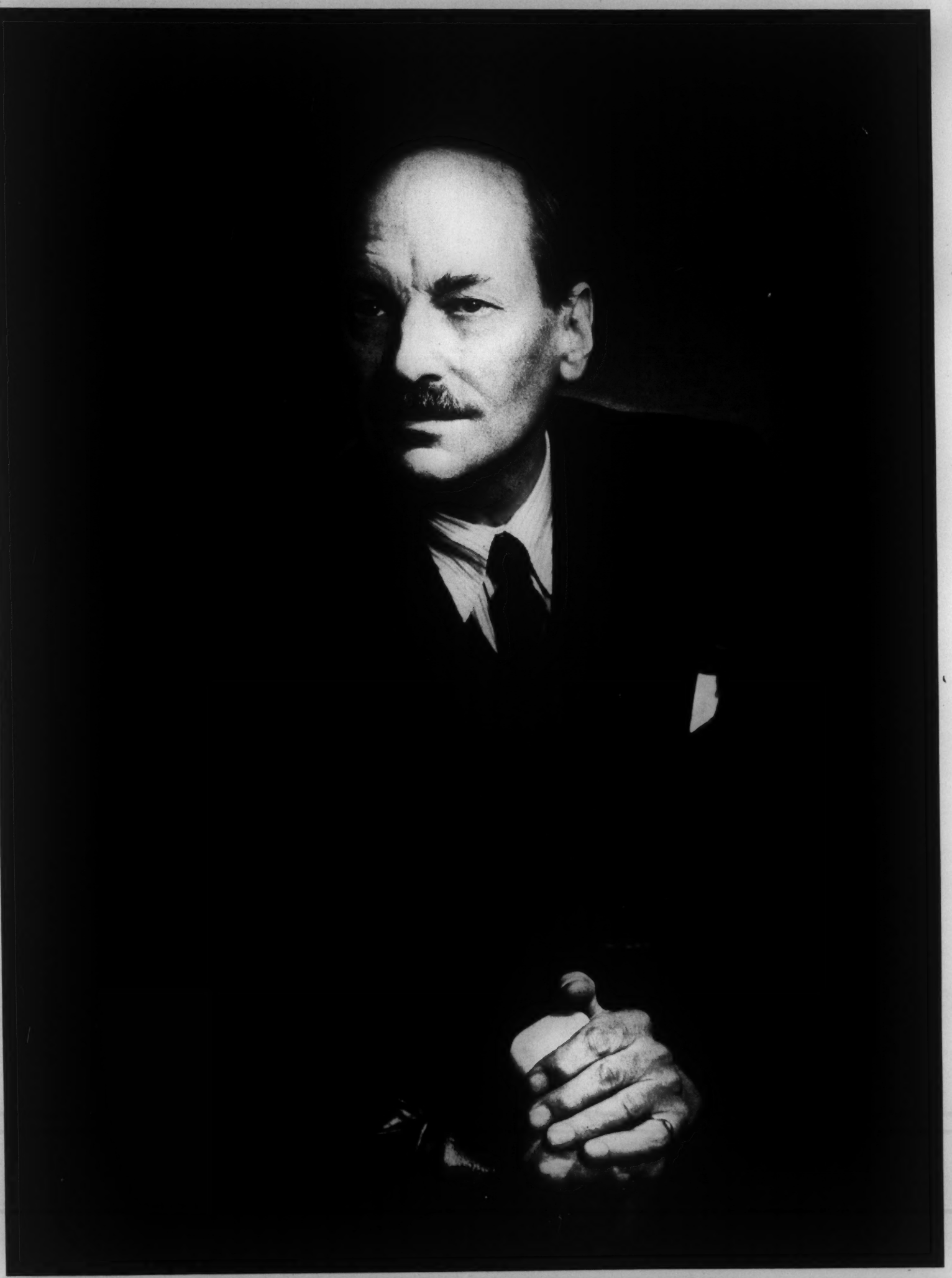
IT IS A POOR general election in which each of the old parties does not seek to persuade the electors in English-speaking Canada that the electors in French Canada are really very admirable citizens who have been led astray by the opposite party. This is a national misfortune, because it helps to blind the English-speaking electors to the inescapable fact that the French electors, while certainly very admirable citizens, have inevitably some special points of view which are totally different from those of the majority, and that these points of view are produced, not by anybody's misleading, but by the circumstances of their position—which has a close resemblance to that of Southern Ireland when it was in the United Kingdom, except that the French-Canadians have a much more workable language and are much more accustomed to using it.

In the election campaign of this year the recriminations have already begun, and for once the Liberals got in first. We have previously noted Mr. Grant Dexter's references to the fact that Messrs. Sevigny, Blondin, Nantel, Pelletier, Patenaude, Monk, Lavergne, Rainville and Gauthier, extreme French-Canadian Nationalists, all sat in Conservative Governments or received high office at Conservative hands. Now Mr. F. D. L. Smith has come back with the counter-charge that since the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier the "appeals to the racial and religious prejudices of our fellow-citizens beyond the Ottawa River" have been made by "Mr. King himself, Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Hon. Fernand Rinfret, Sir Lomer Gouin, Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Hon. Lucien Cannon, Senator Dandurand and Hon. Alphonse Fournier," while the Hon. C. G. Power, now Minister for Air Defence, said in

(*Continued on Page Three*)

LABOR CHIEF →

The Right Honorable Clement Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister of Great Britain, pictured here by Yousuf Karsh, has been Labor's leader in the House of Commons for nearly ten years, and is presently its chief representative in the War Cabinet. In this capacity he brings to his work wide experience from the last war, in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and France, as well as in the Tank Corps.



FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE:

		Page
Moscow Dinner Discusses Canada Relations	R. A. Davies	8
Loose Pieces of the Invasion Puzzle	Willson Woodside	12
Internationalism Revived in Labor World	C. Ross MacEwan	14
Farewell to the Quintuplets	B. K. Sandwell	18
Rubber From Milkweed in Canada	Rosser and Thistle	22
Financial Avalanche Hangs Over Germany	Gilbert C. Layton	42

ANDREW WILFRID HAMILTON *Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Rubber-Down for the Liberal Party Is Doing a Nice Job

By COROLYN COX

IF THE Old Gray Mare ain't exactly what she used to be, she is nevertheless getting a fine grooming! Andrew Wilfrid Hamilton, installed as National Secretary in November 1943, has already done a stout piece of work in restoring the war-neglected National Liberal Federation to something of its pristine well-ordered performance. Every political party is on the job today, elections admittedly in the near offing. In the central office of each group one energetic, hopeful, ambitious young man takes on the job as "rubber down" for the party. Hamilton is doing nicely, thank you.

To the national secretaries falls the job of arranging meetings, card indexing constituencies, and, specially in Hamilton's case, continual publicity, seeing that prominent party leaders not only give speeches but get them reported in the press, mailed out to the voters, etc.

Andrew Hamilton is first and last a newspaper man—a politically minded one. He's thirty-seven years of age, product of Saskatchewan, actually born in a homesteader's shack. His parents both came from Ontario to the Qu'Appelle Valley district in Saskatchewan, where his father taught school. Later they homesteaded land near Weyburn. Both rode horseback because they hadn't a buggy, seldom saw a quarter in their pockets from one year's end to the other. After that tough beginning, they got on their feet.

Andy, one of five children, went to rural public school a mile away, then to High School in Weyburn. The 1,280-acre farm did well. During the last world war farmers made money, and if they didn't spend and borrow too much, came through in good shape. From 1926-29 they made money again, and today Andy's oldest brother is on the family farm, getting along all right.

In 1926, when Premier Dunning of Saskatchewan came East to be Minister of Railways in the King Government, Andy's father and the Hon. J. G. Gardiner battled for the provincial leadership. Gardiner won. Hamilton Senior stayed on in the government until it was defeated in 1929, when he was appointed to the Board of Grain Commissioners, which administers the "Farmers' Magna Carta", the Canada Grain Act.

Andy Hamilton took a B.A. at University of Saskatchewan in 1929, arts combined with law in his senior year. Back to the farm that summer, a "smart young punk", he says, he insisted on plunging in to help his father in his constituency in the general election, in spite of the senior politician's warning to spare his young enthusiasm. The party took an awful whipping and young Hamilton felt the Judgment of the People wasn't so good after all.

Pupil of Leacock

Back in Regina, crestfallen, he found a wire from Stephen Leacock, awarding him a $500 fellowship at McGill University, which was a pretty good pick-me-up. He went off to specialize in economics and politics, and in the small seminar graduate course was one of three students taken under Leacock's personal wing. Leacock, arch-Tory, directed many broadsides at "Young Hamilton", as he called him, but they got on famously. Andy's thesis on "Migration of the Population of Canada to the United States" struck a special chord in Leacock's mind, and he recommended the youth for an appointment to League of Nations Labor Section. Hamilton went home to await the call. But no call came, for some reason. So he entered University of Saskatchewan again, embarking on its law course. After seven days of it he thought of three years ahead and decamped back to the farm. Regina was in the doldrums. There were no jobs. Andy spent the whole winter on the farm, a sadder young man becoming wiser.

It was in the spring of '31 that his newspaper career began when the former City Editor of the Toronto *Star*, Harry Johnston, then Secretary of the Ontario Liberal Association, gave him a cub reporter job at $20 a week. Andy thought that was good going when he discovered a bloke with a Ph.D. working on the same staff for $15 a week! It was those days.

Hamilton's political talent and intuition helped him thrive on the City Hall beat in Toronto. He learned about civic and ward politics, sharpening his wits in keen competition with his opposite number on the *Telegram*, was soon head man on the Star's City Hall team, with three men under him.

Proof of his effectiveness came with an offer from the Windsor *Star* in 1934, which he accepted, going to their office in August. The Windsor *Star* sent him to the Ottawa Press Gallery, where from January to October 1935 he witnessed the last days of the Bennett regime, carved up the Tory Chief's famous reform speech.

Hamilton's paper sent him to London for the Coronation, left him there as a roving headline hunter for six months, with arabesques on the Continent, but NOT in warring Spain. They gave him a fat weekly budget, which he consistently overdrew. Mathew Halton, Canadian-born Ewart Robinson, general manager of the *Daily Express*, Mike Pearson at Canada House, all contributed generously, he feels, to his success. When he came back to Canada in 1937, it was supposedly to a permanent post on the Press Gallery. But he got fed up with leaning down over the heads of the loquacious politicians, groused till he was permitted to return to Windsor to learn the executive end of newspaper work. His succeeding days as the *Star's* City Editor were the happiest of his life. It was a slavish, young man's job, fiercely hard, competition with the big Detroit papers eternally intense, with the daily make-up climax always at a "rolling boil". Andy just loved it—till he wound up at deadline one hot August day by passing out on the composing-room floor. He began to wonder at what age a man should consign this sort of pressure to young ambitions.

Politics Catch Up

In June of 1940 Hamilton went up to Toronto to the *Globe and Mail*, technically a reporter, but kept mainly on the desk, found the change to a morning paper interesting. Then at the end of the year 1941, politics caught up with him again. One morning a telephone call came from the Hon. Norman A. McLarty, old friend of his Windsor days, then coping with the troubled seas of industrial Canada as wartime Minister of Labor. Hamilton agreed to come to his rescue as private secretary, but no sooner arrived in Ottawa than Mr. McLarty went over to be Secretary of State, in a Department that the energetic Hamilon found pretty dull for his taste.

Hamilton wasn't at all sorry when the decision was made in the fall of 1943 that it was time to revive the National Liberal Federation, long somnolent through the wartime agreement to lay off political activity. Much of the success of the two-day organizing meeting was credited to Hamilton's energy and activity. In November he was set up as National Secretary in rather unprepossessing quarters on Wellington Street, and at the first of this year he moved the office into its present excellent suite in the Birks Building. Under the presidency of Senator Wishart McL. Robertson and the directorship of Allan G. Maclean, the National Liberal Federation is preparing to go to the polls sometime between now and next spring, to give account to the people of Canada for the party's stewardship of Canadian affairs during the most critical and arduous period in all Canadian history. Great days of history generate great political heat.

Andy Hamilton has a job in this setting that just suits him. In politics, as in the old city room, he thrives on pressure. The fiercer the opposition competition the better he feels. In this respect he shares the political characteristic of his party chieftain, William Lyon Mackenzie King. When the time comes, there are at least two men on the battle line who will undoubtedly enjoy the fray.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Veteran Education Plan Is Now Broadened: Chinese Education

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I REFER to the article "One Need the Veterans' Education Plan Omits" by J. H. McDonald on page 18 of your April 22 issue, in which my name appears. This article argues the case for payment of allowances and fees for Canadian ex-service men while attending universities abroad, if eligible otherwise under the terms of The Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order, and urges that the words "Canadian university or college approved by the Minister" be changed to "any university or college approved by the Minister." This has already been done by Order in Council P.C. 775 of February 8, 1944.

It is not clear in Mr. McDonald's article whether the cases he mentions are hypothetical or actual; but if they are cases taken from the record I wonder if full account has been taken of their long absence from Canada, as in cases 1 and 2 if they remain in the forces until the end of hostilities they are likely to be absent from home over five years, assuming early demobilization.

Some thought should be given to the other side of the picture. Is it advisable for a young man who has spent five years in the forces and is now over twenty-three to take his undergraduate work in the post-discharge period overseas and to attempt to secure professional standing in a Canadian profession by completing his education abroad? He would be a bold vocational guidance officer who would urge such a course, apart altogether from the fact that the universities of the United States and Great Britain will be filled with their own students.

Furthermore, is it not incongruous that we have had the Commonwealth Air Training Plan operating in Canada to train air crew for the most severe test of human skill and endurance, yet we seem hesitant about the provision of full Canadian facilities for professional education? Perhaps because there is the feeling in some quarters that we must seek our culture abroad. There are undoubtedly cases where very advanced post-graduate work can be more successfully pursued overseas and the need in these cases can be met, but in ordinary undergraduate work, and in many fields of post-graduate work, our Canadian universities no doubt will broaden their present excellent facilities and if necessary import the teachers and provide tuition rather than detain any longer than necessary our Canadian youth abroad, losing touch with Canadian opportunities of employment.

I am referred to as Secretary to the Government's Advisory Committee on Demobilization and Re-establishment. I ceased to act in this capacity in October 1943.

Ottawa, Ont. ROBERT ENGLAND.

(We are glad to publish Mr. England's letter and thereby to do belated justice to the government for having done what our article suggested should be done, and done it before the article appeared. No responsibility attaches to Mr. McDonald, the author of the article. It was written and accepted for publication, before the regulation was changed, and before Mr. England resigned.—Ed.)

Chinese Education

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MUCH has been heard of late about post-war plans for education in Britain. But to visualize in wartime the employment of a million more teachers is a triumph of the human spirit.

Yet that is what China is doing—and that in the midst of a terrible conflict which is now in its seventh year. "Free" China, that part of the vast country under the leadership of Chiang Kai-Shek, is now engaged in the most far-reaching educational reforms in the history of the nation. The people of China, heirs of the world's most ancient civilization, are learning anew. No nation held learning in greater honor than did China in the past, and the study of the immortal classics held an honored place for many centuries.

But now China is endeavoring to create a system of education which will enable her to cope with the changing conditions of the modern world. Modern science and medicine and Western ideas of democracy, nationalism and social progress have taken the place of the old Confucian classics, the stilted literary style and the out-of-date religious dogmas.

The avowed aim of Chinese education today is to make citizens who can take part in the struggle for national independence. General Chiang Kai-Shek once declared: "A modern nation derives its vitality from three factors, education, economics, and military force." He believes that without education total mass mobilization and ultimate victory are impossible.

Hence the great nationwide drive for education which is proceeding, and which has already resulted in tens of millions being taught to read, to write,—and, most vital of all, to think, and to understand the reasons for China's stand against aggression.

Truly remarkable progress was made in the extension of education before the war. In 1929 there were only 8,800,000 children out of 41,000,000 aged six to nine attending primary schools. In four years the number had grown to 12,000,000 and in seven years the number of secondary schools almost trebled to 3,123. A striking feature was the spread of adult education, and when the Chinese War began there were 40,000 schools for adults attended by 4,000,000 people who learned to read newspapers and simple books.

Then came the Japanese invasion, and the deliberate attempts to destroy as much as possible of China's hereditary culture, her schools, and seats of learning. They bombed and burnt them, and among the irreparable losses was that of the world-famous library at Nanking, with priceless Chinese books, and a second, equally valuable, at the National University of Hunan in Changsha. It is an amazing proof of Chinese courage and tenacity that of the 110 seats of learning such as colleges, universities and technical schools in the Eastern provinces, only 19 actually closed. The rest removed into the interior and West, although some had to move as many as six times.

H. MOTTRAM.

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

1937: "I went to war once. I returned. I will not go back again and I will not send any one." It is by these men, Mr. Smith suggests, that "decent, innocent French-Canadians have been misled without knowing it."

It seems odd that Mr. Smith's list—which is of course somewhat more contemporary than Mr. Dexter's — contains no mention of Mr. Duplessis, who has not been wholly without influence on French Canada. Perhaps we are to assume that Mr. Duplessis is one of the decent and innocent, misled by the Hon. L. A. Taschereau. There is Mr. Chaloult also, no doubt misled by Mr. Cardin up to a year or two ago, when Mr. Cardin left the Liberal Government and thus automatically ceased to be a misleader. But there should be some means of distinguishing the misleaders from the decent and innocent, other than Mr. Smith's assumption that the misleaders are always Liberals and the decent and innocent always something else.

Clubs and Churches

THE Rev. David A. MacLennan deserves a good deal of credit for his courage in presenting, in the United Church Presbytery of Centre Toronto, a resolution criticising the Granite Club for refusing to allow Marian Anderson to be entertained on its premises because she is a Negro. The club is practically in Mr. MacLennan's parish, or what would be his parish if the United Church had parishes.

The Granite Club is the property of its members, and SATURDAY NIGHT, which has a very high respect for property rights, would be the last journal to suggest that any club should be compelled to admit guests whom its members do not desire. We merely regret that the members of the Granite Club, if correctly represented by their rules and regulations or by the interpretation of them by their officers, appear to object to the presence of a great artist and a great lady in their premises solely because she is a Negro. It is their right to do so, and it is our right to regret that they do so, and to hope that they will cease to do so within a few decades. And it is, we suggest, the right of the clergy of Toronto to share our regret and to give it public expression.

The statement of the club's president, that "The Granite Club is a private club, operating solely for the benefit of its members, and will cater to no outside organizations or individuals whatsoever", does not exactly meet the situation. Nobody has asked that it should cater to anybody. Nothing would be gained if it were compelled to admit Miss Anderson and its members went on thinking that she ought not to be admitted. Much has been gained by the Presbytery resolution. Those members of the club who believe that Miss Anderson should have been admitted—and there may be more of them than the officers suppose—have been assured that their view is shared by the religious authorities of an important communion; and they, along with members in other clubs who think like them, will be encouraged to press for the removal of a regulation which says in effect that Miss Anderson is good enough to listen to in the concert-hall but not good enough to eat with in the diningroom. This sort of discrimination, based on race alone, is going to be increasingly difficult to practise in future, and the fact might just as well be recognized now.

Case for a Question

WHAT is the matter with our Members of Parliament that they don't ask questions? (Yes, we know there are a lot of senatorships vacant, but non-Liberal members won't get them anyhow!) It has been extensively stated in the press that C. W. Jackson, secretary and chief executive assistant to the Minister in charge of Indians, "said there was a war on, and it was better that Indians should starve than that money should be spent on feeding them that might be spent on winning the war." We have not the slightest idea whether Mr. Jackson ever said anything of the kind, or even whether he believes it. The fact that no denial has been published may be due to his inability to get hold of a reporter. But the point is that a highly placed civil servant has been reported as saying something which, if he said it, proves his complete unfitness for his position. And nobody in Parliament has asked his Minister to ask him whether he said it or not. And members wonder why the public thinks Parliament is becoming effete!

"VANDALS!"

Copyright in the Countries

Giddy and Gilded

THE speech of Group Captain Denton Massey in Parliament last week was precisely what the country needed. He may have been a little unfair to the House of Commons; the incredible futility of the debate on proposed changes of procedure, which apparently was the R.C.A.F. officer's first experience in the House after two years in England, was not a fair example of its work this session, and may have been due in part to the absence of the Prime Minister and the feeling that little could be done with him away and the Imperial Conference and the invasion both impending. But the country at large deserves all that Group Captain Massey said about it; it is giddy and gilded, and shockingly unaware of the crucial nature of the hour in which we live.

The truth is that the divorce between the men who are offering their lives in the active armed services and those who at home are contributing merely well-paid labor and well-remunerated financial support has become far too great. The men have been away for so long that even their close relatives in many cases, to say nothing of that considerable number who have no kin in the forces, have become insensitive to the dangers they will have to face. In regard to life and limb, though not to economic effort, the war has come to seem a relatively easy and painless business, in spite of heavy casualties in the air. Even about the ultimate issue of it we are far too complacent; for while Germany can hardly hope now to defeat the United Nations, she still hopes, not wholly without reason, to avoid serious defeat herself by tiring and dividing her enemies. It was only a few weeks ago, evidently, that so well-informed a body as the High Command of the United Nations realized that a long period of artillery warfare may yet be necessary, and called for a resumption of shell production. We could no doubt obtain peace, of a sort, at any minute—probably we could obtain peace and the elimination of Hitler. But a genuine and durable peace will come only with the utter defeat and occupation of Germany; and that means much bitter fighting.

The Bracken Platform

THE "platform" of Mr. Bracken as set forth in a 7,000-word "quiz" in *Maclean's Magazine* is a very characteristic document. It has an air of engaging frankness, which on most subjects is entirely genuine; the new leader has done his own thinking about these and is not afraid to announce the result. Two subjects, however, he dismisses with an airy assumption that they will never bother us which is, we fear, much too optimistic.

Asked how, in time of depression, he proposes to implement his 1942 slogan of "The right of every man to a job", he replied that with our present knowledge of the causes of depressions "we need not fear them in future". No? Well, perhaps not, if we are prepared to pay, peacefully, the price of preventing them. But suppose that price is far beyond what Mr. Bracken's party is prepared to pay? Suppose, for example, that it includes a very large amount of state interference with the free movement of capital in or out of the country? Or with the free movement of labor? Or with wages where they constitute a rigidity obstructing economic readjustment? Such interferences may well be necessary if we are to guarantee every man a job. Many economists think they will be, and are not happy about it. Guaranteed full employment may be almost as difficult to secure as guaranteed peace.

And peace, at any rate, Mr. Bracken is not willing to pay much to guarantee. (Neither, we grant him, are the Canadian people, in our humble opinion.) He stands foursquare for "no commitments," even to other Commonwealth nations. "I do not think the Canadian people would agree to a commitment which might precipitate them into a war, the causes or consequences of which they could not foresee". And again: "The decision should rest with the Canadian Parliament". Yet Mr. Bracken believes in "a world organization to assure peace" (yes, assure is the word!), and "that Canada should play her due part in it"—such due part evidently not including a pledge to come to the aid of any other nation if unjustly attacked.

It all makes one think what a pity it is that Mr. Bracken is not in Mr. King's cabinet—or Mr. King in Mr. Bracken's.

Limits of Secrecy

WE FIND it difficult to believe that the proceedings of the War Expenditures Committee so far as they relate to the cost and quality of army shoes need to be covered by the seal of secrecy. There is no parallel between the claims of the Conservative members that these current sittings should be open, and the recent and ill-advised demand that the proceedings at sessions already held under conditions of secrecy should be laid before the public—a proposal involving a definite breach of faith with all concerned. The members who left the committee seem to have been justified in doing so, and should not be charged with obstructing the conduct of war business.

Enough is known concerning the matter discussed to make it highly desirable, in the Government's own interests, that the public should be given the full facts. A policy of frankness now would dispel a large amount of suspicion which has grown up because concealment seems to have been carried much further than war exigency requires.

The Passing Show

MONTREAL *Star* headline reads "Bracken Strengthening the Party Front." But there are indications that its backing has been strengthened also.

•

The U.S. authorities have banned zoot suits for women, but can't Canada do something about their zoot hats?

•

How lucky it is that Victory begins with V! That fact has supplied us with symbols for Loans No. IV, V and VI, and will last through VII and VIII. After that we shall run into X—the unknown quantity.

•

Strange that the Finnish people should show such bad judgment about finishes.

•

German army cookbooks call for a small amount of soybean flour to be added to almost every item on the menu. From the behavior of the German army in the eastern front it looks as if they might have been using jumping beans instead.

•

"The actual value of the Imperial Conference is not expected to be apparent immediately."—CP cable despatch.

No, not till the Dominion elections.

•

Elections Committee of the House of Commons favors direct voting for active service men. Just so; men who are not doing their fighting by proxy shouldn't have to vote by that method.

•

Legislators who pass unqualified resolutions against conscription are taking some risks. An unqualified resolution against conscription means that they would rather their country should be conquered than submit to conscription.

•

Defining Himself

(Central Toronto Presbytery of the United Church has appointed a "Chairman of OEcumenicity.")

"I'm the Chairman of OEcumenicity
In the Central Presbytery.
I'm expected to find the lubricity
Which will bring to enduring felicity
Denominational disputants
In robe, or cassock, or Sunday pants,
And make all Christians merry.

"I'm a sort of liaison officer
Of the bold United Church.
Whatever diff'rences may occur
I smooth all ecclesiastic fur
And plead for a *gentle* argument,
For if on battle the boys were bent
I would be left in the lurch."

J. E. M.

•

"We make your suit last" advertises a valet service in Truro. Sounds like the slogan of our tailor.

•

The United States apparently is thinking of hemisphere defense on a permanent bases.

•

Canadian wheat is now being sold in the Kansas City market for the first time on record. What next? A coal shortage in Newcastle?

•

A seat has been sold on the Montreal Curb Market for $5,000—a new wartime high. But seats on Montreal street cars still can't be had at any price.

•

According to the Kamloops Sentinel: "Besides being made government agent, Mr. Dalgleish has also been appointed water recorder, gold commissioner, mining recorder, land commissioner, registrar of voters, district registrar of the supreme court, registrar of the county court of Yale, district registrar for births, deaths and marriages." Obviously the manpower shortage is turning civil servants into civil slaves.

•

The Rev. Mr. Hansell, Social Credit M.P., says that since he has been in politics he considers every man a scoundrel until he can prove him innocent. So far the only people he has bothered to prove innocent are other Social Credit members.

•

After all, the charge that Mr. Bracken isn't in the House won't carry much weight when there's a general election on and he's trying to *get* in.

•

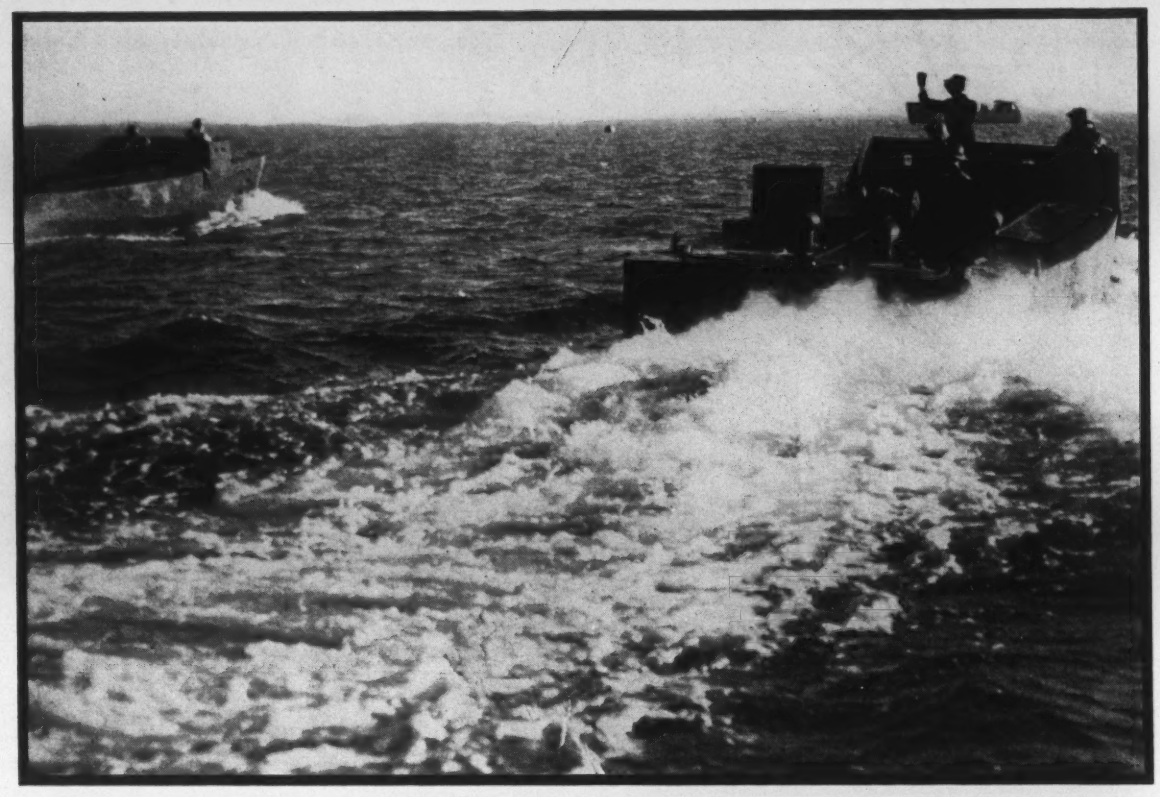
Anyhow Mr. Godbout doesn't seem to object to Power politics.

•

The Montreal *Star* is said to refuse to accept CCF advertisements. It fears its readers are not bright enough to see through them.

Tradition and Training Fit Royal Marines . . .

By John Allen Graydon



This is how Royal Marine Commandos travel in their assault barges. While speeding to the coast which they are to invade, the barges show no signs of the number of fighting men they carry.

THE forces of Britain and the Allies are ready. When the assault upon the German "West Wall" begins, Great Britain's ace assault troops, the Royal Marines, expect to be the first to land upon the beaches—ready to attack and destroy the enemy's forward positions and clear the way for the main body of infantry and tanks who will follow to consolidate the bridgehead.

The world over, the composite of sailor and soldier represented by the Royal Marines are tough "hombres". At fierce hand-to-hand fighting the "Jollies" are second-to-none. Whether operating as Commandos, or under Combined Operations Command they have taken part in practically every important engagement of this war.

They were first in and last out of Norway, France, the Low Countries and Crete. They were also last to leave the sweltering jungles of Burma, where they gained the respect of the Japanese by their courage and Commando daring. It was the Royal Marines, too, who occupied the Faroes and Iceland, and played a big part in the capture of Madagascar when things looked difficult for the forces in front of strong enemy positions.

The fact that the task of establishing the first bridgehead in Europe—in Sicily and later on the mainland in Italy—was entrusted to the Corps is once again proof that those who matter appreciate that the Royal Marines, who have been our Commandos for nearly 300 years, still rank as the finest assault force in the world.

Two forces of Royal Marine Commandos preceded the landing of Canadian troops in Sicily. It was dark when the great convoy assembled off the Sicilian coast. As quietly as possible the assault craft were lowered into the sea. And Royal Marine Commandos, faces blackened, bayonets dulled, and eager to get to grips with the enemy, scrambled into the little assault ships.

There was a heavy swell, and as the craft thrust their way beachwards, sea-water swept through the ramp and some of the men were soon up to their ankles in water.

Not a word was said, however, as the young Marine Commandos, keyed up for immediate action, waited for the assault craft to force its way up the beach and the order to disembark.

Soon the beaches were in our possession, and the infantry, surging forward, commenced the chase that ended with the capture of the island.

In the meantime, on another sector of the bridgehead, the sharp eyes of a youthful Royal Marine, Corporal Smith, spotted a 77-mm. gun, that had been hidden by the enemy in a house overlooking the beach, open fire.

"Over here, lads!" he exclaimed, and made for the "strong point." His courage, there can be no doubt, saved many of his Marine comrades—but it cost Smith his own life. So enraged was one of the Corporal's friends that he ran amok, fought his way to the Italian gun position, and wiped out every man!

ONE evening the Adjutant-General, acting on instructions from the War Cabinet, 'phoned through to the Chatham Establishment and ordered that 200 men should proceed to Dover, disembark upon destroyer, and travel to the Hook of Holland. Here they were to assist in the rescue of the Queen of Holland, who was in danger of capture by the Nazis.

One hour later, kitted, and with rations to last for three days, those Royal Marines boarded a motor-coach and were driven through the night to Dover. They crossed to Hol-

On land and sea the Marine is a tough fighter, ready for anything. This determined looking leading hand is covering a boarding party with a Tommy-gun . . .

. . . as his mates, practising "away boarders" jump the gap between their destroyer and an "enemy" craft.

Above the noise of exploding shells and gunfire the voice of the beachmaster is heard directing operations over this loud hailer.

Trained to negotiate any obstacle, including barbed wire, Marines follow up their landings by reconnoitring the beach and foreshore in order to organize the area for the landing of troop and material-bearing craft.

. . . To Spearhead Attack on Western Europe

British War Office Photos

land, fought their way inland, meeting fifth-columnists, many of whom tried to trap them, and reached the Queen of Holland.

Next day, the Dutch Queen arrived in Britain, and the tired, badly shaken, but unbeatable Marines, returned to Chatham—with all their equipment.

Marine pilots, attached to the Fleet Air Arm, flew at Taranto and other big engagements, and many an Italian merchantman and warship has been sunk or severely damaged by the "Flying Marines."

It was a Royal Marine warrant officer, E. N. Reid, astride a donkey, who rode through the tiny Italian island of Linosa to present the Allies' terms of surrender to the commandant. But it is as landing units that the Royal Marines are famous.

In the Far East, when we take the war to the Japanese, they, with their second-to-none training and experience, will prove invaluable in gaining a foothold upon the many areas occupied by the little yellow men. And the Marines will not be caught by the tricks of the Nipponese. In Burma they mastered them.

The Marine Mobile Naval Base Defence Organisation will prove very useful in this theatre, and as Admiral Mountbatten has a great respect for the "Jollies," it is quite likely that he will make use of this specialised "mystery arm."

HOW "the tradition" gets into the spirit of Marines can be appreciated when I tell the story of Marine Hunt, who was recently repatriated.

Marine Hunt is typical of the young men who will soon be swelling the ranks of the Corps—and when face to face with danger he proved his greatness.

It was when Tobruk was in enemy hands that a party of the "Jollies" landed from the sea, and in the face of terrific fire and superior numbers advanced into the port.

Hunt had been ordered to clear enemy posts, and as he advanced, a sudden burst of fire made the Marines look for cover. A terrific blow on Hunt's chest told him the worst. That he had been hit—just above the heart, too! But the Marines are made of tough stuff, and Hunt, weak in the legs, but strong with courage, continued to lead the advance.

Thrusting and hacking with the bayonets, those Marines made the enemy sick at the thought of cold steel. It was not until he had lost the use of one of his arms, which became paralysed as the result of his wound, and had stormed his way into the enemy stronghold and saved the life of his company commander did Hunt, through sheer exhaustion, have to give up the fight.

But by his courage and disregard for personal danger he left a very great impression upon the enemy.

The Royal Marines' badge is the globe. It was given to them by King George the Fourth "Because No Badge Is Large Enough to Carry All Their Honours."

Their record at Dieppe when a Royal Marine Commando was ordered to make a landing on White Beach and give support to Canadian troops who were encountering heavy resistance there is another milestone in their long and glorious history.

With the Canadians at Dieppe, and later in Sicily, there is every likelihood that the two forces will be together once more when the Second Front opens in the West. Breeching the "West Wall" will be no easy task. This time, however, once ashore, it will be their job to stay. We can very well "Leave it to the Marines!"

Marine Commandos train over a stiff assault course and face "just missing" fire from live ammunition. Just "how close" can be seen from the splash in the water below these chaps scaling a cliff.

Where they can't go over, they go under. Unseen by the enemy, Royal Marines negotiate a water culvert.

At fierce hand-to-hand combat the Jollies are second to none. Bayonets at the ready, they "come out fighting" the moment their assault craft touches shore.

This realistic "attack" on a cliff strongpoint gives troops a foretaste of the resistance they can expect along the Atlantic Wall.

They learn to fight over all types of terrain. Flat rolling country like this affords very little cover but Marine Commandos, like Indian fighters, are skilled in surprise attacks even under unfavorable conditions.

He Was the First Man to Say "No!" to the Nazis

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Except for an accident of fate John Nygaardsvold would be a citizen of the United States today instead of Premier of Norway. For Norway the accident has been a happy one as since 1935 this sturdy man has given his people a forthright, courageous leadership as strong as any in the United Nations.

As "Old Man Norway" he will go down in history as the first man that showed the Nazis that their path could be impeded.

THE battle thunder in the Mediterranean basin, rolling across Hitler's Europe, sends a shiver of new life and hope down the fjords and through the mountain valleys; and over in London the ice is melting from the glacial eye of the man they call "Old Man Norway." They say that at the last Friday Cabinet meeting he even cracked a joke.

"Old Man Norway" is Johan Nygaardsvold, Premier of Norway since 1935, a chunky man with a clenched mouth and wide smooth brow, a man built like an ice-breaker; he was the first of Europe's small-state chiefs to say "No" to Hitler and his gunmen, and shoot back.

Photo by Karsh.
Old Man Norway

He is already planning against the day when the legal government which he heads returns to Norway. A tough task awaits. But Nygaardsvold has been handling tough jobs, and building, all his life. In Norway he built bridges between political parties which have held solidly for Norway's eight most difficult and tragic years, and which still hold.

If the fates had not caught him by the ankle one day, back in 1908, holding him back in Norway, Johan Nygaardsvold would today be an American citizen, free from great responsibilities and state cares, watching events from the comfortable remoteness of a farm in Montana, Wyoming or Oregon.

That story begins one hard winter's day in Hommelvik, near Trondheim, 42 years ago. Johan got up in the morning and found no work to go to. It was a shock. He had not missed a day's work, on farm, in saw or paper mill, or tile factory, since he was 14. Now he was 22 and had a family to support.

He Looked West

He looked West. Across that ocean was a great new land bursting with growth and life. Plenty of work there. He would migrate by himself, then fetch his family when he was ready. The spring of 1902 found him crossing the Atlantic in an old 4,000-ton cattle boat. He got work with a Canadian company building a couple of wood-pulp factories, saved some money and headed west.

In Montana Johan found the railroads pushing toward the ocean. He worked for them five years. It was hard and dangerous.

Johan did all right on the whole, and at the end of four years was ready to return to his wife and children in Norway.

During his short stay, he intended to use some of his earned dollars to set his younger brother up in business, so that he could support their old mother. But his brother died. Johan's plan collapsed. He could not leave his mother alone in Norway; nor did he dare take her along with his family to America. So instead of sailing westward, he began to work as a transport laborer in Trondheim.

But this frustration of his plans by an unkind fate made him reckless. He began to dabble in politics. His qualities impressed men in the Norwegian labor unions and political jungles as much as they had men in the forests and mountains of the American West. He was elected president of his trade union, then president of the local labor party, president of the co-operative trade association, and, in 1915, eight years after his return from America, he was nominated for the national Storting (parliament).

He was made secretary, then president, of his party. The parliamentarians recognized his special qualities, too, and to his astonishment elected him President of the Upper Chamber of the Storting, and then President of the Storting.

In 1928, he was urged to head a labor cabinet. "No," he said resolutely. He felt it was too difficult a job for him to take on. But in 1935 things were different. It was the third year of Hitler's power. Mussolini was grabbing Ethiopia. Spain was boiling. In Norway, Jens Hunseid had been Premier, and his Defense Minister was one Vidkun Quisling.

Now men came to Nygaardsvold and said: "Times are really dangerous. Now you must head the government." And this time Nygaardsvold agreed. When war broke out three years later he did what he thought right, and what he thought right was that Norway should remain neutral and protect her neutrality with arms if necessary.

On Monday, April 8, 1940, he was busy all day in the Storting and the Cabinet room handling a delicate matter. The Allied powers had sown mines in Norwegian territorial waters to prevent the Germans from using them. Nygaardsvold's government protested. Next day, the Norwegian Navy would get its orders to clear those mine-fields.

Nygaardsvold went home, dined, sat with his family reading the evening papers, listened to the radio, then went to bed.

Phone-Call

The phone wakened him. Colonel Ljunberg, Defense Minister, was on the line. He had just had news that unknown warships had tried to force Oslo fjord. Had mines been laid? No, said the Colonel. Is it possible to lay mines in the dark? No.

The Colonel added that it was impossible to distinguish whether the warships were English or German. Nygaardsvold said sharply: "That's irrelevant. The country must be defended."

It was 11:30 p.m. Twenty minutes later Colonel Ljunberg came through with news that the outer defenses of Bolaerne and Rauer were now fighting the ships, whose nationality was still unknown. As Nygaardsvold was dressing, the sirens howled, and Oslo was blacked out.

In the dark Nygaardsvold had to feel his way with his stick through the Palace gardens to the Ministry. Some Ministers had arrived; others kept on coming in. News came that fighting was going on in Oslo fjord—but against whom? At length the admiral in command recognized the enemy, and reported. German ships were forcing their way through to Oslo, Stavanger, Kristiansand, Egersund, Bergen, Trondheim, and Narvik.

Nygaardsvold phoned to the British Minister to see if he had received any information from his government. But the British Minister was still asleep.

At 5 a.m., the German Minister was announced. The attack had been practically carried through by then. The German presented a demand for unconditional surrender.

Nygaardsvold looked around at his team. The nods were unanimous. No! Never! We will not surrender without a fight. "Later," says Nygaardsvold, "our people will have to pass judgment on our decision."

What happened after—the 60 days of fighting, the evacuation, the organization of the Government in London—is official history now.

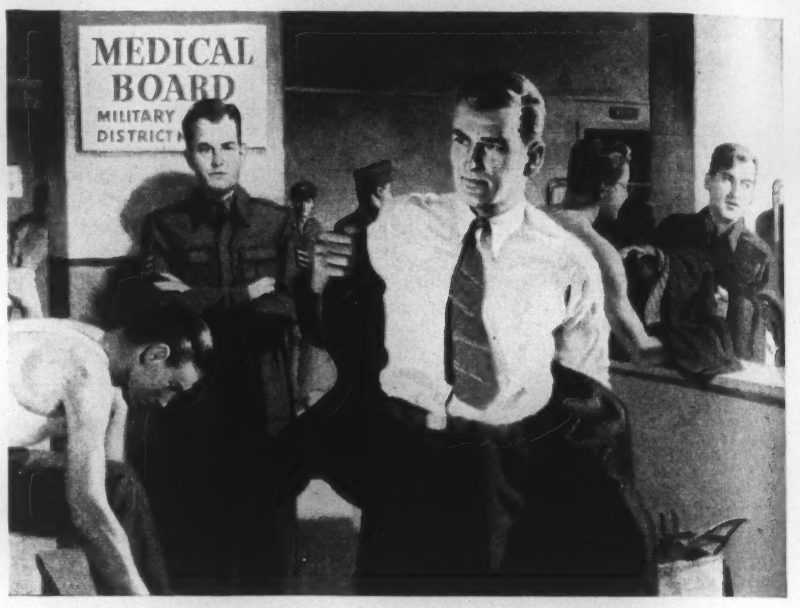
Three of Nygaardsvold's four children are still in Norway. His wife and youngest son are with Nygaardsvold in England.

In London, Nygaardsvold works daily in his room at Government headquarters in the western quarter, presides at the Friday meetings of the Cabinet, lunches with the King afterwards. He keeps his team in line; everybody brings his troubles to "the old man".

Not that at 64 he looks or acts old. When I took John Steinbeck to meet him at lunch, he had a schooner of beer with his lobster, topped off his coffee with a whisky-and-soda, and smoked two strong black cigars.

He works hard, fights hard, relaxes easily, listens a lot, talks very little. His saga is not ended. Norway, freed, will have grave problems. Her capital equipment is worn out. Her economy has been forcibly geared to the Nazi wheel. Her young men have been enslaved or dispersed.

But Nygaardsvold is used to fighting rock, and tackling the bad patches when he comes to them.



Who'd guess he'd be fighting Tuberculosis — instead of the Axis?

NOBODY guessed Bob would be turned down. A strong, healthy boy like that!

But the eye of the X-ray saw what human eyes could not see—that Bob had early tuberculosis. Luckily, with the help of a sanatorium he will almost certainly be cured.

What is true of Bob is true of thousands who have tuberculosis—*many don't even suspect it.* Yet every tuberculous person may be a danger to his family, his associates, himself.

Tuberculosis is dangerous to all ages, but particularly to young adults. Girls in their 'teens or early twenties should be especially alert to the danger, doubly so if working long hours. Elderly people with coughs, "bronchitis," or "asthma" may have the disease. If you or members of your family have been in contact with a tuberculous person, see your doctor.

Tuberculosis is contagious. The crowded living and working conditions of wartime are particularly favourable for spreading the germs. Tuberculosis germs find easier victims when general health is low because of overwork, improper sleeping and eating habits, or the strain of war. The best precaution is *keeping fit*, plus *regular physical examinations including chest X-rays.*

An X-ray of your chest can detect tuberculosis before other symptoms become apparent—often before it becomes contagious. The usual symptoms—a persistent cough, chest pains, blood-streaked sputum—may come very late. Then cure is slow and difficult. Loss of weight, touches of indigestion, a constant tired feeling may mean tuberculosis.

Remember that tuberculosis can usually be cured—*if discovered early.* Tremendous progress has been made. Thirty years ago the death rate among wage-earning families was 220 per hundred thousand people. Today it is about 40. On request, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free booklet, "Tuberculosis."

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You can almost see what he's thinking.

You can almost hear the words that are thudding in his mind as he snatches a few puffs.

The words aren't polite.

He doesn't speak of "the enemy."

He calls them rats, or worse.

He knows what they've done.

He has seen the horrors with his own eyes.

And if you asked him what he is fighting for, he would probably say: "I want just one chance at that swine, Hitler!"

Never before has one man earned the hatred of so many.

Men from the far corners of the earth have left the joys and comforts of their homes to join the most gigantic man-hunt in history

It is Hitler they blame for disrupting their lives.

It is Hitler who separates them from their loved ones.

It is Hitler who has put a crimp in their careers.

There isn't a man in our armies who wouldn't give his life to get Hitler.

We all know that Hitler's fiendish thinking is back of the brutality that has drenched Europe in blood.

It is a bewildered brain, now, no doubt, but who can rest—who can waver or relax—until the last vestige of power behind that evil mind is smashed into submission.

Our fighters snatch a few puffs—grab their guns—and push on again.

But how about you—at home?

Can you rest easily?

Can you spend thoughtlessly?

Not if you're human you can't.

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CABLED FROM RUSSIA

Happy Commercial and Cultural Tie is Promised with Russia

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Moscow.

IT IS no secret that both in Moscow and Ottawa negotiations are now proceeding between Canada and the Soviet Union with a view to developing the greatest possible volume of post-war trade. These negotiations have been going on for some time and although nothing definite has yet resulted that may be published, it is possible to tell that the talks are being conducted in an atmosphere of complete amity and the desire to achieve understanding and a sound business relationship. In this correspondent's opinion these talks will result in sizeable contracts for Canada.

The way that international relations are conducted it is possible that even this bit of information couldn't be published had it not been for the New York *Journal of Commerce* which in its issue of April the eighteenth editorialized concerning "Russian purchasing missions currently engaged in negotiations in the United States, Canada and Britain." Here it must be said that the *Journal's* statement that "The Canadian talks have advanced rapidly and agreements far beyond those so far attained in the United States have been reached" is much too optimistic and in the opinion of informed circles doesn't correspond to reality. All we should expect for the present is that Canada and the Soviet Union will reach a series of agreements founded upon accepted business practices with the respective governments backing the purchase and sale of certain well-defined goods.

Well Disposed to Canada

Also exaggerated is the *Journal* statement that "the Russians have received assurance of unusually liberal financial arrangements with Canada and are in a position to bargain successfully (with the United States). Under the Canadian terms credit may extend up to ten years."

One thing is certain, and I have had occasion to mention it before. Russia is extremely well disposed to Canada and wants to do business with us. Russian public opinion thinks highly of us, and although abroad there's a tendency to disregard this, I believe on the basis of observation that this factor is one of unusual importance for the future.

Canada is generally big news in the Soviet Union. Today the Dominion supplies Russia with weapons, explosives, wheat, aluminum, nickel and machinery. Tomorrow, Canada will be the source of the machine tools and manufactured goods to reconstruct the ravaged liberated regions and advance the country at large. And then of course the Soviet Union expects that Canada will offer a market for some of the materials that Russia will have to export as compensation for her purchases. Postwar trade will obviously not be one-way and those who base their expectations on this will be rudely disappointed.

Canada is important here for yet another reason. She shares the polar regions with the Soviets, and controls the new Great Circle routes essential for the future development of future Soviet aviation routes to America. All of these reasons and then purely sentimental ones, common attitudes from the presence of the same vastness of space and by the relative harshnesses of life in our common climatic conditions, have established firm roots of Canadian-Soviet friendship which have taken hold in the Soviet in the common struggle against the common enemy.

Just today I had an example of this friendship. I was visiting Karo Alawian, Vice-President of the Soviet Academy of Architecture and the man who planned the new Stalingrad. Alawian said, "We recently received a letter from Canadian architects with their magazine and books asking us for exchange information. We can see that some of our architectural problems are mutual." He was obviously pleased at hearing from Canada.

It should have been no surprise, but was nevertheless, when last month all Moscow newspapers blossomed out with a four-column statement on their front pages giving the contents of the Soviet-Canadian agreement concerning the supplying by Canada of military equipment to the Soviet Union.

An Important Step

Never within the history of the present corps of foreign correspondents in Moscow has so much front-page newspaper prominence been given to anything connected with an American nation. And when the radio too was heard repeating and repeating the announcement all that morning everyone knew that an important page had been turned in the history of relations between the Soviets and Canada. The radio cited the full test of the agreement.

I joined one group listening to the announcement in Sverdlov Square in front of my hotel.

"Canada? Canada?", I heard one girl of about eighteen say. "Where is that?"

Everyone looked at her. At once a hail of geographical and political information poured out. I learned more about our country in two minutes than I thought all Russia knew.

Above all the Russians approved article two of the agreement, which states that the Government of the USSR will continue to collaborate in the defense of Canada and in her strengthening, and article six, which states that the Government of Canada will not demand of the USSR the return of any supplies except for such items as automotive vehicles, including tanks, trucks and cars, and of planes and ships.

All day long before the publication of the agreement phones rang at the Canadian Embassy offering the congratulations of ambassadors, ministers and attaches. But then the tiny Canadian colony in Moscow (including the Embassy staff, the lone Canadian correspondent, and so far as is known the only Canadian civilian here, Phoebe Singer, a stenography and shorthand teacher formerly of Montreal) were also happy.

Ambassador's Statement

Said Ambassador Wilgress: "The delivery of Canadian war materials to the Soviet Union and other United Nations has for some years been an integral part of Canada's share in the common war effort against Germany. These deliveries have been taking place to the limit of our capacity and naturally there is not any question of payment as they are a supplement, in the economic sphere, to the fighting activities of the Canadian Army, Navy and Air Force. The new agreement merely puts on a more direct and clearer basis these transfers which have long been taking place and which it is intended will continue until our common victory is achieved.

In accord with custom here it was quite inevitable that this important departure should be celebrated by a gala dinner at the Soviet Government's famous guest house, Spiridonow House, the site of the Moscow Conference and other important events.

The host was A. I. Mikoyan, the Peoples Commissar for Foreign Trade. The guests were Ambassador Wilgress, Military Attache Brigadier Lefebvre, Assistant Attache Lieut.-Colonel George Okulitch and Third Secretaries Jack MacCordick and Arnold Smith. By special dispensation and as added kindness also invited was your correspondent.

Among those present were A. Y. Vyshinsky, just back from Italy, new Soviet Ambassador to Canada Zaroubin, Deputy Commissar for Foreign Trade, V. A. Sergeyev and many others.

The gathering split into animated groups and all too soon it was time to eat.

Even for one from so-far-fortunate Canada which has escaped the heavier blows of war the banquet table was like a fabulous dream.

Flower vases with fresh roses and tulips, batteries of bottles of champagnes, cognacs, vodkas and wines, platters laden with strange and fascinating foods, the gold service and the row of impeccable waiters all were a revelation of the powers of the Soviet Union's most famed food man, Commissar Mikoyan, who before the war introduced such innovations as frozen foods, hundreds of varieties of smoked meats, and even bill boards advertising, "Eat More Ham."

The Russians called it breakfast. But the menu included grain and preserved caviars, salmon and sturgeon, Italian cold piglet with horseradish sauce, *salade parisien*, Caucasian pickles, Cheese tartlets, boiled nelma (said to be the world's finest fish), turkeys, chickens, partridges, fresh strawberries, ice cream, coffee, fruits, roast almonds and liqueurs.

The discussion crossed and criss-crossed the table. Commissar Mikoyan toasted Canadian-Soviet friendship. One of the generals toasted the Canadian army. Our Ambassador called for a toast to the Red Army, its leader Stalin and its victories.

Vyshinsky told of the impression that the Canadians in Italy made on him. "Great fighters you Canadians" he told us.

Sergeyev just back from Canada told of his experiences.

All of this was accompanied by Vodka and the atmosphere was warm and friendly.

This was just one affair but things have happened since to confirm the impression that Canada has a firm place indeed in Russian estimation. The gates for a multisided relationship are open widely.

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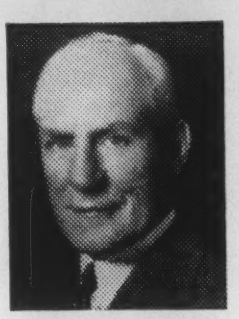

Wm. Allen Stanley Ayerst
President of Ayerst, McKenna and Harrison, Ltd., pharmaceutical, biological and bacteriological chemists, Montreal, Que. Trustee, Outremont Protestant School Board. Mr. Ayerst has been a National Life Policyholder since 1913.

Today it is hazards of war that we all must face. Those of us who are not within the range of enemy guns are beset by a responsibility equally as serious as that which rests on our fighting men. It is our common duty to win this war as quickly as possible. We at home must do our share to hasten victory by investing in War Bonds to the limit.

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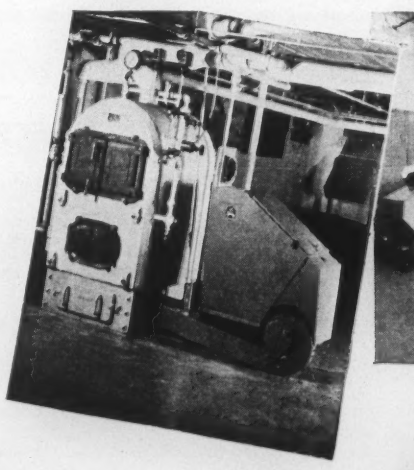

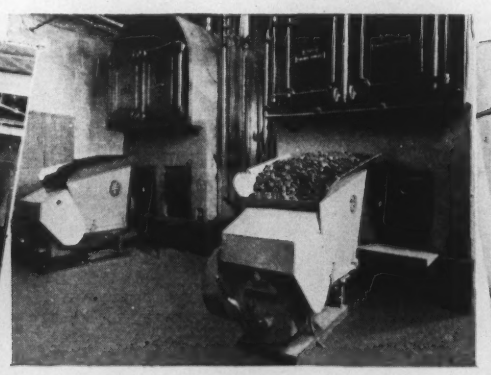

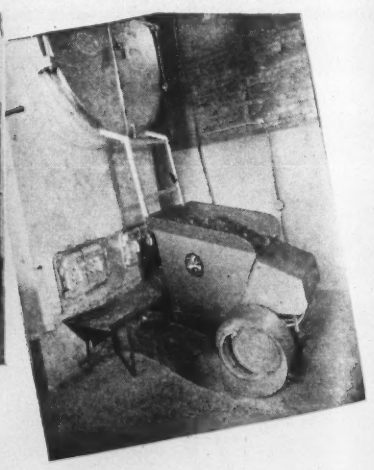

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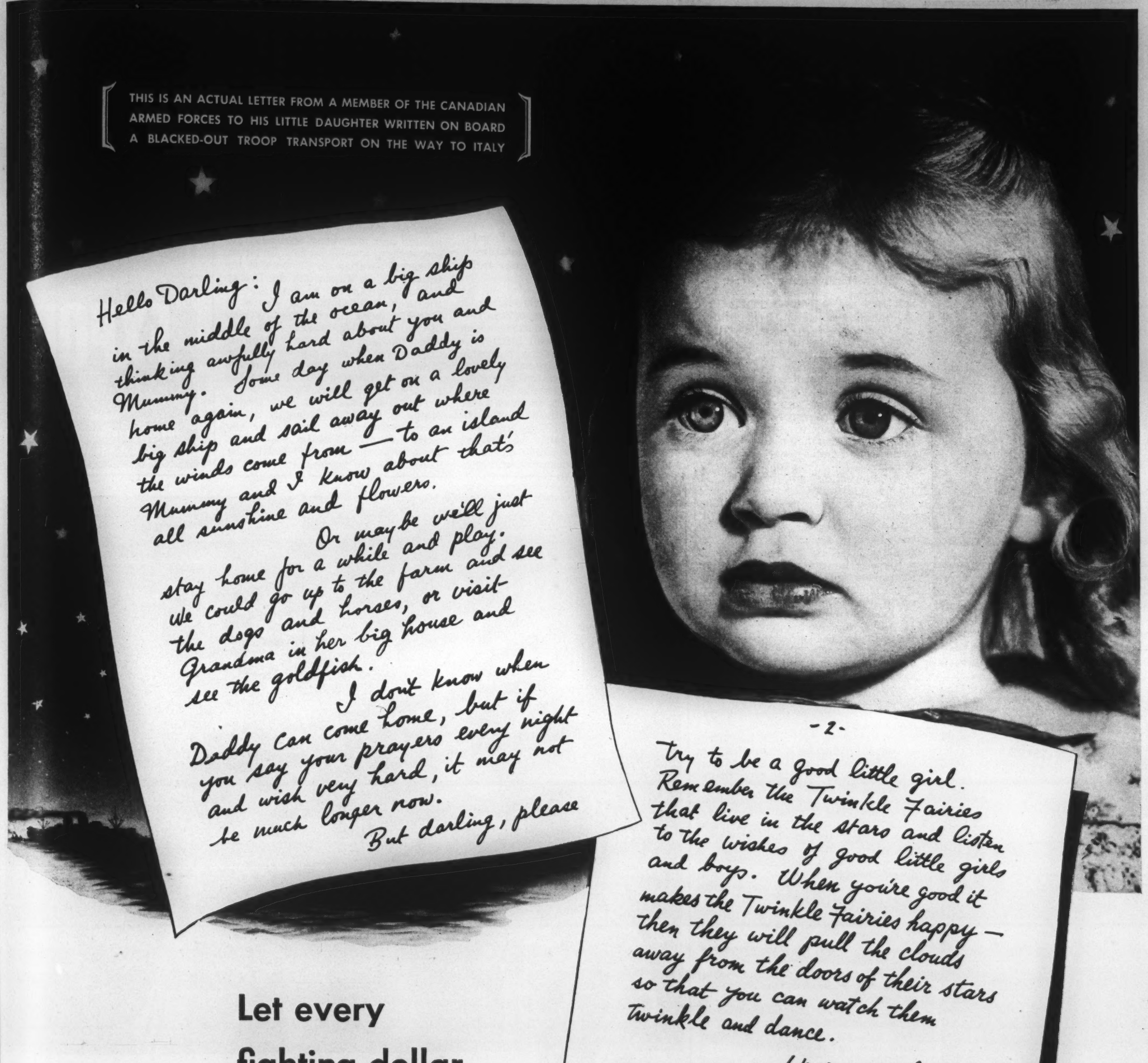

Hello Darling: I am on a big ship in the middle of the ocean, and thinking awfully hard about you and Mummy. Some day when Daddy is home again, we will get on a lovely big ship and sail away out where the winds come from — to an island Mummy and I know about that's all sunshine and flowers.

Or maybe we'll just stay home for a while and play. We could go up to the farm and see the dogs and horses, or visit Grandma in her big house and see the goldfish.

I don't know when Daddy can come home, but if you say your prayers every night and wish very hard, it may not be much longer now.

But darling, please

-2-

try to be a good little girl. Remember the Twinkle Fairies that live in the stars and listen to the wishes of good little girls and boys. When you're good it makes the Twinkle Fairies happy — then they will pull the clouds away from the doors of their stars so that you can watch them twinkle and dance.

Wish very hard — and be good friends with the Twinkle Fairies — maybe they'll listen and help Daddy come back to you and Mummy soon.

Big hugs and kisses

Daddy

Let every fighting dollar shout:—

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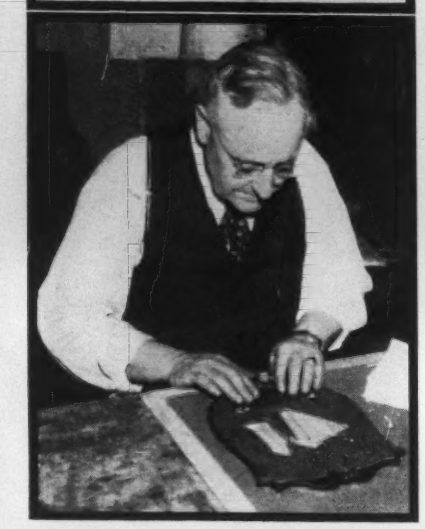


Above: the plaque which will go out shortly to thousands of areas across Canada, to signify the success of another Victory Loan. Craftsmen and women of many nationalities are working together in the Kitchener plant of John Walter and Sons Ltd., producing this striking insignia.

Strong Commonwealth A Step Towards Super-State

By GERALD S. GRAHAM

Can a world organization or Super-State work?

Not, says the author, until the individual has true respect for international law, and until the organization has the force to make it effective. It will have to be developed, not thrown-up overnight, and in the meantime the victors in this war are bound to police the world. Under this condition a structure such as the British Commonwealth provides not only a buttress but a pattern for the larger confederation which man seeks.

The writer is a Ph.D. from Cambridge and is on the staff of the Royal Canadian Naval College. He has contributed other articles to Saturday Night and is the author of "British Policy and Canada", "Sea Power and British North America", etc.

IN HIS recent address to the Free Church Council of Great Britain, Mr. Anthony Eden summarized his views on the kind of post-war world which should be created if we are to be relieved of the danger of recurring war. Small nations, in the opinion of the Foreign Secretary, should share in the work of any international organization, but responsibility for enforcing the peace would have to rest chiefly with the major allied nations —the United States, Great Britain and Russia.

In suggesting an inevitable, although one may trust temporary, return to the old system, sometimes called the "balance of power", Mr. Eden showed a laudable sense of realism. He knows the danger of building hopes on some preconceived pattern of international organization and of launching them on an unprepared world. Time is a powerful factor in creating stable institutions, and we have been conditioned to the idea of the Nation over a long period of years. History has made men conscious of their own distinctive cultures and individualities, and no amount of logic has been able to diminish that strong nation-consciousness, whose emotional roots have grown ever deeper since the break-down of the Holy Roman Empire.

The statesmen of the last war tried to use a League of Nations for the immediate realization of enduring peace; but they had removed themselves too far from reality. They had forgotten the strength of the nation ideal, an ideal which was strong enough to resist and finally triumph over the Messianic idealism of Woodrow Wilson.

In other words, the task of setting up an international organization will have to progress by easy stages until states are less sensitive about their sovereign rights. As long as the individual remains fearful of any kind of foreign interference with his national way of life, his representatives in government will be reluctant to hand over any part of the national destinies to a Super-State. For until the individual has been taught to respect and obey international laws in the same way as he has learned to obey national laws no world-wide system can be made to work.

Within the nation, he has learned to respect the instrument of law because it is supported by force. The application of a certain law may, on occasion, work on him a personal injustice, but he must nonetheless obey, if majority will keeps that law on the statute books. To translate this habit of respect for national law into the international sphere involves commitments which few nations as yet are prepared to make.

Force Needed

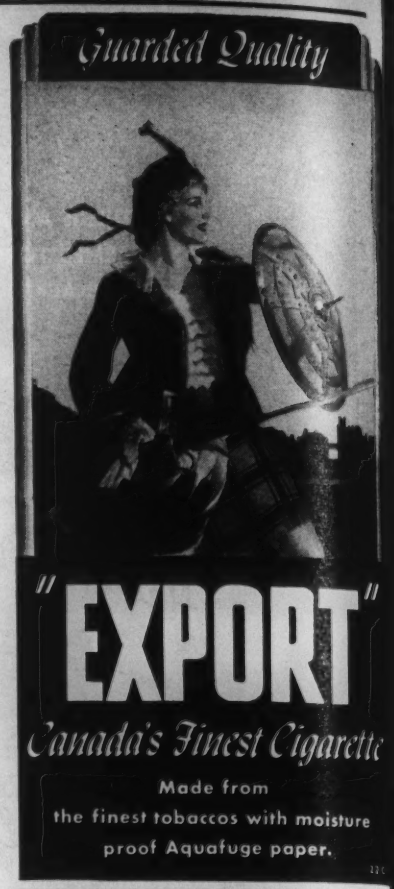
All realize that no comprehensive civil order can exist without force, but the great stumbling block in the way of creating an effective instrument of international law is the difficulty of acquiring sufficient force to coerce individual nations long accustomed to being a law unto themselves.

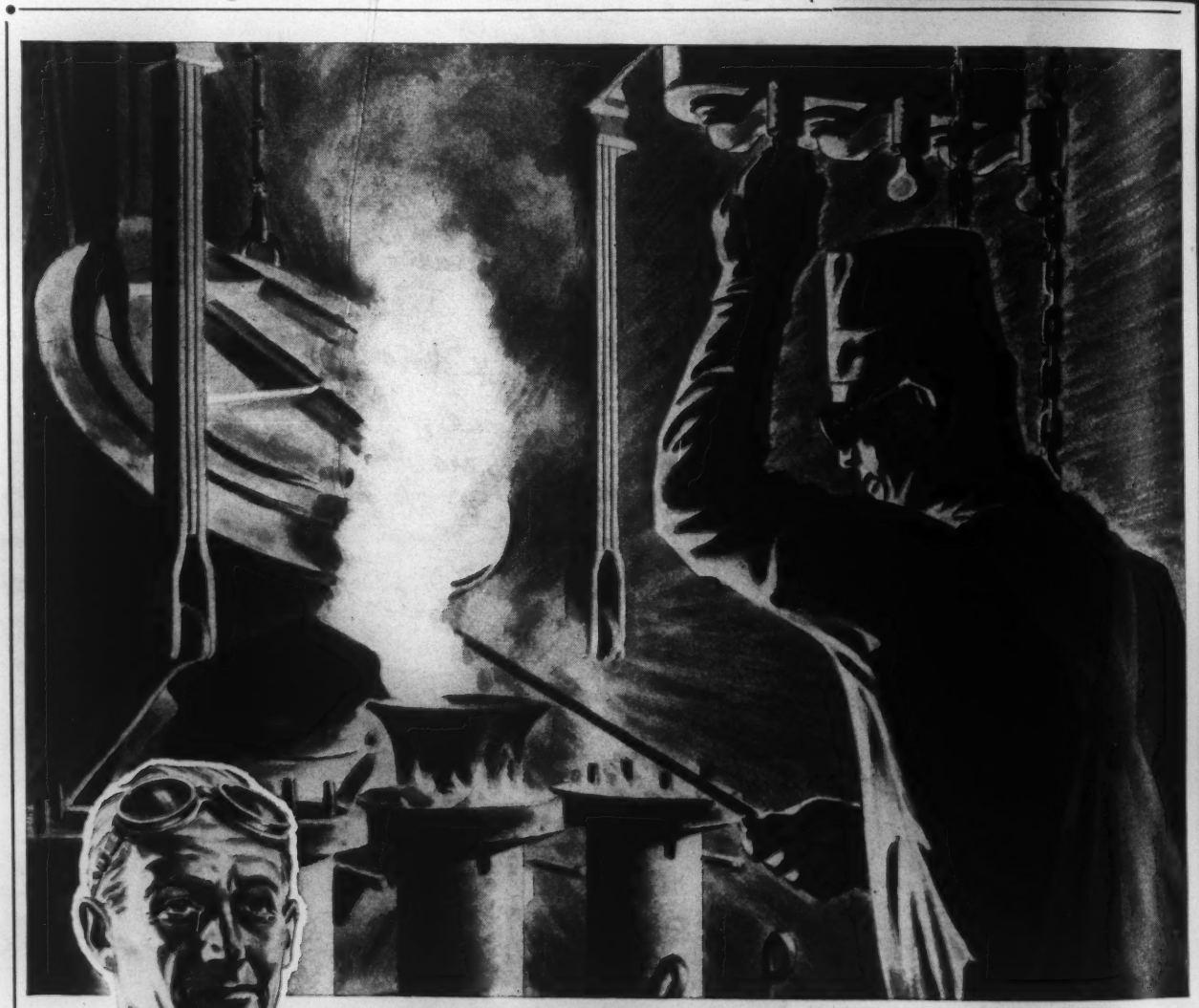
The first League failed because it lacked sufficient force to carry out its edicts. Collective security in the years between 1919 and 1930 was in reality nothing less than the old system of alliances, in which France supplied the bulk of the power. The League in the sense of a Super-State had no force apart from the major nations which composed it, and which for good national reasons were willing under certain circumstances to support it. The League did not become an organic entity like the Nation; it remained a conference of entirely self-centred states, a conference which although a highly useful instrument of conciliation was utterly incapable of dealing with inflammable issues involving sovereign claims or rights.

After this war the same situation will arise; the victors in the contest will police the world, and in the beginning the authority of any post-war organization must be derived from these nations which call such an international organization into being. There is simply no alternative to maintaining at the head of affairs the major victorious nations, who should as satisfied powers have no motive to start another war in the near future, and who alone have the force to prevent anybody else from starting one.

Unfortunately, we have no certain guarantee that three major powers will be able to find the common ground and interest so necessary for establishing a solid peace foundation. Close co-operation on the part of the United States, Russia and the British Commonwealth will be imperative if the problem of outlawing war is to be really faced. In creating any kind of framework for peace, both Russian help, and American, will be indispensible, for no world-wide organization can be effective without the support of the great Soviet Republics and the United States.

The co-operation of the United States is probable, although by no means assured, and only after the next election will it be possible to assess the strength of isolationist forces. On the surface at least, the





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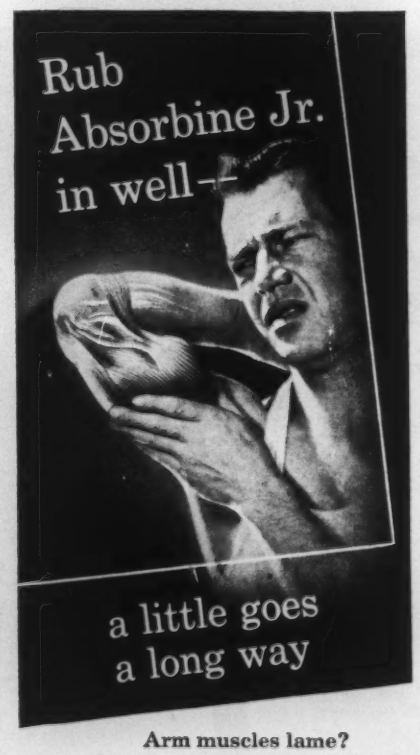

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withdrawal of Mr. Willkie would seem to indicate a resurgence or crystallization of elements opposed to intimate international co-operation.

In the case of Russia ideological and cultural differences have been temporarily bridged, but acceptance by Moscow of the principles of the Atlantic Charter should not blind us to the fact that Russian policy may envisage a very different post-war world from that which we contemplate.

Recent events, of which the Polish boundary dispute is one, indicate that Russia is doubtful about the prospect of a new world organization. She is sceptical, perhaps, of the lip-service which many in democratic countries pay to the ideal of a new world order; she may be sceptical, too, of the ultimate relations between liberal democracy, combined with capitalism, and the communistic way of life.

Russia's Policy

Moreover within the last few years, Russia has become a strongly nationalistic state, and her victories have already demonstrated that she will be the predominant military power in Europe.

Because of this strength, both real and potential, and because of an apparent distrust of democratic statesmanship, she is more inclined than the other powers to trust to her own resources alone and make herself secure on her own terms. Consequently, she is taking private measures to safeguard her defensive needs in Poland and Finland, her political influence in the Balkans and her border-lines with Rumania and the Baltic states.

Such a policy might be justified in terms of one nation's lack of trust in the ability of her Allies to enforce a common "rule of law" after this war. What cannot be logically justified, however, is the effort of many Canadians to approve the Russian policy of single-handed diplomacy and strategic security, while at the same time urging the merits of a decentralized Commonwealth and Empire, on the grounds that small nations will be saved in their weakness by some good fairy like a League.

To suggest, as many are doing, that a closer integration of Commonwealth foreign policy can be regarded only as a "balance of power" threat —"a plan for world suicide", carries with it the naive assumption that so long as the Russians build up an extensive power *bloc*, and the members of the British Commonwealth (and the Americans) follow a policy of friendly non-co-operation, all will be right with the world, and small nations like Canada will continue to have their fling at world responsibilities regardless of the power factor, since power politics will have ceased to exist.

Moreover, such an attitude ignores the vital argument, namely, that the factors most vital to the creation of an international system will be the retention of existing large-scale organization and the power that it embodies—power to use the available organization to keep the peace. If the Russians are strengthening themselves through their own efforts, are we choosing the less dangerous and less fruitful course in setting out to weaken our present global framework by refusing closer imperial co-operation?

If a common foreign policy among member states of the British Commonwealth offers the prospect of additional security in this closely-knit and highly dangerous world, the question of imperial co-operation at least deserves sober consideration, for national security is surely as important as national pride.

Imperial Co-operation

It is probable that Lord Halifax had this general idea in mind when he urged the closer union of the British Commonwealth and Empire along with the United States. Indeed, both the Smuts and the Halifax appeals, whether ill-timed or not politically, reflected a legitimate uneasiness over the prospect of any effective international order taking shape immediately after the peace.

They were not, however, so interpreted by large sections of public opinion, and rumors of pressure-group attempts to pull Imperial Federation from the lumberroom of lost causes spread with rapidity, thus tending to turn a problem of tremendous international significance into a political party issue.

The problem of national survival is far more important than that of national prestige in a world which still weighs influence in terms of power. Our adolescent aggressiveness—our desire to play a part in the Councils of the world—in the past has been based not only on a natural desire to assert our newly-won nationhood, but on the theory that we were safe from attack and could afford to assume responsibilities without power.

It was not difficult after World War I to drop back into the comfortable assumption that we were nicely tucked away from the storm centres of the world, and could win our international spurs without embarrassing commitments. But things have changed in the last five years.

We know now that fear of invasion is not simply the bogey of a distorted mind, and it is high time we realized too that if our nation and the things we believe in are to survive after this war, we and the Americans shall have to free ourselves completely from the dangerous soporific of continental isolationism.

World Strategically One

For the first time in history, the world has become strategically one. No longer can we divide it up into watertight compartments; the defense of Australia, the invasion of India, the advances from Russia, the slow march through Italy, these are all parts of one conflict, and no longer can sensible people talk about isolating wars on one globe.

For many years to come we shall be living dangerously. In the interests of postwar reconstruction, therefore, will it pay us in terms of security to disregard any large unit, such as the British Commonwealth, which embodies so considerable a total of strategic power? Can we afford to encourage a system of separate sovereign entities before a new system of collective security has been developed?

Questions of national prestige and problems of economic competition and social reconstruction are important, but there is no permanent solution to those problems or any other unless we first solve the immediate problem; how the sanction of superior force can be organized after the war to keep peace.

Not idealism however genuine, nor education, however logical and widespread, nor international agreements, however honest, alone can provide the remedy for the situation. All those things are needed, but behind them, from the very beginning, must be the sanction of force.

Nothing lasting in the way of institutions has been built without a foundation, and the foundation of international relations has to be built slowly from the world we know and understand. Only with time and under compulsion will the nations of the world learn to lay this foundation, and only if nations with common ideals bind themselves together to keep the peace will the time be found.

Under the circumstances, it would be folly to disregard or weaken any existing structure like the British Commonwealth, a world-wide unit, standing for known values, a collective force still in operation and providing a pattern as well as a buttress for the larger confederation which mankind still seeks.

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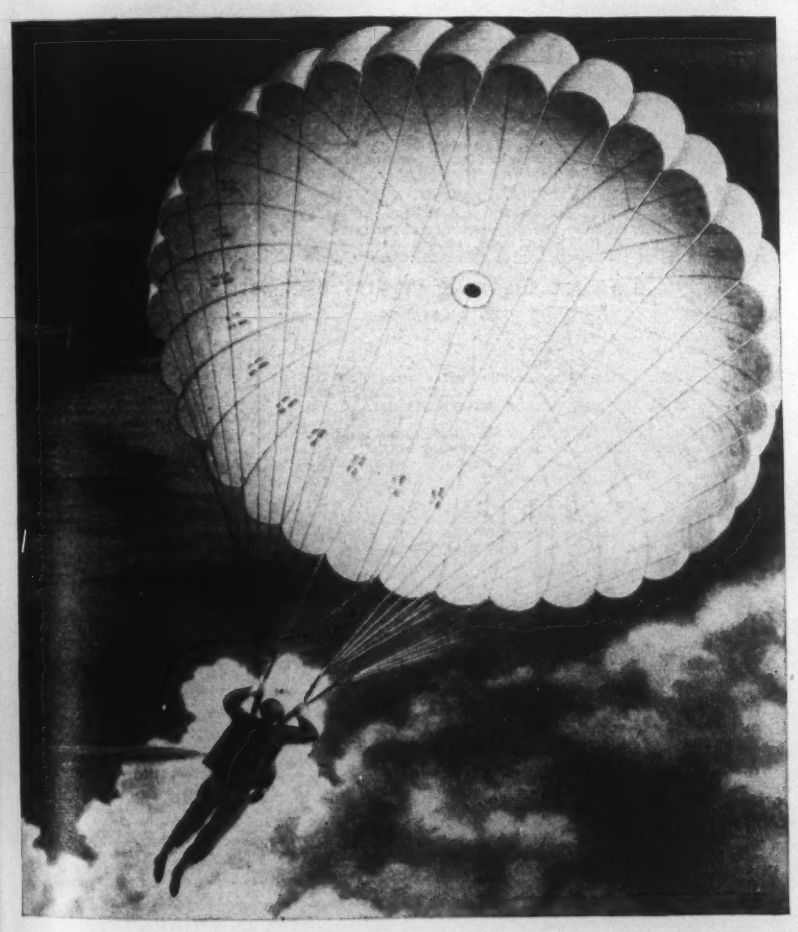

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THE HITLER WAR

Pieces of the Invasion Puzzle; Let Hun Try to Fit Them Together

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE pieces of the invasion puzzle are spattered across the front pages of our newspapers these days. One has to be extremely reticent about fitting them together, but we can at least go so far as is self-evident to the enemy.

At any rate, hardly anyone now doubts that there is going to be an invasion; though a Moscow speaker found it necessary to call formally last week for those operations promised at Teheran "in the West and South", operations which "have been facilitated to the utmost by the victories of the Red Army", and for which "the whole world is waiting impatiently".

This speaker, Manuilsky, a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, dealt frankly with the military and political fears which might hamper our invasion, and with the German schemes to play on these and divide the Allies from Russia. It is the sort of talk which, if sincerely indulged in to a moderate extent by both the Russians and ourselves, could have the effect of clearing away suspicion and establishing confidence.

Frank Talk by Soviets

This Soviet speaker says that, whereas the Germans have actually been transferring some divisions from west to east, to save the critical situation in Poland and Roumania, they have spread lying rumors that they are only being beaten on the Russian front because they have shifted considerable forces to meet us in the west.

"The Germans still pin their main hopes on the possibility of differences in the Allied camp, and are trying hard to frighten Europe with the Bolshevist bogey. They calculated that the approach of the Red Army to the state border of the USSR would sow dissension among the Allies. But their calculations were blown sky-high by Molotoff's statement that the Soviet Government does not pursue the aim of acquiring additional Romanian territory or changing the social system of that country. This statement was received by the public of Britain and the United States with the deepest satisfaction."

This is certainly straight talk about a number of subjects which have, undeniably, bothered many of our people. We used to hear people wondering whether the Red Army would stop at its own frontiers. Now, somewhat inconsistently, they wonder just how far Soviet ambitions extend beyond those frontiers.

The Russian attitude towards our invasion, expressed in their press and by their representatives in Ottawa, rather naturally tends towards a discounting of the difficulties. We may not agree with this at all; but we must appreciate that it comes from a people who have done the seemingly impossible themselves, and who have had to wait a long, long time for that second front which they understood was promised for 1942. This is the background of their present anxiety over the fulfilment of the Teheran undertaking.

Actually, the unprecedented tempo and the placing of our aerial blows, our diplomatic preparation, and other indications leave little doubt that great and diverse military moves are in the offing. Starting at the far end of the circle, in the Eastern Mediterranean, there has been the effort to unify the Greek factions behind a leader brought out of occupied Greece; and there have been British Commando raids on Crete. Something obviously is doing down here; or at least, the Germans cannot be sure it is not. It is only logical that we will use the forces long held in Palestine and Egypt to support our main effort—to the limit of the landing craft and shipping available.

But it is almost certain now that Turkey will not join in this campaign. The Turks are still convinced that their chief cities would be razed immediately by the Luftwaffe in retaliation. Their military chiefs demanded much greater deliveries of armaments than we thought necessary.

Russia apparently doesn't want to see them strengthen their position in the Balkans. And they don't want to grant that passage for Soviet troops through their country which they believe would be requested at once. It is often forgotten that the Turks acquired the three small provinces of Batum, Kars and Ardahan from Russia after the last war.

The Blow From the South

Coming around to the main Mediterranean sector we have the possibility—almost the certainty—that our forces gathered in North Africa and Italy will be thrown either across the Adriatic into Yugoslavia, or up from Sardinia and Corsica into Southern France.

It is no intention of mine to give an opinion as to which is the more likely direction. Here is a perfect example of the advantage of holding a central position and the complete initiative. We can move either way. We are showing activity on both sides, seizing islands in the Adriatic and bombing German harbors there, just as we are bombing those naval bases from Leghorn to Toulon from which their submarines and torpedo craft might attack an invasion fleet of ours.

The chief question here is whether our big Mediterranean blow will support the Russian advance into the Balkans, or our own main invasion from Britain. Dalmatia is forbidding terrain for an invading army, and it has lately looked as though our bombers would provide the principal support in this theatre for the Russians. But the Germans are taking no chances. They have lately been carrying on a widespread preventive campaign against the Yugoslav forces of both Tito and Mikhailovitch.

Looking the other way, it is to be noted that our medium bombers have begun to operate from Corsica; and that if a French Army is to be used in the liberation of France—as would seem highly desirable — it is most likely to be used in this sector. Though the valley of the Rhone, leading northward through Lyons, is generally taken as the sure route for a southern invasion, there is an alternative route leading from Narbonne up through Toulouse. Thus even here the Germans must spread their forces.

The Biscay Side

An advance through Toulouse would carry us out into the great valley of the Garonne and the open land stretching up the entire western third of France. But it would almost certainly need support from a landing on the Biscay side. I won't speculate as to where such a landing might take place, as this must be the Germans' biggest bugbear, this long coast-line which cannot possibly be solidly fortified, and on which they will have to take a chance, judging that we are more likely to strike at a point closer to our base in Britain and our objective in Germany.

These are, indeed, two strong arguments against a landing on the western side of France. Against them we have to balance the cost of getting ashore, and fighting our way across France afterwards. As to our decision, however, the German Command can only guess. It won't know the answer until after the convoys sail. And even then, it will have to decide between real thrusts and feints.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT AND DIRECTORS' REPORT

Western Grocers Limited

At the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Western Grocers Limited, held at the Head Office of the Company, the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet, Statements of Profit and Surplus and the Auditors' Report for the year ended December 31st, 1943, were presented and adopted.

The Directors, W. P. Riley, H. C. McWilliams, F. O. Fowler, R. C. Riley and I. Pitblado were re-elected, and at a meeting of the Board following the Shareholders' Meeting, the officers of the Company were re-elected.

The Directors' Report follows:

REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

Your Directors present herein the Thirty-first Annual Report, covering the fiscal year ended 31st December, 1943, together with a Balance Sheet showing the financial condition of the Company at the close of the year, a Statement of Earned Surplus and Profit, also the Auditors' Report.

STATEMENT OF PROFIT FOR YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1943, AND OF EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Profit for the Year before taking into account the undermentioned items		$ 740,197.89
Additions:		
Dividends from Subsidiary Companies		113,572.00
		$ 853,769.89
Deductions:		
Depreciation	$ 27,259.56	
Directors' Fees	3,000.00	
Executive Officers' Remuneration	194,921.08	
Legal Fees	702.54	
Merchandise Inventory Reserve	45,653.18	
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	286,000.00	557,536.36
Net Profit for Year transferred to Earned Surplus		$ 296,233.53
Earned Surplus at 31st December, 1942	1,251,969.10	
Add Stock Dividend Received from a Subsidiary	70,700.00	1,322,669.10
		$1,618,902.63
Deduct Dividends:		
Preference Shares:		
Four at 1¾%, being 7% per annum to 31st December, 1943	$ 83,601.00	
Common Shares:		
Four at 75 cents per share and one (extra) at $2.00 per share	84,715.00	168,316.00
Earned Surplus at 31st December, 1943		$1,450,586.63

Compared with the previous period, the volume of sales was appreciably higher, and, the percentage of gross profit remaining steady, the income from trading showed a substantial advance. Offsetting this, was the higher scale of taxation applicable, and which necessitated provision of $286,000 against $145,000 in 1942.

The improvement in the income position of consumers generally reflected itself in the customers' accounts receivable, the dating of which, in relation to sales, was the lowest in the history of the Company.

Inventories were as usual taken at cost or market whichever was the lower and while the stock-in-trade is higher in total, than at the end of the previous year, the investment therein is in reasonable proportion to the business.

The trading experience of the subsidiaries, Dominion Fruit Limited, H. H. Cooper Limited, The W. H. Malkin Company, Limited, and Gateway Grocers Limited, was the same or similar to that of the parent company in sales and final results: each earned net profits.

Higher taxation of the subsidiaries is evidenced by the lessened dividends paid by them to your Company in cash, but it is to be noted one subsidiary paid a dividend in stock.

The net profits of the four subsidiary companies have not been brought into the accounts of the parent company, and are not reflected therein in any way, other than by the dividends actually received by your Company.

Mr. H. W. Hutchinson resigned from the Board December 31st. During his thirty years of service as a Director his extensive knowledge of the agriculture of Western Canada has been of great assistance in the direction of your affairs.

The vacancy on the Board thus caused has been filled by the election of Mr. Isaac Pitblado, K.C., of the legal firm of Pitblado, Hoskin, Grundy, Bennest, and Drummond-Hay.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1943

ASSETS

Current Assets		$3,517,670.67
Cash on Hand and in Banks	$ 81,070.92	
Dominion of Canada Bonds	150,000.00	
Customers' Accounts Receivable, after providing for possible losses	680,716.95	
Advances on Merchandise and Sundry Debtors	70,793.46	
Customs Deposits	5,051.25	
Merchandise—per Inventories—as determined and certified by the Management, on basis of cost or market, whichever was lower	$2,530,038.09	
	$3,517,670.67	
Prepaid Expenses		8,508.75
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax		35,000.00
Investments in and Advances to Subsidiary Companies		1,453,169.39
Investments—at cost	$1,449,087.35	
Advances	4,082.04	
	$1,453,169.39	
Other Investments		1,600.00
Fixed Assets		740,558.32
Real Estate and Buildings—at cost less depreciation and less amounts written off	723,105.20	
Plant and Equipment—at cost less depreciation	17,453.12	
	$ 740,558.32	
		$5,756,507.13

LIABILITIES

Current Liabilities to Public		$1,659,288.95
Bank Loan—Secured	$ 150,000.00	
Accounts and Bills Payable	1,212,923.40	
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	259,442.70	
Dividends payable 15th January, 1944	33,607.50	
On Preferred shares	$20,900.25	
On Common Shares	12,707.25	
	$33,607.50	
Unclaimed Dividends	3,315.35	
	$1,659,288.95	
Advances from Subsidiary Companies		204,466.81
		$1,863,754.76
Reserves		$190,000.00
Reserves for Contingencies	$ 100,000.00	
Merchandise Inventory Reserve	90,000.00	
	$ 190,000.00	
Capital Stock		2,217,162.74
7% Cumulative Preference Shares of $100.00 each— Authorized: 25,000 Shares — Issued 11,943 Shares	$1,194,300.00	
Common Shares of No Par Value— Authorized: 30,000 Shares — Issued 16,943 Shares	$1,022,862.74	
	$2,217,162.74	
Earned Surplus		1,450,586.63
Deferred Surplus—Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax		35,000.00
		$5,756,507.13

Approved on behalf of the Board.
H. C. McWILLIAMS, FRANK O. FOWLER } Directors

Contingent Liabilities Reported:
Guarantee of a Subsidiary's bank indebtedness for a maximum amount of $200,000.00

Auditors' Report to the Shareholders:

We have made an examination of the books and accounts of Western Grocers Limited, for the year ended 31st December, 1943, and have prepared therefrom the accompanying Balance Sheet. We have also examined the books and accounts of Dominion Fruit Limited, H. H. Cooper Limited, and Gateway Grocers Limited, subsidiary companies, and have inspected the financial statements of your subsidiary, The W. H. Malkin Company Limited, certified by their Auditor. In accordance with Section 114 of the Dominion Companies Act, we report that the accompanying Balance Sheet does not set forth the assets and liabilities of the subsidiary companies, and that the Statement of Profits does not include the operating profits of the subsidiary companies, except as to dividends actually received therefrom in 1943.

With this report, we are of the opinion that the Balance Sheet submitted herewith exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, and as shown by the books. We have obtained all information and explanations required by us.

(Signed) SHARP, WOODLEY & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants. Auditors.

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Brandon, Dauphin, Flin Flon, The Pas and Winnipeg in Manitoba
Fort Frances, Kenora and Port Arthur in Ontario

come from Britain. There is a great deal to be said for taking the shortest route to the heart of Germany, except that here the Germans have made the most redoubtable preparations. And where the enemy builds a Maginot Line one usually tries to find a way around it. With the great extension of the once-limiting factor of our fighter range, the Germans cannot exclude a wider blow, against Brittany at the one extreme or Denmark at the other.

Norway is less talked of every year, the reason being that an invasion here would lead nowhere. I have often wondered if the Germans would evacuate it, in a general front-shortening program. But it is tied in with their position in Northern Finland (quite literally, as they have built three highways linking the Northern Finnish front to Norwegian harbors). And the Germans seem to need the nickel of Petsamo as well as the molybdenum of Norway enough to maintain some 15 divisions and a long train of supply in their defence.

The Swedish Question

Besides, if they withdrew from Norway the Germans cannot be sure that we would not force our way down into Sweden, or bring the Swedes into the war on our side, and establish air and invasion bases on this highly vulnerable flank. Undoubtedly the Swedish disinclination to cut off the supply of ball-bearings to Germany entirely—they have cut it fifty percent from last year, and it is only one-quarter of the German demand—is due to a desire not to make any worse a situation which they regard as perhaps their most critical of the war.

Either an Allied landing in Norway, or a German withdrawal, might force them into the war. There can be no question as to which side they would take. Yet if one asks them whether they do not feel they should make at least the small contribution we have requested, towards a democratic victory, one is told that Russia, Sweden's historic enemy, happens also to be on the "democratic" side; and that the many opportunistic detours taken by our policy have made the war look more and more like one for power rather than for ideals.

From this quick and sketchy look around the invasion circle the reader may draw his own conclusions as to the most likely places. Not much indication can be had yet from our aerial bombardment of enemy rail lines and junctions, as we are bombing practically all main rail centres between Germany and France. If we hit oftener at those in Northern France and Belgium, on the approaches to the Channel front, that could be because they are handiest, or be intended to mislead the Germans.

We have also bombed Lyons, on the route to Southern France, several times; and Nantes and other centres between Paris and the Biscay coast. Not until we enter the final phase will we be able to see the noose of aerial bombing closing about this or that specific sector. In concealing our main objective from the enemy all that deception which the RAF has had to develop to a high degree to fool the Germans on routes and targets in the Reich will be drawn upon.

Perhaps it would be useful to list the specific tasks which have been assigned to our air power, in preparation for D-day. The first of these is, I think, generally overlooked. That is, the job of providing cover for the invasion preparations in Britain. In my experience this was amazingly efficient. One of the strongest impressions gained on many motor trips through Southern England was of the lack of enemy air attack against the great parks of invasion vehicles and the gathering concentrations of invasion shipping.

People still expected the Germans to have a fling at all this, just before the invasion, and this past week the Germans have announced raids on harbors in Southwestern Britain. One may doubt how serious these raids are, and in any case they don't change the fact that the Germans have had to allow the whole invasion to be made ready, right under their noses, because the Luftwaffe hadn't the offensive strength to hinder it.

In mighty day and night operations, in which a tonnage of bombs which not long ago represented a good month's work is now dropped in 24 hours, our air power is working on these other main tasks in preparation for invasion day. It is, of course, striking at the very roots of German air power, by smashing the aircraft factories. The New York *Times* declares in a survey of the heavy American assault of the last week in February that it may be ranked as one of the most striking victories of the war. And this is a victory which ought to bear fruit by invasion time, when the squadrons will miss the reinforcements that never arrived.

There is no doubt but that we are out to drive the Luftwaffe virtually out of the air. In this regard we welcome opposition to our raids, if it gives us an opportunity to shoot up the existing German front-line fighter strength. And when the Germans won't come up, we go after their planes on the ground, both dispersed on operational aerodromes and stored in reserve parks. Still, it is generally believed that the Germans have managed to save up enough air power to put up a good showing at invasion time. But if one can be thoroughly confident of anything, it is that we can win these air battles hands down.

Air Power On D-Day

The other tasks of our air power are: shoving the Germans back out of their aerodromes nearest to the coast by keeping fields and hangars smashed up; trying to cut and keep cut the main rail junctions which Rommel will need in order to shift his forces and supply them; and finally, reconnoitring every move the enemy is making and any new defences he may set up.

Comes the invasion, and it will take on new assignments. Of these we can be sure that it can provide 90 to 95 per cent cover for our invasion fleets and beachheads; and will be able to land and supply many thousands of troops from the air. How much it can help in driving the enemy out of prepared fortifications is something that remains to be seen.

Giant guns like this mounted along the whole of Europe's Atlantic front are no insurance against an Allied assault that may strike "at any place at any hour." To clean such guns, a soldier is pushed up the barrel just like a sweep going up a chimney.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

646

Internationalism Revives In the World of Labor

By C. ROSS MacEWAN

The labor organizations of the world are getting back to internationalism. Both the I.L.O. Conference at Philadelphia and the forthcoming World Trade Union Conference in England are signs of the new spirit.

Russia will be represented in London, and the bringing together of Soviet and American labor men will represent a triumph for high diplomacy by the British organizers. The attitude of Canadian labor towards this Conference is complicated by rivalries between organizations.

WORLD War I not only shattered the vaunted internationalism of European Labor but blocked the development of international consciousness among North American workers. World War II seems likely to reverse the trend. New interest in international-scale activity is reflected in both last week's I.L.O. conference at Philadelphia and the World Trade Union Conference scheduled for June 5 in London, England. Canadian labor is playing an active role in both sessions.

The International Labor Organization conference was the twenty-sixth since the establishment of that important office by the League of Nations. A tri-partite structure, it is primarily representative of government labor departments, but also recruits support from employers' organizations and recognized union centres. Highlights of its agenda this year were the problem of establishing improved labor standards in liberated areas and the even more staggering job of preparing for post-war employment.

The Canadian delegation was, as usual, headed by the Labor Minister. Humphrey Mitchell took with him two other government delegates. One was his parliamentary assistant, Paul Martin, M.P., the other was Brooke Claxton, M.P., parliamentary assistant to the Privy Council President.

Assisting the three government delegates were two alternates—Deputy Minister MacNamara and Assistant Deputy Minister Vincent MacDonald. The Provincial Labor Ministers, two Provincial Assistant Ministers, Mrs. Casselman, M.P. and five other administration experts completed the governmental group.

Employer representative was W. C. Coulter of Toronto, former C.M.A. President.

Canada's Union Delegate

The problem of naming the union delegate required delicate balancing. Percy Bengough, Trades and Labor Congress chief, was the final choice, the numerically superior Canadian Congress of Labor having apparently bowed to tradition and accepted three "technical advisors" in lieu of direct representation. The Catholic Syndicates were included by listing their president as an "advisor" to the government delegation.

It would be hard to overestimate the importance of the I.L.O. One of the few League of Nations experiments in internationalism which have really worked, the Labor Office actually includes the otherwise aloof United States government in its membership. Resolutions passed by two-thirds of the delegates present are known as "Conventions" and are then recommended to member governments for subsequent incorporation into legislation. Originally headquartered in Geneva, it now operates through a secretariat resident in Montreal for the duration.

Canada's role in the I.L.O. has been peculiar. One of the original co-operators in the organization, Canadian governments have not only supported it faithfully but the present government has also established its offices in Canada now that Geneva is endangered by the new world war. Yet, because of the B.N.A. Act's allocation of labor legislation to provincial authority, Canada has probably enacted fewer of the I.L.O.'s conventions than any major member nation. The forty-eight hour week just ordered by the Drew government is, for example, still eight hours behind the forty-hour standard adopted early in I.L.O. history and now in force in many other countries.

Because it is now well-established and primarily a government membership proposition, the I.L.O. conference is of enormous technical importance. But it takes a back seat in political significance to the World Trade Union convention called by British Labor for early June.

Russian Unionists Included

The World Labor get-together proposes to unite union delegations from 36 countries. Hot spots of the rally will be the inclusion for the first time of Russian unionists, and the presence of delegates from underground movements in the occupied countries. If the meeting is successful the United Nations will find themselves pushed by a united labor program in their post-war planning and, probably, in the future conduct of the war.

The Convention Call sent out last November by Sir Walter Citrine, British Trade Union Congress Secretary, lists four main headings for discussion: (a) the furtherance of the Allied war effort; (b) the attitude of unions toward the anticipated peace settlement; (c) representation of unions at the Peace Conference and at preparatory Commissions or Conferences for relief, rehabilitation and post war reconstruction; (d) problems of post-war reconstruction, including the reconstruction of the international Trade Union movement.

Citrine's Call explains that this agenda is merely a proposed listing. The Call also assures that the conference is to be "purely exploratory and consultative in character, . . . decisions taken will not be binding upon the constituent organizations unless and until such decisions are endorsed by them."

Delegate allocations at the London meeting give a startling picture of the immense numbers of persons that will be represented at the gathering. Main union centres in each country are invited, and independent unions if they are large enough to warrant attention. Groups having up to 250,000 members are allowed two spokesmen. This increases step by step to 1,000,000 member groupings which can send five delegates.

This London meeting will climax many years of consistent effort and high diplomacy on the part of the Britishers. The Russian Revolution and subsequent formation of the Third International shattered beyond repair the remnants of international union co-operation, already shaken by war-induced nationalism. The American laborites refused point-blank to associate in any way with Russian unions which, they claimed, were merely tools of the Stalinist state. Resurgent nationalism and steadily developing internal factionalism hampered co-operation even on a European basis.

Effect of World War II

World War II, however, ended the conditions which made for disunity. Death and persecution by the Nazis soon flattened factionalism among underground workers in occupied Europe. Dissolution of the Third International and the steadily-growing respectability of the Soviet government within the capitalist world weakened the props of "anti-Russianism" in the U.S.A., particularly among the newer industrial unions. Consistently eager for international union solidarity and, in keeping with their proud tradition as forefathers of modern labor organization, the British unionists kept on with their efforts to restore some basis of co-operation. The June conference shows that their efforts have been crowned with some degree of success.

On this side of the water the American Federation of Labor is still resisting the proposal, but its position is weakened by the C.I.O.'s open support. Citrine visited the U.S.A. two years ago to personally seek A.F. of L. co-operation but got a definite cold shoulder for his pains. He answered the snub by inviting the C.I.O. which, under Scottish-born Phil Murray's leadership, is only too anxious to step into new importance as the internationally-recognized voice of American labor. Rather than allow this to happen the A.F. of L. may yet relax before the deadline.

In Canada the situation is even more complicated. Invitations were sent to the Trades and Labor Congress, the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Catholic Syndicates. The Syndicates, true to their Quebec provincialism, declined. The now-dominant Canadian Congress responded with a flourish, naming high-ranking officers of three of its most powerful constituents. Up until now the Trades and Labor Congress has not announced its final decision.

Canada's Role

As things now stand, however, Canada will be represented by its largest union centre and by a fairly accurate cross-section of its union segments. The C.C.L. delegation, as announced, is comprised of C. H. Millard, M.P.P., national director of the giant United Steelworkers, Canada's largest union at the moment and typical of its newer war-induced membership, and with him T. McGuire, vice-president of the large and purely nationalist Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees and Other Transport Workers, and by Robert Livett, veteran administrator of the United Mine Workers' well-established western coal field district.

Thus represented, Canadian unionism can be expected to play an outspoken and fairly leftist role at the international deliberations. Canada's failure to take Labor into war partnership to the extent practised by other British Dominions, the U.S.A. and Russia cannot help but be fully publicized. A by-product effect of closer political tie-ups between British Labor parties and the C.C.F. can also be expected.

The degree of future co-operation which will be established by the London meeting cannot be predicted at the moment. But, whatever that degree, it will be an advance from Labor's point of view. At least one important section of North American unionism will be committed to post-war internationalism, a healthy development from any point of view. South American and Russian workers, long isolated from the main stream of labor organization, will be linked up once again. And, most significant of all, any peace settlement this time cannot remain a purely business and government proposition but will have to take into consideration the importance of social standards of working populations across the face of the planet.

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Or is it a street car you're on?
Or are you in your office?

Wherever you are, you are not in the front line;
You are not facing machine guns and shells;
You are not digging through mud
Where death is flanking you.

That's why we can talk—
We'll not be disturbed
By some shell that maybe has your number on it.

What I want to ask is,
"What are you willing to give for Victory?"
"What will you pay?"
There are only two ways — lives and dollars.

The boys overseas are putting up their lives;
You are not asked to put up your life,
All that you are asked to do is to LEND—
Lend your dollars
To buy Victory Bonds.

That's not much is it?
But it must be done
And it must be done by you.

"Who am I?" you ask,
I am the fellow that's been with you all your life—
I'm your conscience.

So put Victory first,
Buy Victory Bonds.

★ ★ ★

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Holland Shows What Old World Will Face

By JAN VAN KORT

Holland, this writer says, is an ideal example of the problem in rehabilitation in restoring the countries of Europe that have lived under the New Order.

It will be not only a financial problem. The Nazis have done more than appropriate the wealth of the occupied countries. They have plundered them, and bled their natural resources to the point where there will have to be a period of convalescence for the basic resources, the soil and the people, before they will be able to re-build their pre-war muscle.

Stockholm.

IN 1940 Holland, along with France and Belgium and the rest, was given the protection of the Third Reich. Now, when the backbone of the German nation is being crushed and the imprisoned nations see the slow opening of their cell doors, it is pertinent to enquire how they are shaping after their protracted absence from control over their own affairs.

Holland was not, according to the Hitler book, scheduled for destruction. She was to see the light of the dawning Nazi world and rejoice in it, and she was to enjoy all the benefits of the benevolent supervision of her German overlords. Dr. Goebbels was not content to tell the Dutch people that they should resign themselves to a fate infinitely better than death. He told them that the rape (he used a different word) of their country was a divine blessing, and that they could look forward to a future free from fear and want.

What the Dutch think, after more than four years, is in their own phrase, "Nieuwe orde, leege borden", (new order, empty plates), and this is a considerable understatement, for it is not only Dutch *plates* that are empty from the processes of the New Order.

Before the war Holland was a repository of great agricultural and substantial industrial and commercial wealth. She was a great world name in flower and bulb cultivation and she had a big industry based on imported tin. But she also had a frontier with Germany.

National Debt Multiplying

Now, her flower plantations have mostly gone over to root crops and cereals, and her tin refineries stand still. At the end of the last year of peace Holland had a quite manageable national debt of under Fl. 4¼ millions; by the end of 1943 it had grown to more than Fl. 10¼ millions. Prices have increased by 100 per cent and more throughout a wide range. The standard of living of the people has deteriorated, as we can see even through the blackout that shrouds German-occupied Europe, to a condition of widespread undernourishment and in some cases of literal starvation. At least 400,000 of the Dutch people are sustaining their hardships elsewhere than in their mother country. They are in Germany, working under the Nazi lash.

There is no great deal to be gained from an analysis of such statistics as are procurable, nor is the story of Holland under the Nazis, which is essentially the same as the story of every other European nation that has fallen to Hitler, to be gleaned from a review of the radical distortion of the Dutch economy, of the perversion and strangling of the Dutch natural mode of life, that the Germans have compelled. Yet it is essential that we should know what has happened, for the Europe that will arise after the war will have its basis, not in the Europe that was 1939, but in the Europe that is today, with all its tortured humanity, all its smashed industry, all its hatred and economic bankruptcy. Holland has become used to the intensive employment of the economics of shortage, and in seeing what measures will be necessary to restore her economy, it is possible to perceive the general outline of the rehabilitation programs that will have to be applied to Europe generally.

In agriculture, the Germans have enforced a policy of "plunder farming". They have substituted crops like sugar beet and potatoes and wheat—the bare necessities—for the flowers and the bulbs, and they are not giving, because they dare not give. the land any rest. In consequence, despite the application of stringent expedients, the land is yielding less and less.

The plan for 1944 was for an increase in the acreage under sugar beet, oilseeds and flax, and a thousand tractors have been equipped with generator gas apparatus (a commentary on the fuel position), and the extremely difficult labor position has been signally ineffectively tackled by the "Landstand".

The result, when the war is won and Holland is liberated, is that for a long time there will have to be employed a policy of convalescence rather than reorganization. The land must be given back its heart. Equipment must be provided for Holland's traditional agriculture.

Industry Disrupted

In industry, the Germans have shifted what they could to the Reich, and concentrated what they could not shift. Dutch electrical, tin and textile factories stand empty, their equipment operating in German plants. Such as remains of the original industrial fabric has been rent and torn by the frantic efforts of the Nazis to increase production in the face of equipment rapidly deteriorating from the lack of replacements. And the type of production has been fundamentally changed.

No longer do the textile factories produce the fine materials for which they were noted. No longer is the Dutch talent for fine-margin industrial and electrical manufacture able to express itself. In addition to the loss of capacity in the factories, in addition to the severe geographical dislocation of industry, there is the probable loss of the capacity to do the old work on the part of the workers. Holland's industrial rehabilitation will need to take all these factors into account.

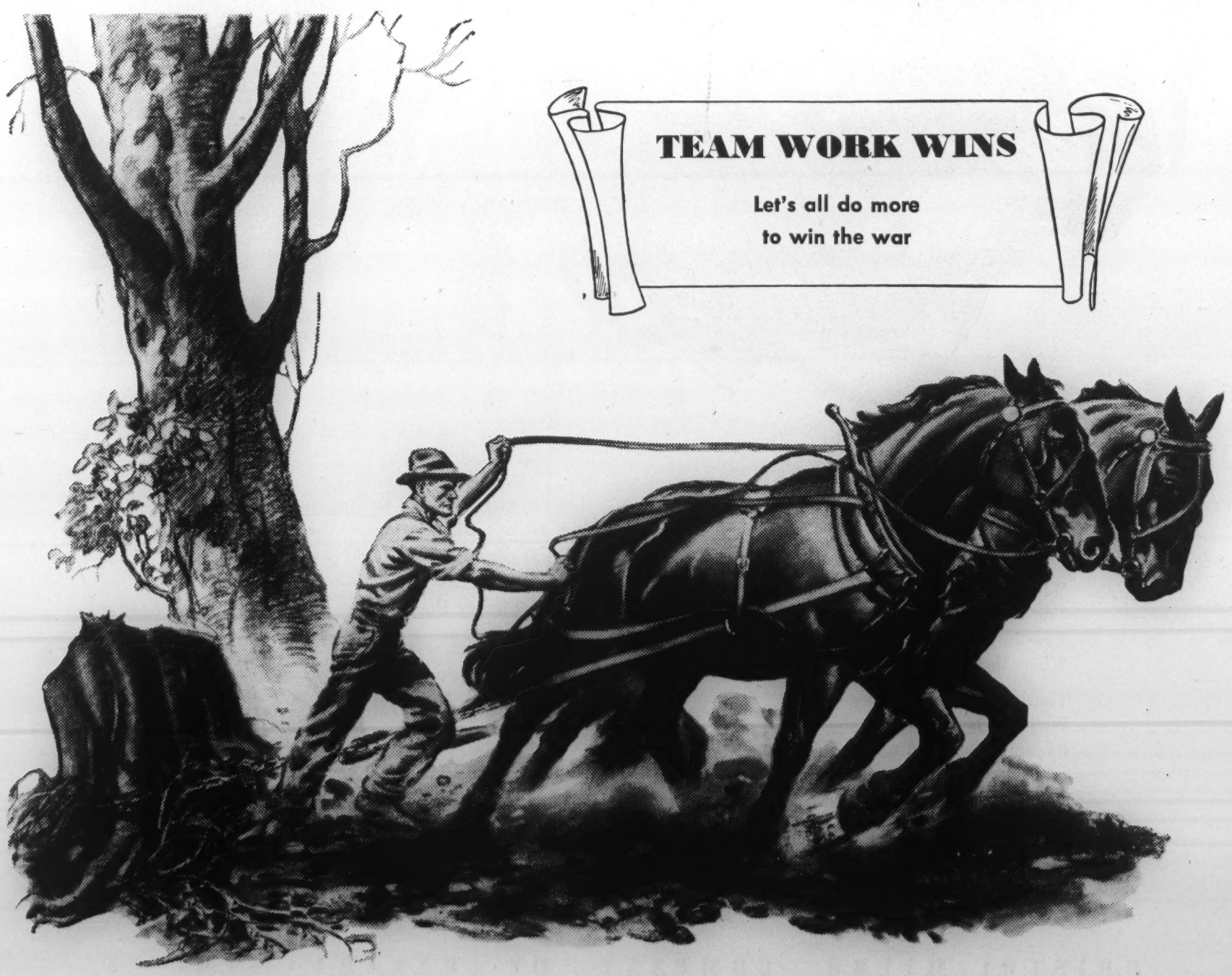
As to finance, this is probably the least difficult of the post-war problems. Wherever the Germans have been, and not least in Holland, they have stultified the existing financial apparatus, given an impetus to inflation, depreciated the value of the currency unit, swollen the national debt, and have imposed only those financial controls that have seemed to promise better service to Germany, without thought for the intrinsic benefit of the economy.

But such things can be overcome. The United Nations are prepared to grant loans and to provide to the utmost of their ability the physical requirements for restoring agriculture and industry, and the restoration of these would, under sensible guidance, contrive a vast improvement in the financial condition.

The state of Holland, with the war in the last stages of its fifth year, is also the state of Europe in general, and the great problems that will confront this brave and industrious people when the war is won are the measure of the job that will face all Europe. Plainly, it is not enough for the United Nations to think only of financial relief. The job of reconstruction—and it is seen no clearer than in the case of the Netherlands—starts in the very soil itself.

More Widely Quoted

SATURDAY NIGHT is quoted or referred to by editors and newspapers and other periodicals in Canada on more occasions per issue than is any daily newspaper or any other periodical of general appeal in Canada.



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3D

CLIPPINGS DEPARTMENT

Men Trust Gold More Than They Trust Their Fellow-Men

By THOMAS F. WOODLOCK in the Wall Street Journal

OF THE plan for stabilizing the world exchanges of national currencies upon which the financial experts of thirty-four nations have agreed, one thing can be said. It settles the question whether or not gold is to continue as the *ultimate* basis of *money* the world over and settles it in the affirmative. There is now not the smallest likelihood that an attempt will be made to establish any other price unit as the common measure of the world's trading. If any clearing or "stabilizing" machinery is adopted in connection with the exchanges between national currencies it will be on a gold base; otherwise, it will not be. This is a solid gain.

Another important gain is that the principles upon which stabilization is to be attempted are limited in scope, in that they do not involve any direct control of the internal economy of the nations whose currencies are to be cleared by the machinery to be set up.

Supply and Demand

The purpose of the scheme is to minimize fluctuations in the rates at which national currencies are exchanged with each other in the settlement of international transactions. The direct cause of fluctuations in the "rate" at which a nation's currency can be exchanged for other currencies is, of course, the state of relation between supply and demand. That reflects the "balance" of the nation's "receivables" and its "payables," and the "rate" reflects that balance, tending to decline as the balance is on the side of the payables and to rise when it is on the side of the receivables.

A nation's payables arise from its imports of *things* and its receivables from exports. Movements of things result from two kinds of operation: one is *trade*, the other is *finance*. Finance, broadly speaking, means movements of *capital* as when a nation *invests* capital in another nation or *lends* it. But investment or loan must be made in *things*. Dividends on capital invested abroad can be collected only in *things*. If the capital is withdrawn it must come home in *things*. So too with interest and principal in the case of foreign loans.

National currencies meeting each other in the international exchange markets are the bookkeeping symbols which register the international movement of *things*. If all national currencies are based upon a fixed quantity of gold in the "unit" in which they are expressed, and if in all cases the national currency can in fact be converted into gold, gold can be employed in the settlement of "balances"—as it was in fact employed in the latter part of the nineteenth century and the pre-war years in the twentieth. When so employed gold functions as a *thing*, as well as a measure. In such a situation the exchanges of national currencies are *naturally* stabilized within a close range, the limit of their fluctuations being fixed by the expense of moving gold from one country to another.

Control of Exchange

No such situation has existed since all the great nations abolished the convertibility of their currencies into gold, and nationalized their gold stocks as we have done. As a consequence they have had to control — and rightly — the exchange markets, which means controlling also the movement of *things*. The war has of course made control of things necessary quite apart from the problem of exchange rates. But with the lifting of this special control of things at the war's termination the exchange problem takes the front row and it is that problem which the experts have attacked.

The problem is to remove all artificial control of international movements of things while at the same time minimizing fluctuations in the relation of the various symbols in which those movements are expressed. The heart of that problem is to anchor those symbols to a common unit, and the experts agree that that unit must be gold.

Back to Basic Facts

All this is "kindergarten" stuff, no doubt, but the queer thing about "money" is that we all need from time to time to go back to "kindergarten," because of the mystery which seems to clothe the matter, and especially the "mystery of gold." The curious thing about gold is that so far from there being any mystery about it one plain fact stares us in the face and never more directly than now. That is the fact that everybody in the world wants it, that everybody in the world "trusts" it as he trusts nothing else, and that everybody wants it and trusts it because he regards it as the surest form of "property," of "wealth."

That fact is the reason why gold is the ultimate *money*, the ultimate measure of "price," and never more so than today. So long as man "trusts" gold more than he "trusts" his fellow man, so long will gold be the one ultimate *money thing*. That the world's "experts" agree as to that is some—indeed, no small—progress, having in mind the cloudy mass of intricate theorizing in which we have been wrapped of recent years.

Like a giant watermelon patch is this depot which houses convoy and barrage balloons destined to hover protectively over war-bound shipping.

We shall fight on ~~the~~ *their* beaches
We shall fight on ~~the~~ *their* landing grounds
We shall fight in ~~the~~ *their* fields...

THESE HISTORIC WORDS, spoken by Mr. Churchill in June, 1940, when Britons were frantically preparing to meet an invasion, can be paraphrased to provide even more inspiration today when our own invasion forces are poised for the attack on the continent.

Yes, we shall fight on their beaches, on their landing grounds, in their fields; we must fight too in *our* factories, offices, homes and on our farms. The Sixth Victory Loan is another great offensive launched against the enemy. Each and every one of us must strike a blow for freedom by buying Victory Bonds.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Quietus on the Quints, or The Famous Five Go Un-Famous

By B. K. SANDWELL

GOODBYE Emilie. Goodbye Baby Marie. Goodbye Cecile, Annette, Yvonne. We have enjoyed having you with us. You were much more than a mere source of large revenues for Northern Ontario. You were the symbol of that passionate faith in the destiny of the race, which is the noblest contribution of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens to the national character. You were also five amazingly "cute" and fascinating little girls, a sort of diminutive Florodora Quintet in your overpowering identicality,—the collective pin-up girls of a whole decade of sentimental North Americans. You were an Event, and a lovable one.

Yet even while we were pinning you up we had an uneasy sense that we were invading that privacy which is the sacred right of every citizen of a free democracy, and which you had done nothing to forfeit except getting yourselves all born at one time and all kept alive by the care and skill of a dear old, funny old country doctor who came eventually to look upon you as rather more his children than the children of Monsieur and Madame Oliva Dionne. We told ourselves that no harm was done, that you were unaware—because of your youth and because of the invention of the one-way-vision window — that your privacy had been invaded; but we knew that ultimately you could not help becoming aware of it, and we wondered what the result would be. So we are glad to say goodbye to you while you are yet less than ten years old, and no great harm can have been done to your sensitive little French-Canadian hearts.

Papa Misjudged

We are glad, too, that we can turn you over to your father, the shrewd, hard-working and affectionate man whom we misjudged so cruelly when the limelight was being turned upon his poor little cottage at Corbeil. The world got the impression then that he wanted to make money out of you, that your lives and health were nothing to him compared with the few hundreds or thousands of dollars that could be made by turning you over to a sideshow promoter. We know now how far this was from being the case. True, he realized little of the risks to which you would have been exposed if the sideshow promoters had had their way. How was he to know of them, considering that never in his life had he had anything to do, or dreamed of having anything to do, with either sideshows or promoters? Like the Toronto newspaper which refused the offer of an exclusive story on your birth, he knew nothing of the immense potential interest in quintuplets, and of the money which could be made out of that interest if properly handled; so with five additional mouths to feed he naturally grasped at the easy sources of moderate revenue which promptly presented themselves. Most of us would have done the same. He is now, no doubt, as grateful as anybody that the intelligence of the medical men concerned, and the prompt and vigorous action of Mr. Hepburn's Government, saved you from the perils which would have surrounded you if you had not become wards of the Crown in the right of the Province of Ontario.

Normal Family Life

But throughout your wardship your father fought, with ever increasing determination and ever increasing reason on his side, for your restoration at the earliest possible date to the normal life of a normal child in Ontario—that family life which is the very core of French-Canadian society. And now your tenth birthday is about to be spent in the conditions which he has always striven to create around you, in the home of your parents and your less famous brothers and sisters. That is where you should be, and that is the life that you should live. There you are not "the Quintuplets" but Emilie, Marie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne, five little girls with their own lives to live and their own characters to make, and their own parents and brothers and sisters to do most of the making. They will do a good job.

You are well-to-do, as riches go in the north country. Your home, with its nineteen rooms and its nine bathrooms, is reputed to be the most magnificent in all northern Ontario. Your accumulated wealth, the result of very astute management by the guardians put in charge of your affairs by the Crown, is sufficient to ensure you a degree of comfort and security throughout your lives which you could never have expected if there had been only four or only three of you or if any one of you had died in early infancy and thus ruined your great capital asset, the asset of being Quintuplets. Your father and his advisers appear to feel that you are rich enough, and that any attempt to make you richer by continuing to exploit your quality of being Quintuplets would be a mistake. We think they are right, though we are not sure that anybody but a French-Canadian would have been able to resist the temptation to make another hundred thousand or so out of you at the expense of keeping you from becoming entirely normal children.

As a result of this change of policy we shall not see much more of you in public—unless all five of you, when you come of age, unanimously reverse the decision and decide to try to resume your position as the five most famous girls in the world. We do not think this is likely. We fancy that in due course you will marry five good north country French-Canadian farmers or lumbermen, or perhaps there will be a lawyer or a trader among them, and not at all improbably there will only be four of them, because one of you may feel the vocation and decide to enter a convent. Whatever becomes of you will be pretty much what becomes of any good healthy north country girl with a substantial bit of money and an education a trifle above the average.

Yours has been an eventful life to look back upon. You will never forget the affection and devotion of the little Doctor who brought you safely into the world and kept you safely through your early years. You will never forget that you were presented to the King and Queen of Great Britain and of Canada on the only occasion when a King and Queen have travelled through your native land. You will come to realize more fully than you do now the influence that you exerted on the minds of the thousands upon thousands of people who visited your prophylactic home and watched you at your antiseptic play. You will come to be thankful for the splendid constitution that your guardians have given you by their care and attention; this has not been an easy winter or spring and so far you have not had even the slightest indication of a cold, to say nothing of the more serious diseases of childhood.

You are healthy and happy little girls to whom the future beckons as it does to the luckiest of Canadian children. You love your play, you are quick and alert, you are full of energy, but at the appropriate time you can become sympathetic and demure and even solemn. There will be both gaiety and solemnity at your fivefold birthday celebration on May 28—to which, your father tells us, the public will not be invited, and only you and your parents and brothers and sisters and a few very intimate friends will participate in the religious ceremony of thanksgiving.

Wistful Goodbye

Yet we, the public, say goodbye to you with a certain wistfulness. You have been a conspicuous part of the Canadian background for so many years, and we have become very proud of you. Yet we have no rights in you, and we know that it is better that we should part; and just as our Provincial Government has done already, we turn you over to your natural guardians and to your clergy who have watched so faithfully over your little souls. They have changed even your appearance. Your black hair is now braided back from the face, your five little dresses are no longer a uniform, and when one of you is seen apart from the others she looks exactly like any other healthy little French-Canadian of the North Bay district. You have ceased to be "cute". You have—we almost said returned to normalcy, but in actual truth this is the first normalcy you have ever known.

Here's the best of luck to you, little Emilie, Marie, Cecile, Annette, Yvonne.

(The weights and heights of the famous five have not been published recently. The latest and hitherto unpublished figures are as follows: Cecile, 77½ pounds, 52½ inches; Marie, 74 pounds, 51¼ inches; Annette, 78 pounds, 52½ inches; Yvonne, 78½ pounds, 51¼ inches; Emilie. 82½ pounds, 52¾ inches.)

ALMANAC

I DIG my plot when the stars are wrong,
I plant when the moon's contrary,
For I never have known a season yet
That wasn't unusual—very.

GILEAN DOUGLAS

Canadian ships for Canadian sailors continue to slide down the ways in the shipyards of Canadian Vickers Limited, Montreal, where H.M.C.S. "Royalmount", sleek fighting frigate, is seen here immediately after being launched. She will go now to her berth in the fitting basin where she will be outfitted for future battles against Nazi U-boats.

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First time, I was a pup. Worms nearly got me for good — but the Boss looked up my symptoms in the Sergeant's Dog Book, and gave me Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. They cleared out the worms, and all was well. I've had 'em since, and beaten them with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. Now the Boss worms me regularly — and I don't worry.

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Put Victory FIRST VI

6-50

BUY VICTORY BONDS

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

THE LONDON LETTER

Tories Would Reorganize Coal Industry by Amalgamation

By P. O'D.

THE Young Tories are a resilient lot. Only a couple of weeks ago they defeated the Government over an amendment to the Education Bill, and were obviously horrified to discover what they had done—rather like small boys who had put a few bent nails on the railway track and managed to derail an express train. And then were soundly spanked for their pains.

You might think that such an experience would dampen them for a while, but not a bit of it. They have now bobbed up again with a complete plan—oh, well, as complete as you could expect—for the reorganization of the coal industry. But then, of course, nearly everybody has a plan for that, except the people actually engaged in the industry. They just mooch grimly along.

The plan of the Tory Reform Committee, as they call themselves, is embodied in a 14000-word pamphlet, entitled "A National Policy for Coal." It calls for the early amalgamation—by pressure, if need be—of the present 1,000 or more coal undertakings into 200 as a starter, and later into about fifty.

It outlines a Miners' Charter guaranteeing a minimum wage, a contributory pensions scheme, better training, and more adequate compensation for injuries. It recommends regular official assessment of the total coal requirements of the country for a year ahead, on which the labor supply should be based. It suggests the formation of an International Coal Council.

As I said before, nearly everybody seems to know what is wrong with the coal industry, and to have a plan for it. Good plans, too, most of them. But apparently it would take the Archangel Michael with the flaming sword to get anything important done.

Take the matter of amalgamation, for instance. Experts have been recommending it for years, but the country is still full of little coal companies struggling along under difficulties that would be largely removed by suitable combination and pooling of resources.

Years ago—just after the Great Coal Strike of 1926, in fact—I was talking to an eminent mining engineer about the troubles of the industry, and he made a remark that has stuck in my memory as a very vivid way of putting the position. It is as true to-day as it was then.

"What is really wrong with the coal industry of this country," he said, "is that it is being administered, not like a big estate, but like a series of little allotment gardens, with each man digging in his own corner and keeping a jealous eye on his neighbors. And you can't farm coal or anything else successfully that way."

The Tory Reformers have certainly tackled a big and urgent problem, and one that should occupy them usefully for a long time to come—if they go through with it. But probably, having made and published their plan, they will now pass earnestly on to some other pressing problem, leaving somebody else to struggle with the mere practical work of this one. Planners are like that. What they supply is vision.

Piratical Mr. Norman

The "Bank" will seem rather odd and empty without Mr. Norman—rather like the Castle of Elsinore without the Prince. There are not many bankers who suggest such a comparison, but Mr. Montague Norman has always been a romantic and picturesque figure, handsome, aloof, and slightly sinister. He would have made a most impressive pirate, if he hadn't taken to banking instead—which may cause cynics to wonder where the difference lies.

It was in 1920 that Mr. Norman succeeded Lord Cunliffe as Governor of the Bank of England. He had been a Director for some time, but outside financial circles was hardly known. Later he was to get more publicity than almost any other banker in history—largely because he worked so hard to avoid it. Greta Garbo used a somewhat similar technique. "Ay want to be alone."

Now, after 24 years—an all-time record for length of tenure of the Governorship — Mr. Norman gives way to Lord Catto. And so Scotland takes another important step in the financial conquest of England. Lord Catto comes from Aberdeen, and if they don't know about money in Aberdeen, they don't know about it anywhere in the world. The finances of the country ought to be pretty safe under his stern and watchful eye. His crest is a wildcat, and his motto, "Touch Not Gloveless". It seems a fair warning.

Re A. J. Munnings

A good many artists and arty persons may have been rather surprised at the election of A. J. Munnings to the Presidency of the Royal Academy instead of Augustus John, who was looked on as almost a certainty. In fact, Mr. Munnings, in his modest way, may have been rather surprised himself.

Few people will claim that Munnings is as great a painter as John. It may even be that few people will claim he is great at all. But the Presidency is not merely a recognition of artistic eminence. Social and other qualities enter into the question, too; and Mr. Munnings is a most genial and likeable person. He is also a very good painter indeed, in his own equine field. Few do it as well. And just now there is a passion for sporting pictures. So why not?

High Cost of Scholarship

In all the talk that has been going on in this country about a general improvement in national education and equal opportunities for all—as if opportunities ever could really be equal—not much has been said about the universities. And yet, though the universities are outside the scope of the new Education Bill, it is clear that something must be done about them, if "the career is to be opened to the talents."

A poor young fellow at present hasn't much chance, unless he is unusually gifted and determined, and can win his way through scholarships. Even then his lack of means may make it impossible for him to stay the course. Most scholarships are far from munificent, and require to be supplemented in one way or another.

I remember discussing this point some years ago with a Canadian Rhodes Scholar, then at New College, Oxford. He was a quiet young fellow, with no expensive tastes or habits, but he had to admit that he found it difficult to manage on the Rhodes Fund allowance, which was then £300 a year. It has, I believe, since been raised to £350. His family, in fact, had to send him an additional £100 a year. He was one of the lucky ones. His family had it.

It is true that a Rhodes Scholar has more expenses than an English student of the same class. He has, for one thing, to pay for his living during the long vacations, while the young Englishman merely goes home and lives on the family. But even for an English student at Oxford or Cambridge it can be taken that £300 a year is the decent minimum. And there are not many ways in which a young Englishman or Scotsman can make any money while at 'Varsity, unless he is a John Buchan or someone similarly gifted.

Buchan was very poor at the beginning of his Oxford career, but he was soon knocking off short stories and selling them at a rate which made him a man of large means among his college contemporaries. Fiction was a tap he could always turn on.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that England before the war stood well down the list of the leading countries of the world in the matter of the proportion of university students to population—in the United States one to 125, in Switzerland one to 387, in France one to 480, Germany, one to 604, Italy, one to 808, but England, one to 1,103. Scotland, however, with its national passion for education, was a bright spot in the picture—one to 473! And that was in 1934, a peak year in British universities, with just over 50,000 students.

It is clear that a very great deal has to be done, if a university education is to be made generally available to bright and aspiring young people in these islands. And a very great deal of money will have to be spent. Where is it to come from? Out of the national sock, I suppose—if there is anything left in it. Nothing much can be hoped for from private endowment, so lavishly generous in the past. That spring has dried up and seems likely to stay dry.

Soldiers from a West African infantry unit, now stationed on the Burma front, travel to a forward area seated back-to-back in this army truck.

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Development of Rubber From Milkweed Plant in Canada

By F. T. ROSSER AND M. W. THISTLE

WHEN Singapore fell, Canadians everywhere were aware of the tremendous advantage gained by the enemy; a great naval base, valuable tin mines and, most important of all, the bulk of the world's rubber supply were lost and in the hands of Japan. Confronted with this dilemma, thousands of people pondered over the problem of substitutes for Malayan Hevea rubber; and hundreds of them took action by submitting their ideas to the Government. The War Inventions Board, together with officials in the departments concerned, gave all these submissions careful consideration; and in point of fact, this unusual degree of public interest did much to encourage scientific efforts already in existence.

The war situation demanded immediate action, and the Government had no alternative but to sponsor the manufacture of synthetic rubber. Although the possibility of the commercial use of certain native plants for natural rubber production had been studied in a limited way, chiefly in the United States, hitherto the problem had remained unsolved. Nevertheless, plant scientists were generally agreed that, in addition to work on synthetic rubber, investigations should be greatly intensified on the possibility of obtaining rubber from Canadian plants and from koksaghyz, the Russian dandelion, which our Soviet Allies were already using.

Early in 1942, the Dominion Department of Agriculture invited scientists interested in the problem to meet with them in Ottawa to discuss the matter. As a result a co-operative program of investigation was organized in which the Science Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture undertook to analyze Canadian plants for their rubber content and to study production problems. The Department of Botany of the University of Toronto agreed to investigate some of the fundamental aspects of production and extraction, and the National Research Council accepted responsibility for the development of extraction methods and their application to industry and for the compounding and physical testing of the rubber obtained.

Public Assisted

Accordingly, the rubber content of several hundred native plants was carefully assessed by workers in the botanical laboratories of Science Service, who are under the direction of Dr. H. T. Gussow, Dominion Botanist, and in this task the public gave great assistance by locating and sending in a wide variety of plants. A large program, covering all agricultural phases of production, was initiated to study the more promising species, which included milkweed, golden-rod and the Russian dandelion. Experimental plots were laid out at the various Experimental Farm Stations across Canada. The results of this long-term program are not immediately available, but will contribute very useful information should the plants studied prove to be of commercial value; this is a bit of a gamble, but there is an element of chance in all worth-while research.

At the National Research Council, under the direction of Dr. W. H. Cook of the Division of Applied Biology, the conventional method of solvent extraction of rubber, i.e., the use of acetone and benzene, was used to obtain test samples, although it was recognized that the quality of the rubber produced was inferior and the process was far too expensive for large scale production. A simple, inexpensive method was necessary, and Dr. N. H. Grace was delegated to develop a mechanical process.

Rubber had already been extracted mechanically from the guayule plant and it was decided to adapt the method for use on milkweed, which was the only promising native plant available in sufficient quantity for such a study. This was tried on a laboratory scale and, after overcoming serious difficulties, the first sample of rubber-gum produced from this plant was recovered by mechanical means. This rubber-rum is a combination of the rubber and resin fractions of the plant together with insoluble materials.

During the remaining part of the winter, spring and early summer of 1943, details of the mechanical extraction process were thrashed out. The method consisted of cooking the plant material in an alkaline solution, washing it thoroughly and then rolling it in a ball mill until rubber-gum collected in little soft pellets, like butter in a churn. The process, however, was slow and tricky. Although small "worms" of rubber-gum appeared after 6 to 8 hours of ball milling, it took about 24 hours for the material to collect into balls that could be handled; indeed, very frequently the "worms" failed to agglomerate, and were dispersed.

It was suggested that this difficulty might be overcome by grinding the leaves for a short time only, and floating off a concentrate of rubber-resins in foam. This method is used successfully by mining engineers for the concentration of ores. It involves the flotation of particles heavier than the solution and is called the "flotation process". Accordingly, Mr. C. S. Parsons, Chief of the Division of Metallic Minerals and Mr. Howell Frechette, Chief of the Division of Industrial Minerals, Dominion Department of Mines and Resources, were consulted, and both Divisions co-operated wholeheartedly by loaning equipment and giving technical advice and assistance.

Flotation Process

Since the "worms" of rubber-gum previously obtained were brownish in color, it was expected that the concentrate obtained by floating would be of the same color. The first effort produced a light greenish material, with no visible indications of rubber-gum; this was discarded. Subsequent flotations produced the same result. One of the workers chanced to rub this material between the palms of his hands—whereupon the brownish "worms" became visible. The rubber-gum was in the concentrate and when this was milled the balls were easily collected. This flotation process proved to be so successful that it was adopted as an integral part of the mechanical extraction method.

The rubber- resin-like material mechanically extracted from the milkweed was found by chemical analysis to contain about 25% of a rubber-like substance, 40% resins and 35% of insoluble residue. (Refinements in the method may reduce the percentage of insolubles). If progress was to be continued, it was most important to identify the rubber-like substance.

One of the best methods of doing this is to obtain an X-ray diffraction pattern. Members of the Division of Physics of the National Research Council, under the direction of Dr. R. W. Boyle, carefully collected a quantity of milkweed latex, from which the rubber-like material was extracted in as pure a state as possible. This was X-rayed and the diffraction pattern showed it to be isoprene rubber, chemically the same as that obtained from the Malayan Hevea rubber tree.

In addition to the co-operative efforts of Dominion research scientists, valuable contributions have come from various universities. Dr. G. H. Duff, Department of Botany, University of Toronto, with financial assistance from the National Research Council, has directed the work of a group of able scientists on some of the agronomic problems encountered in growing milkweed, on fundamental studies of analyses, on coagulation of the milkweed latex, and on methods for the separation of milkweed seeds from the floss.

Professor G. Krotkov of Queen's University volunteered his services to review and translate Russian scientific literature on the subject. He received financial assistance from the National Research Council and has given extremely useful aid not only to Canadian workers but also to American scientists, to whom translations have been made available.

Rubber chemists were encountering serious difficulties in the compounding of synthetic Buna S, and Mr. T. R. Griffith of the National Research Council's Division of Chemistry, under the direction of Dr. E. W. R. Steacie, found that 15 parts mechanically extracted milkweed rubber-gum mixed with 85 parts Buna S effected an improvement in tackiness and processability. The modulus at 300% elongation, i.e., the height of the stress-strain curve at this point, was lowered; the tear resistance, breaking set, and elongation at break were definitely increased. Most important, heat embrittlement, one of the notorious defects of Buna S, was considerably improved.

Need for Running Tests

There was, however, an accompanying decrease in the resilience, and it was inferred that a tire made from the blend might run somewhat hotter. The need for practical running tests on tires became obvious and, therefore, the laboratory results were communicated to the Synthetic Rubber Technical Advisory Committee of the Polymer Corporation for their consideration.

It might be interjected at this point that there are three distinct steps in the successful application of scientific discoveries to industry: the laboratory or glassware stage; the small scale industrial or pilot plant stage; and finally, full scale production. The problems of each are quite different, and it is always difficult to translate the results obtained in one stage to the next. In fact, very often it is found impossible to apply a scientific discovery that looked very promising in the laboratory stage. In their enthusiasm, certain writers are wont to paint thrilling word pictures of the effect on society of a scientific discovery that has not gone beyond the first step. This is confusing to the public when the anticipated results are not realized.

The Synthetic Rubber Technical Advisory Committee felt that the results of laboratory experiments on the blending of milkweed rubber-gum with Buna S were sufficiently promising to warrant trying it out in the manufacture of tires and other rubber goods in order to get a more precise evaluation of its usefulness. They suggested that five tons of milkweed rubber-gum be made available to manufacturers for testing

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purposes and that sufficient acreage be planted to meet future needs should the gum live up to expectations from laboratory results.

Since milkweed is a perennial plant, taking two to three years to reach maturity, it was impossible to obtain the amount of gum required for the experiment from spring plantings. The Department of Agriculture undertook to organize the collection of the required amount of dry milkweed leaves from wild stands and also accepted responsibility for supervising the planting of a considerable acreage of milkweed. The Rubber Controller, Mr. A. R. Williamson, was enthusiastically behind the project, and was instrumental in getting the Department of Munitions and Supply to provide additional funds for the collecting and planting programs. The National Research Council accepted responsibility for extracting the rubber-gum which meant the adapting of the mechanical process developed on a laboratory scale to pilot plant operations.

Fund Administration

The funds made available for the project were administered by the Agricultural Supplies Board who delegated Dr. H. A. Senn of Science Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture, to organize leaf collections and to supervise plantings. Botanists throughout Ontario and Quebec were asked for information regarding stands of milkweed in their districts, and the data that many of them provided proved to be very helpful.

Mr. H. Groh and Mr. W. G. Dore of the Department made valuable surveys and Dr. W. Sherwood Fox, President of the University of Western Ontario, spent a good part of his summer prospecting for suitable milkweed stands. The Ontario Provincial Department of Agriculture stepped into the picture and contracted for suitable farm land in the neighborhood of Peterborough. Under their supervision, 600 acres were sown to milkweed and a reasonably good 'catch' obtained. Should the results of the large scale blending experiments be successful, this plantation will help to meet the 1944 demands.

An appeal for dry milkweed leaves was made in the press and over the radio. The work of collecting was organized through school inspectors, with the school children of Ontario participating. The public response was very gratifying: many patriotic citizens in Ontario and Quebec, including Indians on some of the reserves, and thousands of school children, all pitched in and helped by picking milkweed leaves. These were dried and forwarded to Ottawa, where at the end of the season receipts had reached a total of about 71,000 pounds, dry weight.

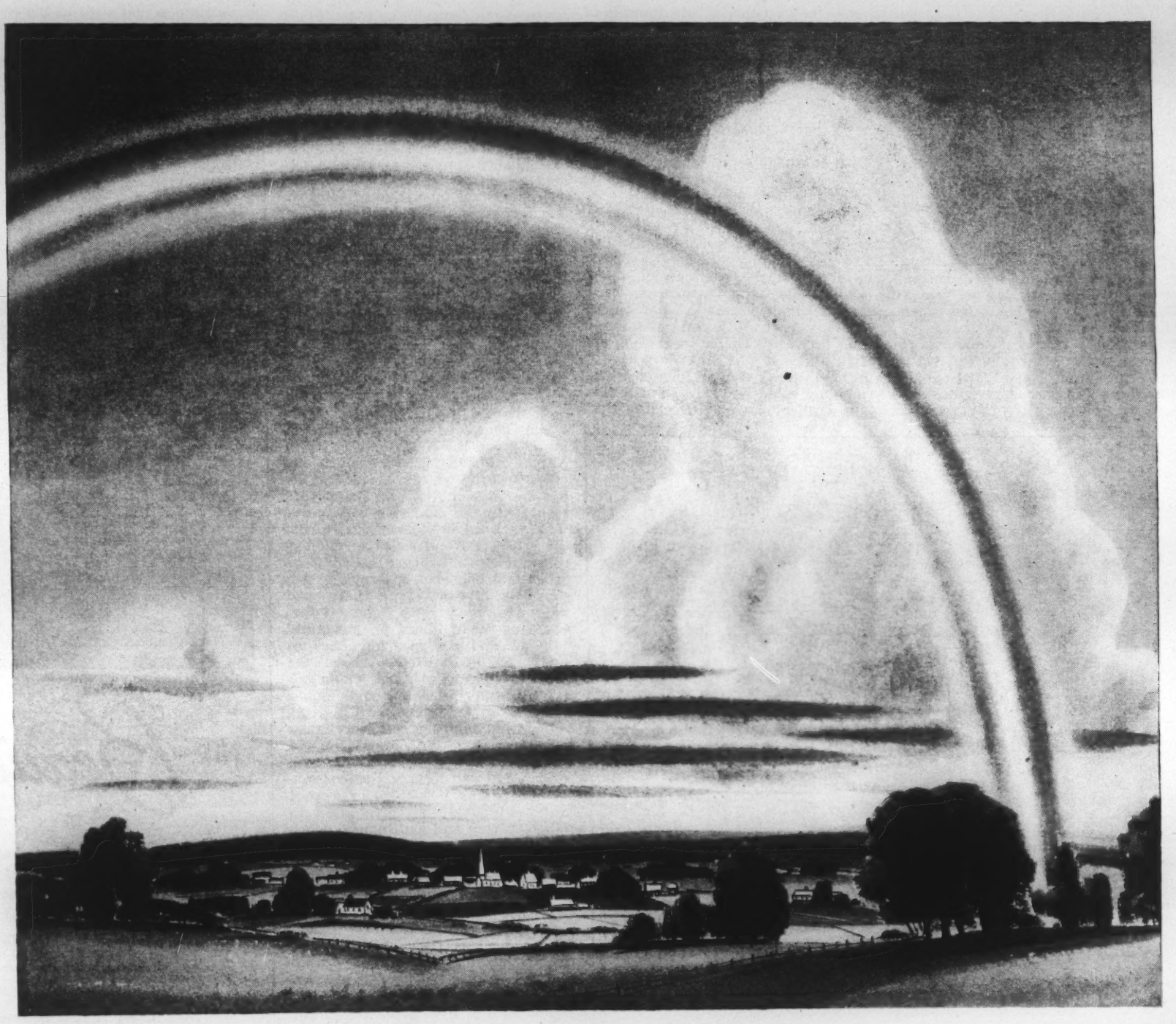
At the National Research Council, Dr. N. H. Grace was faced with the task of translating his mechanical extraction process to pilot plant proportions. In the short space of five months a small plant was built, equipped and put in operation. It took about two months to iron out the difficulties encountered in scaling up the laboratory methods. At the present time, this pilot plant is turning out twenty-five pounds of milkweed gum daily. As this accumulates, it is being forwarded to the Canadian rubber companies for large scale blending tests with Buna S. The results of these tests should be available in the near future and will determine whether or not milkweed rubber-gum will have a place in the synthetic rubber industry.

Many Possible Uses

The milkweed plant has many possible uses. Rubber-resin gum is obtained from the leaves and pods, the latter having the higher resin content. This gum may have other uses than as a blending agent for synthetic rubbers; for instance, there are indications that it can be made into an acceptable substitute for the chicle used in the manufacture of chewing gum. Also, there is no doubt that careful study will reveal valuable uses for the resin. Already the floss is being used in the United States as a substitute for Kapok for filling lifebelts. The fibre in the stalks can be made into paper, the seeds produce a valuable oil, and the roots have medicinal value.

It should be emphasized that practically all of these uses are still in the "possibility" stage—with the established exception of the milkweed floss used for lifebelts. Should the pilot plant experiments referred to be successful, and their results prove applicable to industry, a commercial demand for milkweed products may be created, in Canada.

These investigations involve a large number of trained specialists and technicians in each of the co-operating institutions: many of them frequently work long hours of overtime on their part of the problem and indeed those at the National Research Council's pilot plant, which operates on a 24-hour schedule, cheerfully take their turns on the graveyard shift. However, without the necessary material the large scale investigations on the extraction and application of milkweed rubber-gum could not have been accomplished this year. It has been made possible by the patriotic efforts of many thousands of Ontario school children in collecting and drying milkweed leaves and by the willing co-operation of inspectors, teachers and parents in supervising and directing their work.



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A Night Spent in the Crater of Vesuvius

By NORMAN ADE CLARK

Back in the fall of 1935 at the time of Italy's anti-British "sanctions" demonstrations Vesuvius kept in tune with the mood of the moment with a minor eruption.

It was at this time that the writer of this article, an Englishman, then a student on a vagabond tour of Europe, decided to climb the volcano at night, without a guide.

His experience was terrifying, but it gave a return seldom enjoyed by the average tourist.

FOR a tourist to visit the crater of Vesuvius, the only active volcano on the mainland of Europe, was, at the time of my visit, quite an expensive and complicated excursion. Before the new electric "Circumvesuviana railroad" was completed, which now runs from Napoli and, as its name implies, circumnavigates the volcano, first there was the taxi from Napoli to the foot of the funicular railway, then the funicular, a guide from its terminus to the summit of the igneous mound—4,267 feet above sea level, and finally a guide from the crater's rim for the descent into the actual crater, which, apropos, was destructively eruptive as late as 1906. Indeed, it was too expensive for a student-vagabond like I was, and therefore, I arranged with another student, despite its many alleged dangers, to make the ascent at night, when the swarms of over-solicitous guides had left their posts.

Darkness had already fallen on Napoli as my comrade Hans and I walked with packs on our backs down the Napoli-Castelmare di Stabia road. Half an hour later, somewhere near Resina, we came to what looked like a goat trail leaving the main road between two old stone houses. High above it was an ever fluctuating red glow; and a low ominous rumbling could be heard as of a distant artillery barrage. Deciding this to be our way up to the crater, we turned into the trail and were lost to the highway in darkness.

The first hour was not too bad; we had the torch of Vesuvius for a guide, and the way, though steep, was not difficult for two young men. But on comparison with what was to follow, we had hardly begun.

The night grew darker, and the way rougher and steeper, and by the time we had stumbled our way to the base of the funicular railway, we began to realize that darkness was indeed a disadvantage when scaling such rough lavary unknowns.

Following the track of the part cog, part trolley, and part cable railway, we climbed in almost a straight line towards the summit. The concrete steps were weather-worn, very uneven, and their rises and treads varied treacherously, and as we went up, up and up, an exhausting incline of one foot rise in every two. We said very little, needing our breath for the steep and gymnastic-like ascent.

Finally we reached the rails' terminus.

We paused for rest, and sat to gaze enchanted by the scene that had spread out below us.

Night Over Bay of Naples

A myriad tiny twinkling lights clearly showed where lay the sprawling city and the world-famed Bay of Naples. Stretching for miles and miles was the white foam-line, made by the slow-motion breakers that crept onto the extensive concave of the beach to be flood-lighted from the shore. Beyond was the Mediterranean Sea,—no longer boasting its proverbial blue, but enshrouded in a shadowy mystery—with here and there steadily gliding lights of far-voyaging ocean liners, or constantly bobbing and disappearing ones of small fishing vessels. Above the murky waters were stars; whole galaxies, daring flashing individuals, nebulous clusters, pink, purple, green, yellow, and blue ones; all nearer than I had seen them for a long time, and all laughing, it seemed, at our vain efforts and self-inflated littleness.

But above us, Vesuvius had decreed that we should not have stars to light our way and had hung out her great pall of heavy black smoke. It made the sky, and the dark cinders we were on, intensely black.

As we went on it grew so dark we could not see each other when only a few paces away. The fine exhibition of Vesuvius' fiery crest, that had been our guiding light, withdrew from our view as if in a deliberate attempt to lose us. The blackness rose like a solid wall in front of our eyes. The temperature dropped, quite contrary to our ignorant expectations, and feeling the cold, we turned our backs to the distant bay and began a yet steeper climb in loose black ash, towards—or so we hoped—the summit.

Lost

The rumblings intensified, and for hours we scrambled over the roughest kind of hard and cruelly sharp solidified lava, falling and cutting our hands and shins. The ordeal seemed interminable. First we lost the trail, and then ourselves; and I believe we must have gone round in circles, for we came nowhere—just stumbling for hours in either deep cinder or among massive barriers of fantastically shaped, wickedly trenchant, gleaming-black, volcanic deposits. The early rhythm of the rumblings turned to metronomic explosions in a largo tempo; but there was no other clue of our proximity to the crater's inferno.

My comrade was showing signs of real fatigue. He was beckoning me to stop for rests at ever-increasing frequency. He wanted to descend.

Then, suddenly, with a violence indescribable, Vesuvius burst forth with a fiery fury no more than a hundred yards away from us! High into the air leapt her dazzling flames! Higher still her white and red-hot debris from the raging bowels of the earth! Fumaroles belched gases at an exorbitant pressure with stentorian hissings! The smoke pall turned red, and a lurid light showed the fear in Hans' features.

"Come, let's get in the lee of the crater so we can get near to it," I said, as I began to clamber along again.

Giant stalagmite-like, jagged lava formations reduced our progress to dead slow.

"Oh stop!" Hans cried. "This is impossible." His voice died out in another thunderous roar from above. "Let's try to find the trail, there must be one round this crater."

"All right; I'll go ahead and reconnoiter," I shouted.

As close as we were to the crater, it was bitingly cold, and the wind cut through us. And Hans by this time had me definitely worried. I had to find a warm place somewhere for him to rest. I gave him a blanket and told him to sit down and wait for my return.

Once more I set out to reconnoiter for some shelter; but no sooner was my back turned than Hans scrambled after me up the rugged and accliv-ious outer wall of the crater.

Half an hour later we reached the rim.

The spectacle was overwhelmingly

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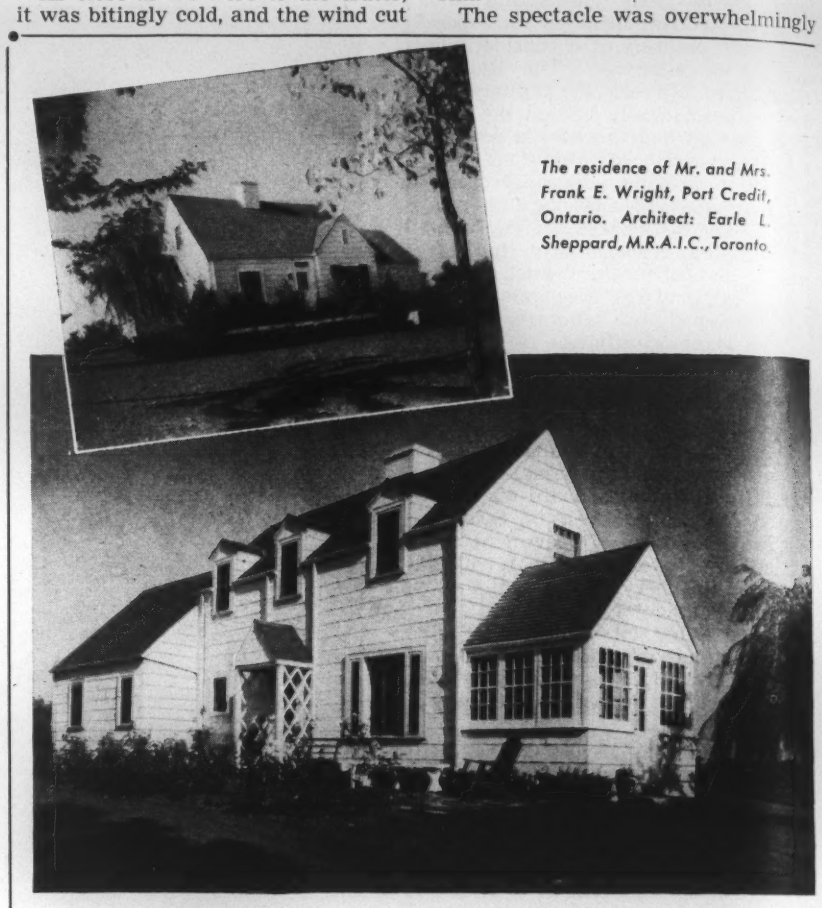

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awe-inspiring. We stood for the first time above the whole raging, hissing, uproarious caldron. From near its centre, bursting from a conic lesser crater, was what seemed to be a towering frenzy of unquenchable flame. One foot forward, and one hundred down, glowed an incandescent welter of sweltering agony.

"Hans," I said, "we must make our way round this rim to the Pompeii side, it is much lower there, and we can perhaps descend into the crater for the night."

Down Into the Crater

We traversed the treacherous crater's brink with incredible difficulty and with frequent outbursts from Hans. We encountered some signposts marked with the skull and cross bones which told us in many languages that it was dangerous to enter the crater and such an undertaking should only be attempted with an official crater-guide.

After a mile or two—it seemed like six—we came to where the lava had last poured over its broken walls, and was now resting idly only a few feet below us. I looked down upon its blackness. It appeared like an uneven lake of solidified pitch; and I guessed from its lack of glow that it was cold.

I took a chance, dropped over the edge of the almost vertical wall, and clinging to whatever I could grasp, slid down into the crater. Hans shrieked, but it was too late; I had landed on the roof of the molten lava bed, and so far, had not been engulfed.

A stench of burning rubber mixed with the other miasmal exhalations! My rubber soles were quickly burned away! I hastily scrambled back on to the side of the wall and crept some distance farther from the incandescent parts of the crater and tried again.

This time the lava was comparatively cool to my now barefoot soles as I cautiously tested it. I trusted my full weight on it and began to seek a suitable spot to rest. I took a few reconnoitering steps, and then, without warning, I fell into a crevasse up to my neck. Fortunately, however, I managed to hold on to its edges with my hands.

Warm vapours enveloped me so that Hans, in his anxious vigil from above, thought that he had seen me for the last time, and completely losing self-control, he fell to the ground.

He was still lying there when sometime later I came to announce I had found a place near a friendly, warming, fumarole where we could wait for the dawn.

Dawn

After two hours of restoring slumber, I awoke in a transformed world—the ferocious scene of the night before was mollified by a rose-hued morn. Gone was the phantom flame; gone the incandescence of the lava; even the noise was subdued as it were by the matutinal spell. From an accretive trunkated cone in the centre of a plateau of lava vollied the stalk of an immense mushroom-shaped cloud—deep yellow at the stem, turning to rose and gold as it spread out above into the pale-blue sky. A geyser-like steam jet, near its base, still hissed itself heavenwards; but no longer was it terrifying in its vigor. Dispelled were the crater's perplexities—melted, together with its frightening mysteries, by the revealing dawn.

Hans was awake and dejectedly quiet.

We crawled from our bag and stretched the stiffness out of our aching bodies and washed at a gentle steam escapement. With steam and dry heat in abundance, breakfast presented no problem. A slowly-moving lava effluence provided an excellent stove—the coffee boiled in between six and seven minutes.

With breakfast over, we shouldered our packs and set off with camera in hands to explore our volcanic bedchamber. I picked my way towards the crater's middle with special care in consideration of my bare footsoles—I had my shoes on, but they were like spats since they had lost their soles on the burning lava. I took several pictures, but was discouraged from making many by the misty atmosphere.

From the concentrically placed main exhibit of this natural geologic museum, we could see a hewn and blazed tourist-way to the outer world. We crossed over to it and mounted the steps. As we emerged, there opened before us the beautiful waking-valley with its colorful orange groves and morning mists; and still farther out, the great bay in all its turquoise majesty.

To our right and north-west lay peaceful Napoli, just rubbing its sleepy eyes but not yet fully astir. To our immediate left were small groves and other cultivated patches. In a small vineyard we could discern a straw-hatted husbandman leading two large ambling blue-grey oxen with very long curving horns from a vine entwined pale-blue-washed building to a waiting plough—or perhaps better described as a scarifier as its only share was a pointed stake.

We turned to our left and followed the rim of the great basin-like crater to a point where it directly overlooked the excavated ruins. Stretching down the slopes for many miles were millions of tons of hard volcanic mud and lava—now cold and apathetic, but once the rear-guard of a most fervid death-dealing assault on luxurious Pompeii and Herculaneum.

We decided to follow the lava and baked mud down to Pompeii. It looked comparatively easy; though we felt sure it was not the orthodox descent. Down, down we went over huge irregularities, where there appeared to be strong evidences of a more recent overflow than that which buried alive Pompeii in A.D. 79—probably the 1906 eruption.

Reaching the foot, we met a Neapolitan peasant-girl with big, longing, and curious brown eyes, and asked if we might buy some of the luscious-looking tangerines that hung temptingly from a nearby tree. Her sunny smile reflected her pleasure to serve us. With shapely bare feet she tripped up an old ladder and filled her apron with the fruit.

"Un chilo"—more than two pounds of the choicest fruit for "venti centesimi"—the approximate equivalent of one cent or an English half-penny.

The terrors of the night before vanished as the cool sweet juice trickled down my throat.

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Soviet Architects Plan a Modern New Russia

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

With whole cities levelled by war, Russia is facing a gigantic task of reconstruction and architects are already preparing plans which will institute a revolution in Russian living.

The aim is to create new cities absolutely modern in every respect with parkways and recreation spaces, and houses equipped with air conditioning, radiant heating, refrigeration and up-to-date sanitary equipment.

Nothing is being permitted to stand in the way of model development in the future, and oil refineries and other unbecoming installations formerly in the middle of cities are being moved to more suitable areas.

(Moscow—By Mail)

IT IS almost impossible to conceive of the immensity of problems facing Soviet industry and architecture in connection with reconstruction of areas ruined by the Germans. For example, it is reported that in all Belorussia, a republic the size of the inhabited portions of Quebec, not one single stone or brick structure has remained standing. Whole cities—Minsk, Gomel, Mogilev, Vitebsk—are reported to have been levelled, and what has remained has been converted into fortifications.

In the Ukraine the same fate has met the cities of Kiev, Kharkov, Zhitomir, Poltava and others. In that portion located on the left bank of the Dnieper more than 150,000 farmers' cottages have been burnt.

I myself have seen the cruel destruction of Stalingrad and Leningrad. In the former, everything was ruined; in Leningrad, enough apartments to house 500,000 people were destroyed.

How is Russia to cope with this holocaust? How is she to rebuild the liberated areas and at the same time to improve housing in such almost unimaginably crowded cities as Moscow, and at the same time build scores of new industrial cities in the Urals, Western Siberia and Central Asia? In actuality the problem comes down to this: Russia must build enough housing and industrial structures for at least 25 million people.

In order to see what is being done I decided to approach the highest placed person I could in the construction world. Fortunately, I found no difficulty in this, and last week I visited the Soviet Academy of Architecture where I was received by Karo Alabyan, Vice-President of the Academy, President of the Union of Soviet Architects and member of the Supreme Soviet.

Alabyan is considered one of Russia's most brilliant architects. He is well acquainted with problems of Western architecture and was the builder of the Soviet pavilion at the New York World's Fair. He is directly in charge of the architectural plans for the rebuilding of Stalingrad, and by virtue of his position supervises the reconstruction of many other cities.

Main Problems

"What are the main problems facing the Soviet Union in connection with reconstruction?" I asked him.

"Essentially," he replied, "we must develop a tremendous, modern building industry. Only this can in the long run solve our shortage of homes and industrial structures.

"Of course, you will understand that some of our problems are so immediate that we cannot wait for the more refined features of construction which we should like to introduce. We are therefore proposing, where necessary, to construct temporary structures which will last for five or ten years and will then be replaced by permanent buildings.

"At present our Academy has assigned special commissions to work out theoretical catalogues for the post-war building industry. These catalogues will outline all of our needs, and when accepted by the Government, will trace the line of development of industry. We think in terms of the latest Western construction developments—thin walls, radiant heating, air conditioning, efficient lighting, refrigeration, and most important of all, modern sanitary equipment."

The second problem, Mr. Alabyan explained, is not only to rebuild what has been ruined, but also to introduce an era of better construction. "We are proposing to the Government new norms for housing and city planning. We shall insist on roomy residences and communities in which the people may live in the pleasant surroundings of parks and verdure."

"We are now working out," he said, "fifty or sixty general plans for homes, large apartment buildings and community residences, and after the war we expect to lay more and more stress on the construction of one-storey, single-family cottages."

Soviet Building Revolution

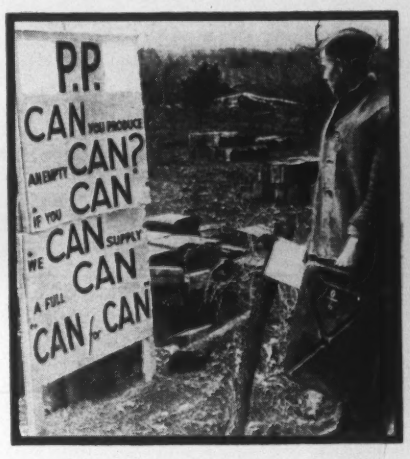
Having in mind the majority of the more-recently built structures in Moscow that I had seen, I was quite impressed by Mr. Alabyan's words. In effect, he was suggesting a revolution in Soviet architecture, and a reversion to some of the ideas now dominating constructural thought in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. One can hardly imagine how much the Russians will welcome this change, so tired they are of living in too close a contact with more often than not, far too many neighbors.

I said something about this to Mr. Alabyan. He smiled and said: "You know, even in Russia with its advanced social theories, people like to live by themselves, have their own place to come to after work, and communicate with neighbors only when they wish to do so."

Finally, Mr. Alabyan said the Soviet Union faces the necessity of developing a huge cadre of trained architects and construction workers.

As we discussed the tasks facing Soviet architects, it became quite clear that the responsibility for poor construction in the past could not be laid at the door of either the Soviet Government or its construction bodies, or even the Soviet architects. Faced with the necessity to produce tanks and guns, Russia simply did not have the possibility to simultaneously develop factories for the production of bathroom fixtures, ornate door handles, perfectly functioning radiators, or even window frames. "Our industry never really did catch up to our requirements in this field," Alabyan said. "Just exactly what would the Canadian architects do if a city like Erivan in Armenia with its former 30,000 inhabitants grew in ten years to 200,000?"

I had no reply to this. But I thought of the impossible problem of Moscow. Before the Revolution Moscow had two and a half million people. From 1914 to 1929 virtually no construction work was done. In those years the population grew to four and a half millions. When the housing program began in 1929, reaching impressive proportions in the years 1935-1939, many people did get better rooms and better apartments. The



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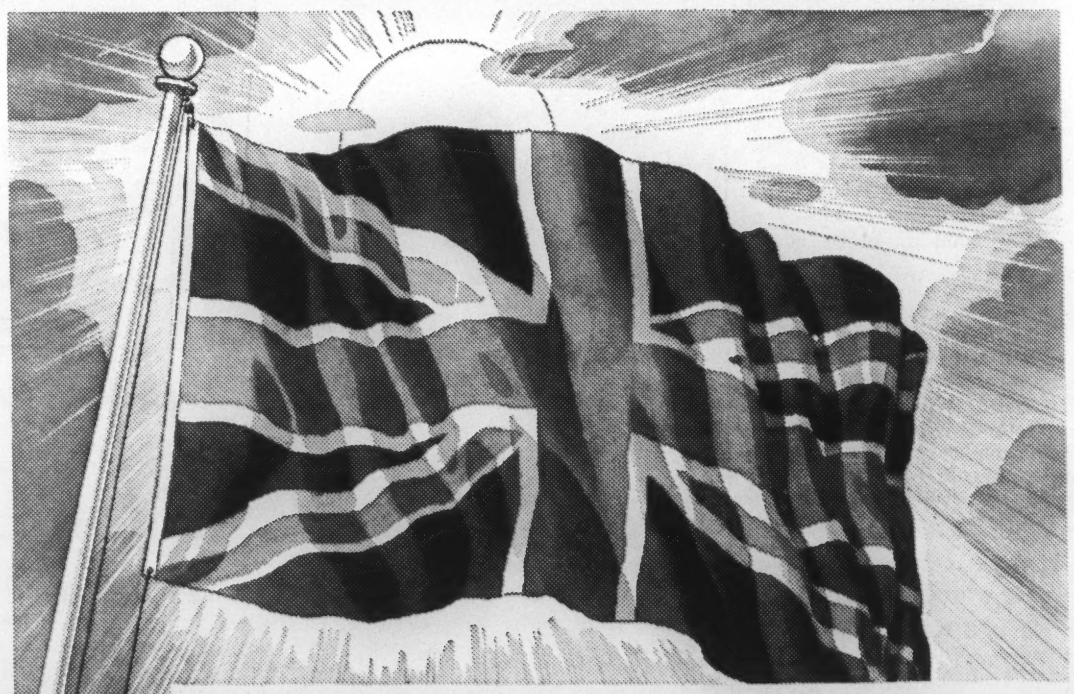

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trouble was, however, that houses had to be built for two million newcomers, the old residences of the original two and a half million in their majority had to be reconstructed, and repaired, and . . . the natural childbirth increase of nearly 200,000 a year had to be accounted for. It is no wonder that in Alabyan's words "Soviet architects know neither unemployment nor rest."

But Alabyan is hopeful: "Our mortar plants," he said with a smile, "are ideally equipped to produce doorhandles, bathtubs and other essential bathroom fixtures, and, as you know, we have a good many mortar plants."

The architectural profession in Russia, I discovered, was quite different from that, say, in Canada. In Russia the architect is actually the commander of construction work. Since nearly all buildings are owned either directly by the State or by one industry or another, or by co-operative societies, the architect is in effect employed directly by the State. He is paid a very substantial fee, and his living conditions are very good by comparison with other branches of Soviet enterprise. But, according to Alabyan, his "mentality" is different.

No Money Worries

"When I was in New York," he related, "I talked to many United States architects. I told them that our motive force was not money but rather the pleasure which we derive from knowing that our work is appreciated and better than that of others: They asked me about money. I told them that I make a very satisfactory living, that I have a good home, that as a member of the Architects' Union I share in the benefits accruing to all of us through the five per cent of all construction costs paid into the Union by those for whom we build, that I have no concern for the future.

"I must admit they did not understand me. But that is the way it is here."

In most cases when Soviet architects prepare plans for construction of large edifices or of whole settlements or cities, their plans are submitted to the appropriate local, municipal or even republican organizations, and upon approval become law. In this the practice is quite similar to Canada where architects' plans must be approved by the city. But from here on, there is a considerable difference.

Take the question of Stalingrad. Alabyan showed me his plans for the reconstruction of that city. These plans are now under discussion by the Government of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic. They have already been adopted in their essence, and Alabyan has the last word on where anything is to be built. He told me some amusing instances.

The Government bank just before the war had begun erecting a very imposing structure in Stalingrad. All aboveground work was destroyed, of course. But the foundation, into the construction of which many hundreds of thousands of rubles had been invested, remained. The bank proposed to go on with its project.

Banks Move for Boulevards

"Ah, but you can't," Alabyan told them. "We've got a boulevard running right through your building." Though a voluminous correspondence was entered into, nothing availed them. The boulevard stays. The bank moves.

There was another case. In the very center of Stalingrad there was located a huge oil refinery and a tank farm. They had always been eyesores and the Germans obligingly ruined most of the buildings and tanks. Now the Oil Trust appealed to Alabyan to permit reconstruction.

"No, no," Alabyan told them. "You can't do that. We're building a park where you used to be." In this case protests did have some results and the Oil Trust was permitted to temporarily, very temporarily, rebuild 15 per cent of the project. "Then," went on Alabyan, "I was told by very good sources that they were rebuilding 18 per cent. I immediately telegraphed to them to desist, otherwise I should be forced to send a special commission and invoke the law. They sent a special delegation to explain that my information was incorrect, that they were sticking to the letter of my decision, and that they proposed not to exceed it under any circumstances."

Looking at the beautiful plans for the reconstruction of Stalingrad, I could not help thinking that the Russian architect is indeed in a privileged and remarkable creative position. There is so much work and, what is more important, there is so much scope. There is simply no limit to what a capable man can do.

The Stalingrad plans will be completely finished in October. Meanwhile Alabyan showed me the sketches. In his enormous working office at the Academy of Architecture, the corner of which characteristically enough, was occupied by a built-in plaster-of-paris reproduction of a portion of a classical Greek structure with its column, there was a huge table model of the terrain of Stalingrad. Alabyan showed me how the new city will be developed.

"In part," he said, "we shall have to follow the contours of the old city. There is a considerable investment in foundations, waterworks, sewage, electrical wiring, and so on. But while making use of these we shall eliminate the defects of the old city. As we plan it now, Stalingrad will stretch along the Volga for thirty-two miles, but will be only five-eighths, to two miles wide. The city will be composed of three sections—Metal Gorod, Zentralny Gorod and Voroshilovsky Rayon (gorod is city, rayon is ward).

"Three wide, horizontal boulevards will connect the various portions of the city, with the one farthest from the river set aside for rapid transit. Each section will have its own shopping and intellectual center, but the whole city of 650,000 will also have the main business and cultural district in Zentralny Gorod. The railway, which formerly cut right through the city, will now be moved away, insofar as possible, or will be taken through a cut over which bridges will ensure the continuity of streets.

"Mamayev-Kurgan, the highest point of the city and scene of bitter and bloody battles, will be retained as a historical monument with trenches and fortifications left intact. A panorama will be built here portraying the battle which turned the tide of the war. The two or three deep ravines which formerly disfigured the city will be turned into parkways and picnic grounds, and the whole city will be surrounded by a belt of greenery to break the force of sand-charged winds which used to descend upon Stalingrad from the steppes."

It is slightly breathtaking to listen to such words even while battles are still proceeding in the West. But the Russians have always been dreamers and they have realized many a dream. The more than 160,000 women and men now reconstructing Stalingrad seem to be sufficient proof that this dream too, will become reality.

Similar plans to the one for Stalingrad have been prepared by Academician Rudnev for Voronezh, Semyonov for Rostov, Goltz for Smolensk. Master plans are being prepared for smaller settlements and for collective farms. The Ukrainian branch of the Academy of Architecture is at work on plans for typical Ukrainian villages.

Most interesting to me, was Mr. Alabyan's insistence that we in America and Canada, can do a great deal to help the reconstruction of the Soviet Union by rendering industrial and technical assistance, and by providing materials and products which for a long period of time will still be lacking.

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....ON LETTER WRITING

You all know me: I'm Joe. I'm now in a country that used to be page thirty-nine in my geography. Yes, there's a lot of things that are different over here. And there are a lot of things I miss too. There's the Canadian winter! You sure do miss winter, when you're sitting under a palm tree at 120° (Far.). And then there's the letters that you miss. That is, you miss them when they don't come.

"Over here, a letter is like a footbridge four thousand miles long that brings your friends right to you. I don't know why it is that some folks don't write. It only takes a sheet of paper, a postage stamp and a little time; but, boy, what that letter means to the guy that gets it! He's with his friends again! And he's got a new kind of feeling that makes him think that what he's doing is worth while.

"So, won't you people back home remember that. Don't wait till you have time. You have it now. Put down this paper, NOW, and write a letter to that friend you know overseas."

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Nature Has the Colorful Jewels to Enhance a Garden Setting

By COLLIER STEVENSON

GRASS, trees, shrubs and vines all share in the making of a garden: together, they create a frame for a house pleasant or unpleasant according to the artistry that goes into the selection and disposal of the planting. And, even though its coloring be predominately green, a garden can be a very effective frame. Any garden, though, gains immeasurably in attractiveness when the varied greens of its leafage are used as a setting for flowers, those colorful "jewels" which nature has provided so generously. Flowers, however, in no case should be thought of merely in terms of the familiar annuals and perennials ordinarily so often used haphazardly here and there in the garden; not when blooms of great variety and beauty also can be introduced by flowering vines, shrubs and trees.

Flowering vines—just as useful as they are attractive and distinctive—rarely receive quite the attention they deserve. As a matter of fact, even their usefulness is not appreciated fully. Yet they are definitely useful in various ways. They can be employed, for instance, equally effectively to shut off an offending view, to cloak an unsightly boundary fence, to screen a porch or a back entrance that may lack privacy. Vines also can be of real value in linking a house to the garden if planted as an element in the foundation planting scheme so that their flowered greenery extends up the wall, softening the rugged contours.

The wistaria has been called—and quite aptly!—the queen of flowering vines. It sometimes requires a bit of coddling at the outset, but, when established, makes good growth, and, if exposed to full sun, produces its lovely pannicles of white or purple flowers in profusion. The clematis, which has a color range from snowy white to red and purple, a diversity of form and size, is a thing of beauty during its blooming season. One interesting variety, paniculata, is among the most satisfactory of climbing plants; hardy, rapid growing, literally brimful of white flowers in August and September. The silver lace vine, one of the fastest growing of all flowering vines, has the additional virtue of immunity to attacks by insects. In the fall, it is a veritable sea of foam-like white blooms. The trumpet vine—very spectacular as to flower—and the fragrant old honeysuckle are two other dependable vines for use in home gardens. Nor should morning glories be omitted from the list, considering the beauty and adaptability of some of the newer named varieties.

Richard Averill Smith Photo.

Annual and perennial flowers in beds that follow a formal plan defined by turf paths create a riot of jewel-like color in this garden, which boasts a little tool house of octagonal design.

MAY, we are assured by expert growers, is an ideal month for planting the flowering shrubs which always are an asset to a garden. Rose of Sharon, or althea, is valuable because of its long blooming season from July to frost. Forsythia, of course, is of particular interest because its golden flowers appear so early in the spring. Snowball, flowering almond, honeysuckle, dogwood, japonica, rosa rugosa, mock orange, bridal wreath, spiraea, weigelia, hydrangea, mahonia, tamarix, robinia and beauty bush swell the list of flower-bearing shrubs which can be used to advantage even in small gardens.

Large shrub or small tree? Lilacs and hawthorns in particular seem to stand on the border line, although from a planting standpoint it often is preferable to treat them as trees. The annoying habit of thrusting up suckers difficult to eradicate rather tended to dampen the ardor of home-gardeners for lilacs, but horticultural science was brought into play to originate sucker-free lilacs of intriguing form and color that now are completely satisfying. As for the hawthorn, pleasing at all seasons, it is a delightful picture in the spring when in full bloom, a joy in any garden.

OF full-statured flowering trees, the locust is one that can be grown successfully when space is unrestricted, whether planted as specimens or in orderly rows along boundary-lines or driveways. It is unique because of the rich fragrance of its great pannicles of creamy-colored bloom. Another towering tree distinguished by masses of creamy-white flowers is the catalpa, or Western bean, which blooms in the early summer. With the passing of the flowers, the long beanlike pods which give the tree its secondary name begin to form. Unfortunately, both beans and flowers cause a messy condition when they fall beneath the tree, but the catalpa is so essentially decorative — and its flowers so glamorous!—that this one bad habit surely can be overlooked.

Richard Averill Smith Photo.

Vaguely reminiscent of South African architecture is this quaint thatch-roofed, stone-walled tool house — a happy change from the unsightliness which often marks garden structures.

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

All That Radio's Popularity Ratings Prove is the "Trend"

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

APPARENTLY this space wasn't the only place where arguments have been going on concerning the importance of popularity ratings of radio programs. We were out with a group of musicians the other night and they spent most of the time talking about ratings of various programs.

In the first place these ratings are only partly true because they are based on telephone calls, and that excludes the hundreds of people who might own radios but not a telephone. Then the second thing you find out is that most of the checking is done in cities, and that leaves out all the country folk.

In the third place when somebody calls me on the telephone when I'm listening to Fibber McGee and asks me if I'm listening to the radio and to what program am I listening and do I know the name of the sponsor, I'm usually so mad I make up a fantastic answer.

So don't let anybody get you excited about this rating business. All these ratings prove is a "trend". I remember asking Jack Benny about his rating once, and he said that there was hardly any difference between the first twelve radio programs in total audience.

JOSEPH SEDGWICK, counsel for the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, has been talking to the Parliamentary Committee on Radio, and one of the things he urged was the formation of a commission outside the CBC, for the control and direction of both public and private radio stations. The other thing he pleaded for was that the second radio network in Canada should be placed in the hands of the private stations.

A lot could be said in favor of both these arguments. The CBC could probably say a lot against them. At least they are worthy of discussion.

More and more Canadians are turning away from the idea that all radio should be publicly-owned. There is a place in Canada for private radio. It should have the right to live and flourish, under supervision.

SEVEN thousand people jammed the Vancouver Forum to welcome Benny, Mary Livingstone, Don Wilson and Rochester recently. The west coast gave a royal welcome to the great fun-master. There to help swell the Victory Loan totals, Benny gave everything he had to make the visit a success. He visited shipyards, aeroplane plants and other important war plants. He was guest of the Lieutenant-Governor, and took with him Mr. and Mrs. Rochester. The democratic gesture won the hearts of many Americans who are not always so hospitable to Negros.

SIR Ernest MacMillan and his "Command Performance" orchestra journeyed out to London, Ontario, recently to perform at a Victory Loan rally. To Harry "Red" Foster must go the credit for bringing the fine talents of Sir Ernest to the radio in this regular weekly show. Not only is the music good, but it is light in style, to appeal to the widest range of audience. Feature of the program is a dramatic sketch connected with winners of the Victoria Cross. The show, altogether, is a credit to Canadian radio. This is a program that should be heard in the schools.

WE WERE wondering the other day why Canadians don't give a bigger build-up to their talented radio artists. Take Grace Matthews, for instance. There probably isn't another actress in Canada quite so talented. Very few others, if any, have played in as many leading roles. None is heard more often. Yet, Grace Matthews is practically unknown across the Dominion.

In real life she is Mrs. Courtney Benson. She is Anne in "John and Judy". She plays the leading role in "Soldier's Wife". She played opposite Charles Boyer in a Victory Loan show. She is a graduate of the Royal Academy, London. She played at Hart House Theatre, and was a favorite with John Holden's Players, at Bala and Winnipeg. She starred with her husband in the Canadian Theatre of the Air. Recently she played in an Arts and Letters production of "The Cherry Orchard", and won sincere applause.

Canadians should know this able and gracious young artist. We do not give sufficient prestige to our actresses. In the United States Grace Matthews would be heralded, acclaimed and widely publicized.

Tenors aren't always popular, but Dennis Day has won a real place in the hearts of Americans and Canadians. His part on the Benny program has not been unimportant. He will be missed greatly from the program. Day has joined up with the American navy, and reported for duty at Tucson, Ariz., two days after his Vancouver visit.

LIFE would be much easier if the radio people would broadcast all their bad programs on certain nights of the week, and all their good ones on the other nights. In this way it would be possible to go out for a game of bridge or to the movies without missing something worth-while. Tuesday nights are getting to be just as entertaining as Thursday and Sunday nights now, and soon we won't be able to go outside at all.

The popularity of Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly on Tuesday nights is said to be hurting the movie industry, although every time we go to the movies there's a line-up a block long. It took us several weeks to get to know the McGees, but now we wouldn't miss them for anything. Here is humor that is clean and refreshing. Here is a decent story of family life. Here are people we have met in every-day life.

Last week the McGees celebrated their 10th year in radio on the same network. Listeners will wish them many happy returns.

THE telephone has been busy lately with calls from people who wanted to know how to get tickets for "Information Please", which visited Toronto in connection with the Victory Loan drive. The show originated from Massey Hall, Toronto.

The show attracted more attention than any other Victory Loan attraction presented in Toronto. The guest expert was Lester B. Pearson, minister-counsellor of the Canadian Legation at Washington. The three regular experts, Oscar Levant, Franklin P. Adams and John Kieran, with Clifton Fadiman, were also heard. Levant, when he appeared at Eaton Auditorium last week, attracted a full house, turned several hundreds away, and created a lot of fun and entertainment with his humor and piano-playing.

SEVEN young girls were selected by the judges of "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" to compete in the semi-finals of this unique broadcasting series. Over 400 girls from all parts of Canada were auditioned for this series.

Of the seven who made the semi-finals, Nancy Douglas was born in Ottawa and now lives in Toronto; she is 21. Evelyn Gould is 19, and has sung with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Jane Harkness won a scholarship at the Toronto Conservatory last year. Pierrette Alarie is 23 and has sung with Montreal orchestras. Lillian Smith is 24, and her most recent success was when she sang with the Mendelssohn Choir and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in "Brahms Requiem". Margaret Anne Royle is 21, and is from the west coast. Claire Gagnier is from Quebec and is 20. She has her eyes on the Metropolitan Opera.

RADIO beams: From his farm in Ontario, Orville Shugg gave the first of his "Farm books series" last week. . . The Musicians' Union has upped fees and so the CBC has been obliged to cancel several programs. . . "Invitation to Music" is one of the better radio programs. . . Alan Young doesn't know yet whether he is to substitute for Eddie Cantor or Ed Gardner, or both. . . Edwin C. Hill now broadcasts over 134 stations. . . Red Skelton isn't my favorite comedian. . . did you notice that Frank Sinatra's promoter has dropped the shrieking girls on his shows . . . we always said it was a publicity gag. . . did you know that Major Bowes' amateurs are still out on the road?

On the **Anzio beachhead, British and American troops of the 5th Army are entrenched only 800 yards from the enemy lines. This British Tommy and Yank share the same dug-out.**

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Canadian Bell Telephone Co. is Organized by a Sea Captain

CHARLES FLEETWOOD SISE, 1834—1918, by R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. (Montreal Gazette, n.p.)

A SEA-CAPTAIN, after driving a wind-jammer around the world for years, came to anchor in Boston as the district agent of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company of Montreal. He was a crisp personality and besides had two strikes against him because he had been in service with the Confederate States. So his competitors went out against him in battle array, no holds barred.

Encouraged by the Montreal directors, Andrew Robertson, President, he hung on for a good while, but at the last re-insured his risks with another company and at the age of 45 was out of a job. But his ability was recognized and his Montreal connections known in Boston. To his surprise he was asked by the National Bell Telephone Company to go to Canada and organize two companies, one as a holding and manufacturing concern controlling the Bell patents and making instruments, the other as a constructing and operating Company under Dominion charter.

He accepted the offer and arrived in Montreal on March 9, 1880. His name was Charles F. Sise. At that time each city in the Dominion and a number of towns had a modest telephone exchange but there were only 2,165 instruments altogether and their business was entirely local. It was necessary to negotiate with and buy out all these independent companies. How it was done, and how the consolidated company entered upon the job of making Canada telephone-conscious is the theme of this book.

While Mr. Sise was a man of resource and great diligence the biography here presented follows perhaps too closely his earlier life. Unquestionably his reputation came as manager and president of the Canadian telephone system. His policies and his determination to maintain them brought a success far beyond his rosiest dream. The assets of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada have increased from $403,324 in 1880 to $261,748,653 in 1942; the revenue from $29,671, to $56,512,359; the number of instruments from 2,165 to 925,414.

The book is well printed and illustrated.

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Opportunity Waits

ARCTIC ELDORADO, by Raymond Arthur Davies. (Ryerson; paper cover, $1.00.)

AN URGENT plea for a continuation of the work begun in the Canadian north-west by the great military highway and the Canol project. The resources of the "frozen north" are infinite, and proof has been given that low temperature is an inconvenience rather than a blockade. People and long-term Government aid to provide transportation routes are the necessary factors to produce a Greater Canada. What Russia has done in Siberia, a similar region now supporting millions of people, Canada can do north and west of the Peace River country. The book is written with spirit and with no little charm.

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Mixed Grill

By W. S. MILNE

THE RAINBOW by Wanda Wasilewska. (Musson, $3.50.)
LIBERTY STREET by I. V. Morris. (Musson, $3.00.)
THE HEART OF JADE by Salvador de Madariaga. (Collins, $3.25.)

"THE RAINBOW", written by a Polish-Russian correspondent, was awarded the Stalin Prize for Literature on its publication in the U.S.S.R., and sold more than half a million copies. It is a moving story, told with amazing artistic restraint, of the German occupation of a Ukrainian village. The brutalities inflicted on the women, children and old men left behind are almost incredible, but as one reads this novel, one is made to accept horrors as a matter of course. These are the Germans, it seems to say, and it is our job to beat them. Let us not waste time or energy on hysterical protest. The rainbow of the title is a symbol of the hope in the hearts of the villagers that the Germans could not kill, the hope that the Red army would return to liberate them. Under that stimulus and inspiration, peasant women and girls rise to almost unbelievable heights of heroic resistance. The story rises to a thrilling climax in which one's faith in the essential decency of the universe is reestablished. The book is grim but convincing.

"Liberty Street" deals with an aspect of the war very far removed from actual combat. The whole story takes place in a little Central American town in which refugees from Europe await visas that will admit them to the United States. Although not as detailed in its accounts of officialdom's delays as "The Trespassers", it strikes me as a better novel because of its greater singleness of theme. American authority is personified by the consul, Harrington, whose unsympathetic pomposity and utter snobbishness and selfishness cause another American character to call him a "native Fascist". The novel is peopled by a group of interesting and thoroughly credible characters, and proceeds to a dramatic climax, which, though early foreseen, is nevertheless artistically right. The Armenian refugee's brother lived in Brooklyn, at an address in Liberty street, and this street name, through a long process of frustration, had become for him a symbol of the ultimate in human desire. Between Liberty street, and all that it stood for, and himself and thousands like him, loomed the figure of the American diplomat, spiritually akin to the evils from which Kerjanian was endeavouring to escape. Readers of this book will not readily forget the little Armenian, or Marie-Té Falkenborn and her uncle, or any of the other major characters of this story.

"The Heart of Jade" is not about this war, but about Cortez' conquest of Mexico more than four hundred years ago. Madariaga approaches his theme with the conscientiousness of a historian and acknowledged authority on the Aztec civilization, and this approach is perhaps not the best one for a novelist to take. The story is slowed up and almost bogged down in a morass of detail regarding Aztec culture, religion, costume, sex life and superstition. The Spanish portion of the novel, where a fuller background may be assumed in the reader, proceeds much more briskly. The story commences with the birth of an Aztec princess, then switches to the arrival of a son to a Spanish nobleman, and for the first third of its six hundred pages alternates the two themes, Aztec and Spanish, to combine them when the hero joins Cortez' expedition. It is a colourful romance, full of exciting incident, though handicapped by too much detail. It is a rich historical tapestry in the grand manner, but it seems to me to be too historical for those who read primarily for entertainment, and too romantic for those who are interested in ideas. At any rate, "The Heart of Jade" made me resolve to go back to a favorite of my teens, and reread Rider Haggard's "Montezuma's Daughter".

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PIONEERS, O PIONEERS! by Hilary St. George Saunders. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

MOVED by the great American interest in *Combined Operations*, and the other three books of war-reporting issued by the British Government, the Ministry of Information sent the author on a speaking-tour in the United States; twelve thousand miles in two months! This book is a record of his experiences, told with all that natural verve which has made him famous, and, this time, with a gaiety of spirit.

Mr. Saunders, naturally, is a good internationalist, after spending seventeen years in the secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva. But he is an Englishman and found America a little alarming; it was so different. Unlike some other Englishmen he didn't conclude that it was all wrong. He merely laughed and wondered if he was. He knew that he wasn't wrong about the war and its terrific importance to all free men. But he also knew that if he had resented the earnest friendship of his taxi-cab drivers he would have been as wrong as wrong could be.

He was in New York, in Washington, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, in Denver, in New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit and was all but stunned by the exuberance of hospitality and questioning which he endured. In Detroit he saw the smoky flame of the Negro Problem; in Chicago, the ice of isolationism. But wisely he concluded that these ills were America's business and not his. A tour in Canada made him more comfortable since we had a more sure understanding of the war and its meaning.

Altogether, a delightful book, which Canadians will understand and chuckle over.

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New Canadian History

DOMINION OF THE NORTH, by Donald Grant Creighton. (Allen, $4.50.)

FOR the first time the tangled story of the early fur trade in French Canada and the conflicting aims of government, merchants and clergy are here set down to be "understanded of the common people." The struggle between old ways and new in Nova Scotia and in Upper Canada is made clear, not as a merely romantic tale, but as an economic study, revealing the "pulls" of courtier practice against pioneer independence, of Church Establishment against free evangelism, of paternalism against new conceptions of liberty.

Politically the future of the Maritimes was settled by British seapower, of Upper Canada by anger at the ill-judged American invasion of 1812 and by subsequent unfriendly acts by the United States, of the West by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The new idea of a country being British and yet independent of British power and instruction was slow in growth. That it grew at all is a miracle, considering the diversity of the population-groups assembled here.

This book was commissioned by a Boston publishing house (Houghton, Mifflin) because a growing interest in Canada had been observed in all parts of the United States. If friendly interest is succeeding to lofty indifference or contemptuous patronage the people of Canada will give thanks. The author who is Associate Professor of History in the University of Toronto was strong enough not to "slant" his story to American opinion or prejudice. His calm record of the Alaska Boundary Award and the manner of its making doesn't omit a fact, however discreditable. The book is well-built and admirable in style. It deserves a wide circulation in Canada as well as in the United States.

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When the War Ends

CANADIAN RESTORATION, by E. Newton-White. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

IN THE opinion of this writer most social security measures are the dole, camouflaged. What the returned soldiers want is jobs, not a variety of insurances. And the way to get jobs is to organize reconstruction in every community. The soldier ought to be able to go home and stay home.

He finds six evils in Canada: Unemployment, Under-population, Mislocated population, Farming Poverty, Communal Decay and Mismanagement of National Resources. All these are the result of the lack of a general conservation policy. The farmer destroys his woodlot, the lumberman the forest, the miner the wild life of the region, and everywhere unmanaged streams are washing away the arable land.

While Government may be forced into large public works to take up the slack these works should be self-supporting, even as the "Hydro" is in Ontario. The erection of post-offices and other public buildings merely compels more taxation; the jobs thus created are temporary and blind-alley occupations and serve mainly the nomad population.

He insists that Canada's dog-in-the-manger policy with respect to immigration has been stupid. Immigrants do not steal jobs, they make more, for they are consumers of Canadian products. By shutting out refugees this country has lost thousands of skilful workers and professional men who would have been an incomparable asset.

Every community should have available a blue-print of what must be done to develop its own resources. It may be that this is a counsel of perfection but it is founded on common sense.

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North Africa

ROAD TO TUNIS, by David Rame. (A. D. Divine. Collins, $3.00.)

IN THIS book the great invasion of North Africa is broken-down into its grim and high-flavored details. The author has exceptional talent in bringing sights and smells into reality and against his backgrounds the story of sharp fighting and sharper fears comes alive. For despite monumental planning in four dimensions the invasion was not a walk-over as the general public has imagined. The American force to which this eminent South African writer was assigned went in green and came out as veterans worthy to walk with the British Eighth Army, the incomparable "desert rats". One of the best of the war-books.

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Brothers Down Under

NEW ZEALAND, by Walter Nash. (Collins, $3.75.)

A DESCRIPTION of his country and particularly of the part it has played in the war by New Zealand's Minister to the United States. A lengthy review of recent developments in New Zealand but not the compact, overall description of the country that the general reader seeks.—D. P. O'H.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Bonds and the Nation's Bursar of the Domestic Finances

By BERNICE COFFEY

WHEN speakers and writers desire to impress their public with the power of the Canadian woman invariably they mention, after a respectful pause, that she handles approximately eighty per cent of the money spent on family purchasing for the home. In view of this it is fairly obvious why makers of soup, tooth paste, plumbing, chewing gum and carpet tacks have wooed her with the passionate fervor of a pre-war Georgian count in pursuit of a damsel whose daddy has struck it rich. They know that women are the country's domestic bursars with hands firmly entwined in the nation's purse strings.

It is doubtful if prior to 1929 more than a few women were fully aware of the immense power they wielded so lightly and capably. But the war has changed that. We have been told again and again that the wisdom and restraint of the lady who holds the family purse is essential for the maintenance of the price ceilings on which depend whether we shall or shall not have that uncharming thing, Inflation.

Canadian women understand as never before the great responsibility that is theirs. Their share in reaching the $1,200,000,000 objective set for the Sixth Victory Loan is very great, not only because they have great monetary power, but because no group could possibly have a greater stake in winning this war.

Of course every reader of this column will buy *some* bonds . . . they are the best investment in the world. But the bonds that will give the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers are those extra bonds — bonds that mean denial. We won't call it sacrifice, not in the same breath, anyway, that we speak of the sacrifice of the man who races death in the skies or meets its stark face on land and sea.

Canada has no women guerrillas, no women like those of Russia who coldly and grimly seek the enemy in the sights of a rifle. The invader didn't succeed in getting here to maim, kill, destroy and practise his unspeakable cruelties on a defenseless civilian population composed of our children, relations and friends. If he had perhaps we, too, would have learned the grim merciless anger that impelled those Russian women to become hunting companions of Death.

No, few Canadian women will meet the enemy face to face. Theirs is the unspectacular job of holding firm the home front, of working in factories producing the tools of war, of bringing up healthy children, of doing volunteer war work, the thousand and one small jobs necessary to hold intact the highly complex society that makes a nation.

Canadian women are the most fortunate women in the world. And that is why, we believe, that many an extra bond will be bought by them. For the extra bond that really can't be afforded except by adept budget juggling and cutting a few more domestic corners, is a small but awfully important little stone in the foundation for Victory.

Sunset Lodge

A substantial, spacious house, the Merritt home built on what was a street of fine mansions, has been almost but not quite engulfed by the tide flow of Toronto's traffic. On its island of treed grounds the house with its enormous coach house at the rear has maintained the dignified aloofness of a Victorian matron who, owing to circumstances over which she has no control, finds herself in an audience of Sinatra fans.

For some months after the death of Mrs. Merritt, the house remained withdrawn behind its old-fashioned Venetian blinds, then came a spate of activity when an auction sale of the old place's many fine treasures were dispersed to collectors.

Not long ago the house was the scene of new activity, the prelude to a new phase. When we arrived at the door we had to dodge several muscular-looking men who were worrying an upright piano up the front steps, and a Niagara of water from a hose wielded by another crew who were sand-blasting the grime from the stone front. Inside it has been painted in fresh, flower-like colors, the woodwork of the ornate scrolls of the mantels has been polished to a gleaming finish, and the sun shines brightly in the impressive entrance hall through the curious old stained glass windows embedded with great chunks of colored glass.

From now on the Merritt house will be known as "Sunset Lodge," a home provided and operated by the Salvation Army for forty old ladies, where they may live comfortably and well. About eighty per cent of the new residents are from Toronto, a few may come from outside the city.

"Please remember this is a wartime measure," urges Major Kettle, matron in charge, who has had four and a half years' experience at a similar home in Winnipeg. The dream of the future is a new Lodge built specially for the purpose with only one and two-bed rooms (two because some old ladies like the security companionship gives them); more cupboards and even more spacious living rooms. "We couldn't get quite all the colors we wanted or always match those we could get, and some of the furnishings aren't just what we might have chosen in peacetime."

By the way, the pleasant, quiet mannered Major Kettle is wishing very hard for a benevolent genii to appear with some lawn furniture for the garden—especially a table with a large sun umbrella.

Comparisons Are Odious

In a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, American women are rather sharply rapped over the knuckles, while Canadian women are paid a handsome compliment for the part they are playing in the war. The article by J. C. Furnas is entitled "Are Women Doing Their Share in the War?" The writer claims that although in some instances, such as rooting out butchers guilty of unfair practices, they have done good work they are reluctant to volunteer for regular necessary work such as checking price-ceiling compliance among local food stores. Enlisted women do good work in the armed forces, but not enough enlist; absenteeism and turnover run higher among women than among men in war jobs; they choose only the more attractive volunteer jobs, are some of the accusations.

The writer compares this with conditions in Canada where, he states, that by last December this country had 37,000 women enlisted in our armed services out of some 12,000,000 total population. The United States has 175,000 out of 135,000,000 he says. "Women in paying jobs in the dominion have practically doubled their numbers since the war began. . . Canadian women, according to a first-class professional observer, began pleading for rationing long before the government was willing, as 'the fairer thing.' Housewives' buying, after a flurry of spending, is already back to normal. . ."

The answer may be, in part, that Canada's population is smaller, more homogeneous, and that we have had two years' more experience with problems involving price ceilings and the question of woman-power.

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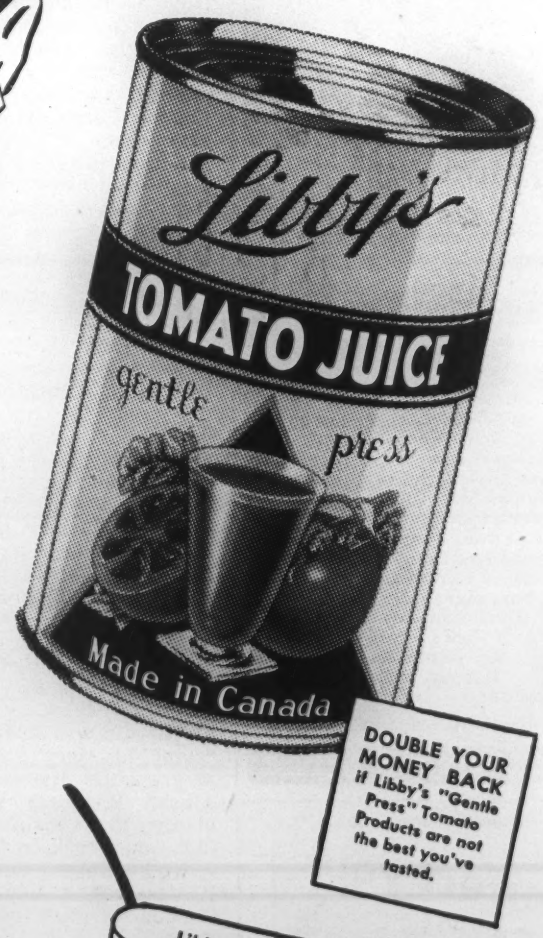

"I'll take my *own*. It reflects the way I feel . . . which is *super!* I give vitamins a lot of credit for this. I'm careful to get them all —including A and C which are essential to perfect health. Both these vitamins (together with valuable minerals) are present in Libby's 'Gentle Press' Tomato Juice. And it's a taste-thrill!"

Yes, among Canadians, Libby's is by far the most popular tomato juice. They love its vine-ripened, sunny flavour, "gentle pressed" from pedigreed tomatoes—superbly luscious fruit, grown from special seed and picked at the very peak of flavour.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products are not the best you've tasted.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Catchup, Chili Sauce and Soup are equally good—try them.

POACHED EGGS IN TOMATO JUICE

Heat Libby's Tomato Juice, season with salt and pepper. When very hot, but not boiling, drop in eggs and poach until set. Place on hot buttered toast. Thicken tomato juice and pour over eggs. Serve at luncheon with carrot sticks and celery curls.

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Libby's "GENTLE PRESS" TOMATO PRODUCTS

Where the Best Seller Is the Family's Affair

By ELLEN MACKIE

The brightly illustrated pages of the mail order catalogue are the window displays of those who live far from urban shopping centres. Filling out the order demands the cooperation of every member of the family, and it's a big day when it is sent off triumphantly in the post.

THE mail wagon rattles along the village street; the horses whipped to a gallop, bolt past in a cloud of dust. Doors open and slam. Youngsters scamper towards the post office. The word is shouted around, "The catalogues have come."

Bonne mère hurries to the door with an infant in her arms. How she regrets never having learned to read the English. But with a family of seven, what time is there to study "English as she is spoke" in the towns and hamlets of old Quebec! Papa has a smattering—enough anyway to unlock the treasures of the so beautiful colored catalogue with the help of the *jeune filles* who are learning the language at school.

So gay and brilliant those pictured pages, they open up an enchanted world to the simple French-Canadians in rural Quebec. To the women folk they are a perennial window-shopping binge. To youth—they are the city lights; the gilded mirror of romance. Weddings and anniversaries are postponed till the C.O.D. parcels arrive, and lucky the infant whose layette and muslin-lined basket outstrip the stork.

After supper the family gathers around the centre-table in the parlor, unused save for formal occasions. A large stuffed owl stares glassily; almost it seems to cock an eye at the family ancestors decorating the walls and piano. Maman pulls out her foot-cushion of tawny fur—the skin of a favorite dog which has passed long since to a happier hunting ground. Papa sucks his old discolored hook-shaped pipe; and the whole family goes to town on the order sheet.

Papa writes the items with his precious mail-order fountain pen; while Gene, the family linguist, struggles through the captions as though they were couched in Chinese —with each member of the family putting a finger in the pie.

Dear Family Chopper; (writes Papa slowly, laboriously)

Please send laces for 1 pair of golosh ..... .18
2 spool of thread size 20 years ... .10
1 skirt with 34 bust, blue or bis 1.98
1 pair square sholdered bloomers 1.18

The works are held up while Gene ponders a baffling caption. Above it is pictured a small girl's frock, just right for Rose Marie.

Here is a smart little number—slated for school! says the caption blithely; the words deciphered haltingly by Gene.

"Slate for school—" ponders Papa, taking off his glasses to rub the thick lenses. "It looks more like a dress."

"But it *is* a dress," insists *maman*. "Have you read it right, Gene?"

"S-l-a-t-e-d for s-c-h-o-o-l," repeats Gene, spelling out the words. "That's what it says."

Slate or no slate, *bonne mère* insists it's a dress, and Papa writes down the order;

1 slate for school, red, size 14 .... 3.98
1 skirt hanger to hold up trousers 3 for ..... .17
2 tiddy coffure combs to take care of loose ends, large 25
1 necklace embossed with yellow roller skate ..... .98

Another family conclave. Papa had balked at Gene's interpretation of an item, which sounded like;

1 crushed kid with bow, size 8.... 2.49

Goats or Shoes

It didn't make sense, declared Papa scratching a puzzled head. A kid, he told them, was an infant goat. The youngsters set up a howl of mirth; a kid in their modern vocabulary was a "brat". Words flew back and forth—till *maman* rapped sharply on the table with a thimbled finger. The picture showed a *white shoe*— she pointed out, there, as plain as the nose on your face, so what difference did it make what the printing said? Papa meekly wrote down the item, followed by;

1 brown saddle with low heel, size 11 ..... 1.39
2 outfitting boys with zipper neck, easy to get into 1.49

It got across, although Papa, with concentrated frown would like to have queried it, but *maman* had turned the page to

FOUNDATION GARMENTS

and was enviously eyeing the trim figures posing with such care-free grace. There was a group of more matronly models but conscious of her own billowy form, lumpy in all the wrong places like an early Monday-morning laundry bag, *maman* pointing to Figure "D", in the slimmest of girdles with "uplift bra", asked Gene to read the description.

"Nude girdles with slide—"

"*Nude?*" echoed Papa, scandalized.

"It says N-u-d-e," affirmed Gene stoutly, spelling out the offending word.

"Then it won't get into this house," shouted the little father, alert to protect the morals of his womankind.

"Don't be silly, Papa," ridiculed one of the older girls, Annette, "nude is a color, like pale pink."

"And who didn't know that?" scoffed *Maman*, ignorant of it herself before Annette spoke "but your Papa must raise a yes-no to every item."

The teacup tempest subsiding, Papa sheepishly wrote down item "D", from Gene's dubious dictation;

1 Nude Girdle with handy slide fasten to hold up abdomen, size 42 ..... 3.98

Then, as he swatted an early spring mosquito buzzing audaciously around his bald head, he wrote down the perennial order which he now knew by heart:

Powder for insects in 2 sizes ..... .25

Please send COD as soon as impossible.

DOWN IN THE SEA

DOWN in the sea, O clean and far,
Silent in death young warriors are.

Theirs a most noble resting-place—
Beautiful blue above their face.

Never an echo to hurt the ear
Of those now done with fire and fear.

One with the tides that move the sea.
And in their ranks One, dear to me!

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WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.
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VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM
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BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST—luxurious spirit-lifting $1.50
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BLUE GRASS BRILLIANTINE — to touch the hair with sheen and fragrance..... $1.25
BLUE GRASS EAU DE COLOGNE—an invigorating fragrance ..... $1.50 and $2.75
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BLUE GRASS PERFUME—"the perfume of my dreams" ..... from $1.50 to $66.00

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Samacraft: Health and Happiness for the Handicapped

By RUTH HOBBERLIN

WHETHER you are eight or eighty, a visit to "Samacraft Products" is a worth while experience. There you see white-walled rooms gay with shelves of rainbow-colored toys, listen to the hum of two electric jigsaws, and meet a cheerful group of tan-smocked workmen. At first, you don't pause to ask questions because you're busy admiring the wily gleam in the brown bear's eye, the frisky white lamb and the coy red rooster amongst the thirty inmates of Noah's Ark. While coils of white rope, which are used for sand pail handles, produce an "aboard ship" reaction to the whole establishment.

Apart from the fact that the workshop is a gay and entertaining place, it is important for even more vital reasons. Samacraft is a direct result of a shortage and an inspiration; and it is the only workshop in the Dominion, outside a sanatorium, for the rehabilitation of ex-tuberculous patients.

Ever since the outbreak of war new thousands of our citizens have been working at top speed in the interests of mass production. Longer hours combined with intense nervous strain, plus congested housing, frequently is the cause of a rise in tuberculosis. Under the stress of a 1941 all-out war effort, Great Britain reported T.B. deaths numbering nearly 36,000. Fortunately for us, the death rate in Canada has remained static—a major factor being that industrial T.B. surveys are resulting in earlier diagnosis, speedier hospitalization and subsequent dismissal.

"Rehabilitation enters the picture when ex-patients are offered a suitable form of occupation," declares an official of the provincial Department of Health.

Many patients find that the hardest part of their T.B. treatment is not during the hospital period. In the sanatorium everyone is conforming to a routine of rest. The wards are quiet during rest hours and early in the evenings, and yet there is always companionship.

At home, however, everyone is busy. Patients now see, first hand, the financial struggle their families have been enduring. The house, often over-crowded, seems even more so to the patient who has become accustomed to space and quiet. Worst of all, comes the feeling of being useless and a burden. To men who have always held good jobs this is bitter indeed. Then there is the fear that they will not be able to do a good job when they *do* return to work.

Keenly aware of these problems, early in 1943 the Samaritan Club of Toronto was pondering ways and means for the part-time employment of a group of ex-sanatoria men. To the junior branch of the Club go the honors for the brilliant suggestion of manufacturing and marketing wooden toys for children. Retail merchants, who had been lamenting depleted shelves, hailed the idea with enthusiasm, and the senior Club gladly pledged financial support.

Miniature Factory

With shops clamoring for toys, and prospective employees at hand, the young Samaritans set about their appointed task. After spending time and much thought, they procured satisfactory quarters and, despite war-time restrictions, were permitted to purchase the necessary tools and machinery; in spare moments they scanned the requirements of the retail toy trade. Meanwhile, in the interests of public health, medical authorities were checking a list of non-infectious T.B. men to whom, in addition to rest, fresh air and good food, a part-time occupation would mean improved health and morale.

The miniature factory opened in April, 1943, with a staff of inexperienced toymakers, although several of them were competent woodworking craftsmen. In fact, one extremely skilled woodworker proved capable of making sample toys to be submitted to various shops. Immediately there was an influx of orders for dozen lots of such items as Noah's Arks, sand pails with shovels, sets of nested blocks, horses with carts, and small farm fences.

By September all these orders had been completed and a mammoth Christmas trade was being anticipated, when the busy little workshop was obliged to vacate its newly found premises. Owners of a Yonge Street building then granted the men use of four upstair rooms, providing the Club assumed the responsibility for extra insurance, heat and electricity. Christmas Eve found the toy factory safely re-established and Santa's orders snugly in the bag.

Renewal of Skills

It is difficult to imagine any of the staff being victims of ill-health; they impress you as being normally happy, healthy and competent. Yet Eric Jones is a young man who has been ill for a number of years. His wife is receiving Mothers' Allowance and finds it quite hard to manage financially. Even though the family live in a small five-roomed house, it appears crowded to capacity when father and the four children are all at home. But regular hours at the Samacraft workshop are helping Eric Jones to get back to a routine of work, as well as providing welcome relaxation.

John Gray had been in sanatorium twice and was haunted by the fear of a third breakdown. His frail appearance, together with a mild disposition, made job-hunting a nightmare for him. He started coming to the workshop two hours a day, gradually increasing the time to four hours, and realizing, finally, that he could do this without undue fatigue, he accepted a light job at which he is proving quite successful.

Thus, the workshop is showing the ex-patient that he has lost none of his old skill, and that he can compete with other men in learning new skills. In addition, the small amount of money earned makes it possible for him to pay his incidental expenses such as carfare, hair-cuts, etc., without having to borrow from either his wife or his friends.

To date fifteen men have found employment in this industry—three of whom have been able to resume their normal occupations—with an average daily attendance of eight. Payment varies from 25 cents to 50 cents an hour (depending on experience) and the shop is open from 12:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M. five days weekly.

Toys for Sale

Demands for "Samacraft Products" are greater than can be filled. The workshop now is busy with orders which will take until the end of this year to complete. Indeed, had not Club members undertaken the ordering of supplies, packing and arranging for delivery, present production could not possibly be maintained.

Approximately $1,500 already has been paid out in wages to the men, but the workshop is still a non-profit business. Whether it ever becomes entirely self-supporting is an unknown point. Good Samaritans, however, do not expect returns in terms of money; they are content merely to lend a hand to those who, otherwise, might be "looked upon, and passed by."

The Samaritan Club also harbors a dream that in our post-war world of reconstruction, either with or without government grants, every city and town across our Dominion will be able to offer positive help to its handicapped citizens. It's not an impossible ideal!

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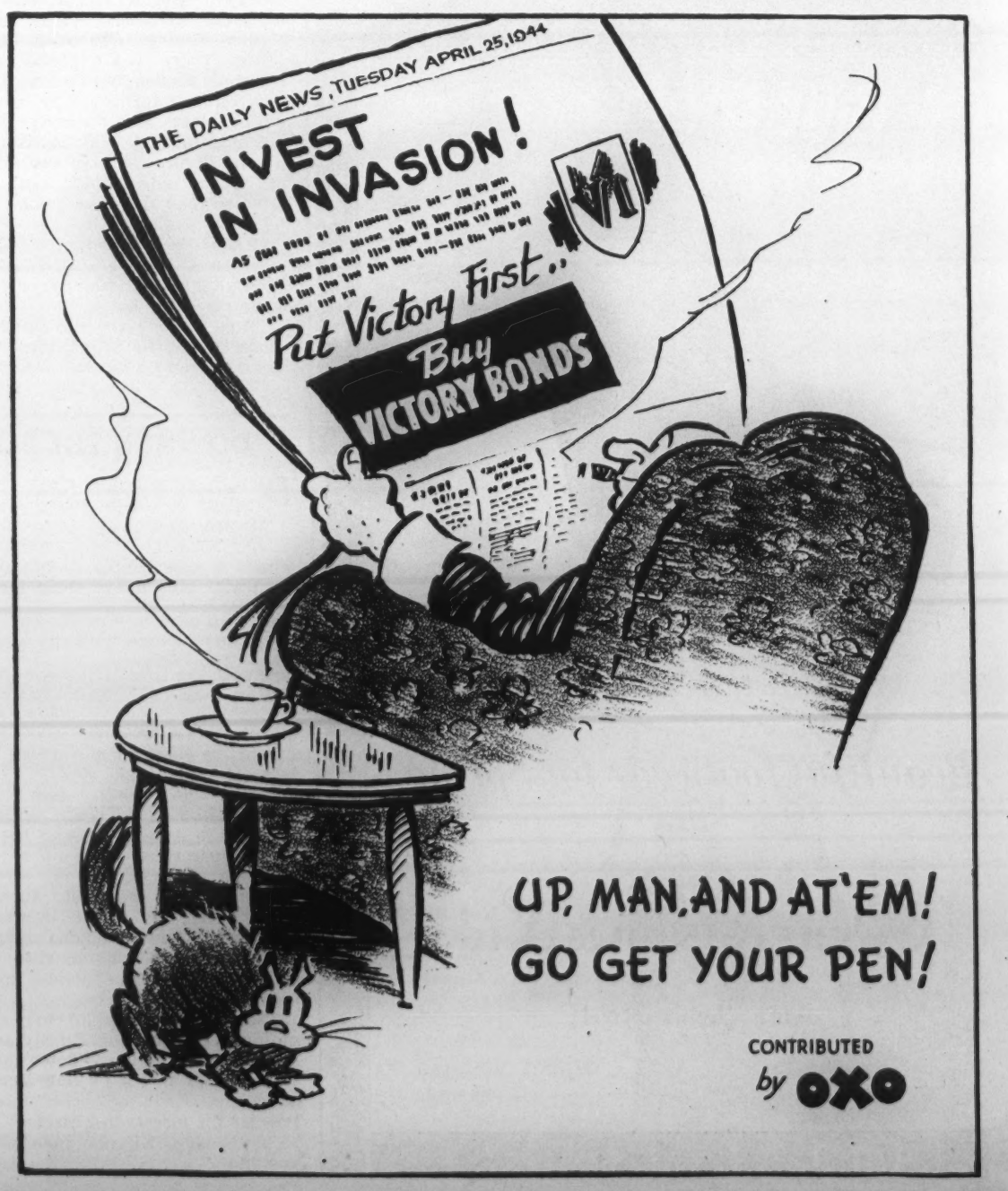
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Life and Death Saga of a Modern Viking

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THIS is the story of the life and death of a poet. If he had lived long enough he might have been honored as one of the great figures in world literature.

As it is, into his 42 years he had crowded adventure, on sea and land, brilliant success as poet, essayist, war correspondent and playwright, experience of two civil wars, athletic prowess in many countries, and finally desperate battle on land and in the air.

He died as he had lived, a poet, transmuting his dreams into action.

His country counts him among the greatest ever of his generation, possibly the very greatest. He died that it might be freed. He is Norway's Rupert Brooke.

Burning Poem

His name is Johan Nordahl Grieg.

Captain Grieg—a relative of the composer Grieg—was the first of his countrymen to brand Quisling publicly as a traitor. This was long before the war.

Nordahl Grieg was also one of the first poets whose writings have reached millions of people with the speed and methods of modern mechanical warfare. His burning poem denouncing Hitler, written on the day the Germans marched into Oslo, was cabled to the B.B.C. in London, and the same day was broadcast to the Norwegian nation. To many of them, living in remote villages, it was the first intimation that their land had been invaded.

Nordahl Grieg also wrote a moving poem on London during the blitz, in which he compared it with as yet unscarred Paris. One stanza runs:—

"Fine art shall not be ransomed, if the price is the life of a slave.
What use, at the cost of freedom, a Notre Dame to save?
Nay, art shall claim her right to flaunt her scars at the last,
And the world will love London more for her lack of links with the past."

To the few who knew Grieg in London he was a charming and gracious, if aloof and shy, figure. Tall, loose-limbed, blue-eyed, ashen-haired, he had lived a life packed full of travel, adventure, danger and experience.

His father was a schoolmaster at Bergen, of partly Scottish descent. At 18 Nordahl Grieg left home and served a year in a sailing ship as an ordinary seaman. This experience gave him the material for his first, and best, novel: "The Ship Sails On".

Then he spent a year at Wadham College, Oxford, translating the poetry of his heroes, Keats, Shelley, Byron and Rupert Brooke.

He roamed the world as journalist and war correspondent. He tramped across Europe on foot, crossed the Alps in winter on skis, wrote plays and essays. In 1927 he went to China to report the civil war, and later the Japanese aggression.

In 1936 he was in Spain, as a passionate partisan of the Republicans.

Then he married Norway's leading actress, Gerd Nissen.

A Packed Life

When the war came to Norway, Nordahl Grieg was in the citizen guard, a civilian with an armlet. He saw the Germans enter Oslo, left the city that night and joined a band of young Norwegians without uniforms and with only primitive weapons. "Nevertheless," he said grimly afterwards, "we killed a lot of Germans".

Then Grieg took part, as a private soldier, in the dramatic rescue of Norway's gold. When the gold had been safely loaded into a British destroyer, he returned to fight with the Allied Forces until Norway was evacuated in June 1940.

In Britain he took an officer's training course and was sent on many dangerous mission and air patrols in the Arctic and Atlantic. He continued to write. His poems were frequently broadcast and reprinted in the underground Press of Norway.

"I Saw Norway"

There came a day when, from the turret of a Catalina flying boat, he saw his homeland for the first time since his escape.

"All of a sudden," he said afterwards, "we were out of the clouds. The sea lay grey and clear. I saw Norway. The mountains they were so blue. The color of this coastline touched my heart. It was like blue cloth, pale and scoured and worn, but so clean.

"We went quite low over the islands and sounds, only a few yards above rocks, houses, quays, boats and people. . . The glass dome of the turret was pushed down. The machine-gunner was already kneeling. What was he holding in his hand? A Norwegian flag.

"Not a cloth flag, for that would be torn to pieces immediately. It was a little flag of metal, painted in the Norwegian colors by loving hands. He held it out, unmoving and staring at the land down there. And the people stood straight up in the small fishing boats, or they leaped around the crags as though to follow us.

Flew to Berlin

"Never have I seen anything more beautiful than that painted metal flag, and that light of happiness and pain on the face of the kneeling man. . ."

A month ago Nordahl Grieg, at his own request, flew as an observer in one of the great R.A.F. raids on Berlin.

His machine was reported missing. At first his friends hoped that he might be alive, if a prisoner. A few days ago it was known that he was dead.

But Johan Nordahl Grieg is not dead to Norway. His brilliant personality and his poems will live like those of Rupert Brooke. The voice of the modern Viking is silenced, but the ship sails on.

"WEDDING BELLS" FOR ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB

AT THE Little Church Around the Corner in New York . . . the former Thelma Bertha Bowell of British Columbia, and Lieutenant (j.g.) Wilbert Kennith Carter have just said, "I Do!" The bride is a petite blonde, vivacious and charming . . . her complexion kept peach-blossomy with Woodbury, the beauty soap made for the *skin* alone.

1. He fell in love with her at an Officers' Dance at the English Speaking Union. Patriotic Thelma also gives generously of her time to the Maple Leaf Club Canteen.

2. Subway ride is part of the fun of "seeing New York". Of her honeymoon-lovely complexion Thelma says, "I keep it that way with mild Woodbury Facial Soap."

3. "For romance, there is nothing like a Woodbury Facial Cocktail," she says. "1. Lots of rich Woodbury lather. 2. A clear rinse with warm water. 3. A good cold one."

4. For a smoother, softer, more radiant complexion, follow the marrying Woodbury Debs! Use Woodbury Facial Soap with the costly mellowing ingredient for *extra* mildness!

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PUT VICTORY FIRST!

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BARBER-ELLIS

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CONSERVE PAPER — WRITE ON BOTH SIDES

Yes, it's a hat—which only goes to show that hats have arrived at the point where they and the irreducible minimum have a lot in common. Tiny summer hats, called "Magnets," which don't touch the hair, are new Walter Florell creations. Here is one made of black velvet ribbon, with three graceful La France roses seeming to bloom in a high coronet.

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Great Basso Buffo Revives Rossini's Most Vital Work

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THOUGH one has witnessed more distinguished productions of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" than that presented by Salvatore Baccaloni at Eaton Auditorium the other night, one has certainly never seen its essential fun presented with so much Latin abandon. Nor does one often hear a voice of superb quality combined with irresistible comic genius.

Not long since I was discussing with some musicians the singular mortality which has attended the operatic efforts of even the most celebrated composers. The death rate is higher than in catastrophes like the Black Plague. In the 18th century Handel and many others whose names still appear on recital programs composed thousands of operas; but only those of Mozart and Gluck survive in the theatre. Even with them, their forgotten works exceed in number those heard to-day. Three of Mozart's operas are in the continuing repertory of the greater opera houses, but few know that in all he composed eleven lengthy ones and as many more short ones. In the earlier decades of the 19th century the output in France and Italy was prodigious, and Rossini was commonly regarded as the greatest operatic genius of his time. But of his 38 works in this form,—some, like "William Tell" and Semiramide," very pretentious,—only "The Barber," produced in 1816 when he was turning out comic works at the rate of three a year, survives. Of a few of the others we are aware through their overtures. The names of the rest would probably mean nothing even to the most encyclopedic musicologist.

Rossini founded "grand" opera as distinguished from ordinary opera with "William Tell." Its brilliant overture is undying but the grandiose episodes of the work itself are forgotten. I know, from having seen the posters, that it was sung here by the Clara Louise Kellogg Company in the 'eighties, and at that time it was occasionally heard at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan Cpera House; but my only acquaintanceship with it dates from a production in oratorio form given here by an Italian musician, Signor d'Auria a very long time ago. But "The Barber of Seville" lives on. During the 19th century it was the most popular of all operas, the favorite vehicle of Adelina Patti and other illustrious women. Manuel Garcia, son of the original Almaviva, who bore the same name, was still alive. When he died in London in 1906 at the age of 101, there passed away a man who had actually heard the early performances of "The Barber of Seville" 90 years previously. Seemingly the opera is as vital as it ever was. I do not recall a season of recent years when it has not been presented here and two of its arias are heard every week or so.

Rossini lived for 42 years after he composed the work and died in the knowledge that it would live after him. He was a grandee of Paris, doyen of all the operatic composers in Europe. It is said that Beethoven had advised him as a young man to compose more "Barbers" and Beethoven's advice was assuredly good. Weber who was but six years older than Rossini had denounced him as a fabricator of tawdry tunes. But this was not the view of Wagner, his greatest successor in the field of native German opera. In 1860 the prestige of Rossini was so great, despite the fact that he had long ceased to compose, that Wagner, seeking Parisian recognition, called on him and was hospitably received. He afterwards wrote that Rossini was "the only person I had so far met in the artistic world (of Paris)who was really great and worthy of reverence." This was not the tribute of an ardent youth but a man of 47 who had known many vicissitudes and disappointments.

Strangely enough the first performance of "The Barber of Seville" at Rome in 1816 was a sensational failure. Forty years previously Giovanni Paisiello had composed an opera of the same name, based on the same Beaumarchais tale. He was still living at Naples and near death. To save his feelings Rossini entitled his new work "Almaviva" or "The Useless Precautions". Nevertheless Paisiello was so incensed that from his deathbed he organized a claque which ruined the first performance. Rossini went home to bed utterly discouraged and ill;—but a day or so later he was cheered by the news that the Romans liked its effervescent music. It speedily became the rage of all Italy and ultimately of all Europe. As early as 1825 it was produced in New York by Garcia, the original Almaviva, and it is probable that it has been heard in that city every year since. Italians everywhere always turn out to hear it as they did last week.

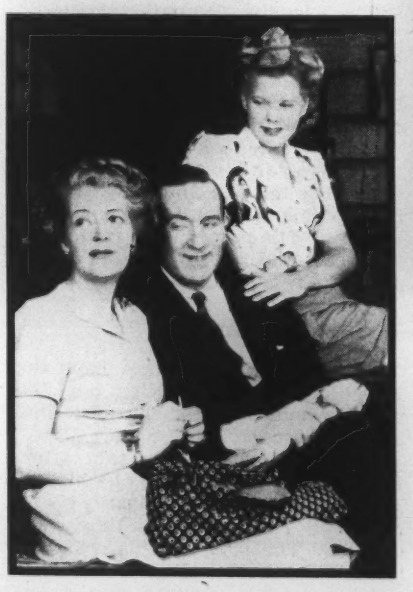
Salvatore Baccaloni was discovered for the English speaking world by Major John Christie, and his wife, the Canadian soprano, Audrey Mildmay, after they instituted the Glyndebourne Mozart Festivals in Sussex ten years ago. It was with his Glyndebourne laurels that the great basso buffo was engaged by Edward Johnson for the Metropolitan after the present war began; and every listener to broadcasts from that source knows how much color and life he has added to old operas; now his presence in the company has rendered possible such revivals as that of Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment." A really gifted basso buffo is a rare bird. Until old age overtook him there was a very good one in the San Carlo Company, named Natale Cervi; and in my boyhood when travelling opera companies were numerous, a singer named E. N. Knight gave gaiety to many productions. Verdi dropped the traditional buffo from most of his works but revived him in "La Forza del Destino." Nobody in the present generation has heard one half so good vocally and in inherent humor as Baccaloni. I assume that though his face is large and plump, the vast paunch he sported as Dr. Bartolo was artificial. Traditionally, Bartolo, a type who in various guises figures in many Italian operas, is a buffoon who comes from the ancient "comedia del arte". Baccaloni knows how to make buffoonery easy and unctuous as well as agreeable to the ear. In the supporting company only the Russian basso, Strelkoff, who gave a most effective rendering of Don Basilio, was outstanding as a singer. The flexibility of his singing in "Calumnia" was remarkable for a man with so heavy a voice. All had been trained to get all possible fun out of their roles, and the result was infectious, though the substitution of a grand piano for an orchestra sometimes threw the production off-balance.

The Enigmatic Levant

Listening to Oscar Levant's musical monologue last week I was rather mystified. He seemed a really serious musician trying to cater to the class of people who like to state their belief that "high-brow music is the bunk." He obviously knows most of the old fashioned vaudeville stunts, as when he left the stage and immediately came back. But it is obvious that there is a large public who like vaudeville sandwiched in between serious entertainment; the box office response proved that. And perhaps he is doing a bit of good. Those who came for a laugh were persuaded in spite of themselves to hear good music, beautifully rendered. His chatter about famous people may have helped to convince his audience that musicians, in themselves, may be rather interesting people. I had gone before he played Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance" but I am told that his sly imitation of Artur Rubinstein's mannerisms in this work was deliciously funny; and in another Falla dance he showed himself a master of Spanish rhythms. His rendering of a Bach Partita showed that he is in reality a serious pianist of quality. It was so translucent and fluent and sunny that, somehow or other, it reminded me of the little Spray River which flows near the golf links in Banff. His Beethoven playing was unacademic, but colorful and modern in feeling. His Chopin numbers also were fresh, vital and distinguished in nuancing. Seldom have I heard the "Revolutionary Etude" so well played. He evoked the inner enchantment of the waltzes, and the Berceuse, as he played it, had inherently lulling quality. There is no question that Mr. Levant is a musician through and through. Despite his nonchalance I am told that he is as high-strung when he sits down at the keyboard as are most of the great men.

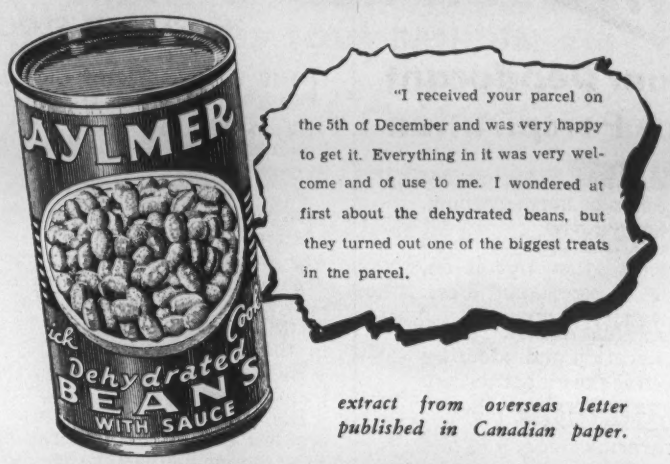
See This To-night!

THE Toronto branch of the Canadian National Committee on Refugees is giving a preview tonight (May 6) of a film which should exert an important influence on public thinking on the refugee question. This is the Columbia picture "Address Unknown," based on the book by Kressmann Taylor and giving a vivid portrayal of the appalling chaos produced in Europe by the Nazi policies of brutal transplantation of individuals and communities and breaking of family ties. The preview is at Eaton Auditorium and the star of the film is Paul Lukas, with a powerful cast.



Violet Heming, Walter Gilbert and Betty Anne Nyman in "Kiss and Tell" coming to the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, the week of May 8.

"...one of the biggest treats in the parcel"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BEANS
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extract from overseas letter published in Canadian paper.

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ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ?
By Ti-Jos
No. 41
ARE RESTRICTIONS REALLY NECESSARY, CHARLES?
YES, IF WE WANT TO KEEP PRICES UNDER A CEILING...
... AND IF WE DONT DO THAT, WELL I REMEMBER...
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This is the cheapest paper I can buy!
... FOR PRESCRIPTION BLANKS
GRACIOUS! HOW CAN WE PREVENT THAT HAPPENING?
BY BUYING ONLY WHAT WE NEED, AND INVESTING ALL WE CAN IN THE NEW VICTORY LOAN!
BUILD CANADA'S FUTURE, SAVE TO SERVE
When our boys come home they don't want to find a country ruined by inflation. So never buy on the black market, never pay more than the ceiling price, save all you can and put every penny you save into the new Victory Loan. Let your money fight inflation.
JOHN LABATT LIMITED
London Canada

Patricia **Peardon, playing the main role in "Junior Miss" now appearing all week at the Royal Alexandra.**

THE THEATRE

The Graveses Are Back

THE Graveses are back again at the Royal Alexandra this week to provide its customers with an evening of hilarity. *Harry* and *Grace Graves* as the parents of *Lois* and *Judy* are shamelessly exploited by their daughters and boy friends, and the comic potentialities of modern family life are equally well exploited by authors Chodorov and Fields. From the opening scene in which Judy solicits the family's assistance in polishing up her autobiography (a sinister modern school exercise if ever there was one) to the final climax as she extricates the whole family from imminent economic collapse, "Junior Miss" is a comic antic, heaping up the stage with irrepressible juveniles romping through their parts to produce as much of an illusion of gaiety as these days will permit. Escapism? Sure, what of it?

Advance note: "Kiss and Tell", still a New York hit, due next week at the Royal Alexandra, is another but more sophisticated comedy peopled with young folks. This reporter guffawed all the way through it in New York and if the opening "painter on the stepladder" scene doesn't make you forget the war and your income tax, nothing else will.

THE FILM PARADE

Timid Approach to "Jane Eyre" But Still a Good Picture

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE Bronte girls were beyond doubt remarkable movie scenarists, a century before their time, with every trick of conflict, suspense, mood and spectacle at their finger tips. In addition they had a faith in their invention and a fury in its execution that make any screen versions of their work look like dispirited and timid imitations.

It is obvious that Charlotte Bronte believed with all the Bronte fervor in the character of Edward Rochester. In "Jane Eyre" she gave him her finest scenes, her most eloquent and sardonic dialogue. She worked on him with such force and feeling that he still emerges on the printed page as a darkly impressive if scarcely believable figure. But something always happens to him when he is passed through developing and fixing acid and presented on celluloid. Colin Clive's Mr. Rochester was a wooden and unimaginative figure. The Orson Welles version in the current adaptation is operatic and garbled. Charlotte Bronte's Mr. Rochester was none of these things. He may not have existed except in the Bronte imagination, but in that singular region he had a sharpness of outline and a violent energy that the screen seems unable to capture.

Then there is the first Mrs. Rochester, one of the most famous lunatics in literature and certainly one of its most impressive fire-bugs. Charlotte Bronte saw Mrs. Rochester in terms that were pure cinema. "It was a discolored face, a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments. . . The lips were swelled and dark, the black eyebrows widely raised over the blood-shot eyes. It removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts and flinging them on the floor trampled on them. . . It drew aside the curtains and looked out; perhaps it saw the dawn approaching for taking the candle it retreated to the door. Just beside my bedside the figure stopped, the fiery eye glared upon me, she thrust the candle close to my face and extinguished it under my eyes. I was aware the lurid visage flared over mine, and I lost consciousness. . ."

Sound scenarist that she was Charlotte Bronte wrote in boldly visualized sequences of cumulative drama, linked by a brooding recitative of description and reflection; and of all the famous sequences in "Jane Eyre" the one describing Mrs. Rochester's sensational midnight visit is the scene readers are likely to remember longest. Yet it doesn't appear at all in the screen version and Mrs. Rochester herself is present only as a shadow, a threat and an operatic laugh.

Movie scenarists are always a little timid in their approach to the English classics. Out of sheer respect they tend to tone down or omit altogether passages that seem to modern eyes a little overwrought. But Charlotte Bronte took melodrama in her stride. If she felt that streaming hair and starting eyeballs could add force and terror to a scene she put them in where they belonged. And if she could have been called back for a story conference on her masterpiece she would undoubtedly have insisted that Mrs. Rochester go in, purple visage, inflamed eyeballs, maniacal bellowing, and all; and the picture would have been the better for it.

Miss Bronte worked freely in her medium, with none of the nervous misgivings that bedevil modern authors who sniff ham in every dramatic intensification. She wrote with a fine uninhibited flourish which her screen adapters have evidently found a little embarrassing. The film-version of "Jane Eyre" is obviously apprehensive of its old-fashioned material and fearful of playing to laughs at inappropriate moments. The Bronte dialogue has been retained to be sure but Orson Welles is apparently so abashed by it that he takes it at a rush, most of the time with his back to the audience so that what emerges is rarely sensible or even intelligible. Joan Fontaine does better as Jane, but her performance, though competent, is colorless. Charlotte Bronte's Jane had every depth of romantic and moral intensity under a cool and quiet surface. Joan Fontaine merely presents the cool and quiet surface.

Apart from its highly theatrical sets and the spectacle of Orson Welles mounted on a tall black horse or swaggering about in a Svengali cape, there is little to suggest the forthright melodrama of the original. But in spite of the rather depressing tact and reasonableness of the whole production "Jane Eyre" is a picture worth seeing. The rich texture and unstudied violence of the novel have been sacrificed but it's still a good story and no amount of cautious toning-down can make it anything else. "Jane Eyre" may be an English classic but it is also a fine sturdy movie-script, soundly constructed with a beginning, a middle and an ending and a perfect distribution of suspense all along the way.

"Mrs. 'Awkins", by Frederick Steiger, Western Canadian artist, now resident in Toronto. This interesting character study of a cockney woman is included in the exhibition of contemporary paintings by Canadian artists showing at Eaton's Fine Art Galleries, College Street, Toronto.

Points for a slim buttoned-up two-piecer in shantung, deftly tucked and tailored. Paddy, luggage or hyacinth blue. 16.95

SALON — THIRD FLOOR

Simpson's

CONCERNING FOOD

Feeding the Multitude Is Not a Task for a Maidless Hostess

By JANET MARCH

IF BICYCLE designers were as ingenious as the men who design motor car gadgets I'm sure they would have dreamed up some sort of collapsible radio mast on the top of which an umbrella would blossom like a full blown rose, so that you and the groceries could ride along immune to the perpetual April showers we have been enduring around here. Too, no one has invented anything new in the way of a bicycle basket since I barked my knees learning to ride my darling first two-wheeled friend. You can't lock up your basket, so you leave your rationed butter unprotected while you go in to buy the crumpets which, if the butter is stolen, will taste more than ever like synthetic rubber eaten dry.

All the padlocks unlock with each other's keys in a truly remarkable way, and anyone can pop the bike and lock on a truck and be off in no time. Then, there's that chain. No one bothers to encase it decently so you have to clean the bothersome thing quite often, and now and then you look down and the mark of the chain is on your last hoarded mended nylon so clearly that Sherlock Holmes, even though half dead with cocaine, would say "Fundamental, Watson, she bicycled to the scene of the crime."

For all this, bicycling is a fine sport. The police do not put horrid tickets on your handlebars. It's quick and airy and good exercise so let's hope that we all won't be made to feel such fools as soon as gasoline flows again that we will stop two-wheeling around town. A bicycle is a pretty fine thing to own, but after school hours it's never quite certain where your machine may be. When you want to speed to the corner to get two more chops and some bacon and mushrooms to turn the rather dull dinner you planned into something handsome in the way of a mixed grill to honor an unexpected visiting fireman, the faithful bike is usually far off being recklessly ridden by the youngest son of the borrowing neighbors.

I read a book about party cooking the other day which lightheartedly said, "My husband and I find that we can handle twenty with perfect ease for a buffet meal." The author was apparently maidless and the owner of small children and I don't believe I mean the same thing by "perfect ease" that she does. She went on to point out that twelve people would cost a dollar a head, while eighteen fed the very same food would cost only seventy-five cents a head. No doubt this is true, but as the count for food goes down the count for time washing those six extra plates all round the next morning goes up.

By now though most of us have weathered the storms of a maidless and even occasional helpless life and have designed a formula for modest entertaining. It seems easier to me to have the twenty guests in small doses of two or four for dinner and give them fairly simple menus most of which can be prepared ahead of time for instance, like this—

Consommé
Melba Toast
Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms
Potato Flakes Asparagus
Spanish Cream
Coffee

Canned consommé is the housewife's friend. Dilute it slightly and float a lemon slice and a very little chopped parsley in each bowl. Of course if you have some sherry it's worth using a little of it. The Melba toast you make in the afternoon watching the oven like a hawk so that it doesn't burn.

Creamed Chicken

This is best with roasting chickens but if you are a good flavorer can be made very well with a boiling fowl. Cook the chicken according to its type and skin and cut it up. If it is boiling chicken save the water you boiled it in and put in the bones and skin and boil them up for soup. If it is a roasting chicken save the skin and bones and you will have a huge bowl of the finest chicken stock as a by-product of your party. Then make a good rich white sauce and sauté the mushrooms cut up in small pieces.

Put the chicken and the mushrooms in the sauce, and if you have or can come by some strips of pimento it certainly cheers up the look of the dish. Taste and flavor till you get what you want. Salt and pepper mostly or you will smother the delicate chicken and mushroom taste, but sometimes a dash of vinegar or lemon juice and a very little Worcester Sauce does wonders. Put the chicken in a casserole to heat as it is less responsibility in the oven and will inevitably stick to the bottom of anything but a double boiler. If you are going to put the dish on the table sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter and brown in the oven.

Better buy the potato flakes and crisp in the oven unless you are a deep fat frying expert. Asparagus is nicer as a separate course, but this is wartime, and you won't have time to make Hollandaise and greet your guests, so turn it into the other vegetable.

Spanish Cream

This is an old-timer but it tastes creamy without having cream in it, and nowadays there are large crosses opposite the recipes of nearly all the old party desserts of which whipped cream was the foundation.

1 tablespoon of gelatine
½ cup of sugar
3 cups of milk
3 eggs
Vanilla
Pinch of salt

Soak the gelatin in the milk for a few minutes and then heat it in the top of the double boiler. Separate the eggs and mix the yolks with half the sugar, then pour on the hot milk and return to the double boiler. Cook till the mixture coats a silver spoon. Chill till it is thick. This takes some time but is the secret of a well mixed Spanish Cream instead of one with clear gelatine around its outside. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff and add the rest of the sugar to them. Stir in the vanilla to the custard mixture and add the sprinkle of salt. Then cut in the whites and put to chill in a mould which has been wetted with cold water. You should allow three or four hours for it to set well.

OF THE PROPHETS

SOME wise men, morbid in sorrow,
Plod on in their weary way,
All sweating over to-morrow
And not doing much to-day.

I think I prefer the fighters
Improving the moment at hand
To the many and garrulous blighters
Afflicting this long-suffering land.

J. E. MIDDLETON

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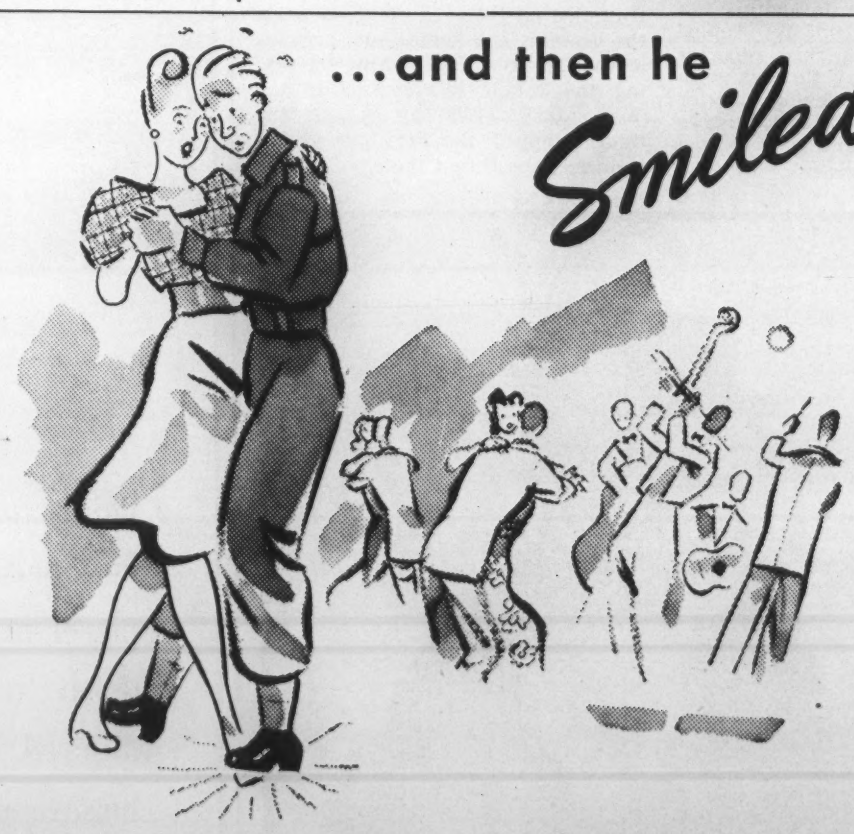

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That's why so many attractive men and women rely on Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth sparkling but, with massage, to help the health of your gums and give them the firmness they need.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning. Today's soft foods deprive gums of natural exercise, with the result that they often become tender, sensitive, apt to bleed. When you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He is the one to advise you what to do.

But don't take chances. Let Ipana and massage put a new firmness in your gums, a new sparkle in your teeth and a radiant charm in your smile.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

For firmer gums, brighter teeth, use IPANA AND MASSAGE

Halifax: An Outpost of Extra-Ordinaria

By DAVID REDPATH

Recorded here are glimpses of life in Canada's historic Eastern seaport, a community more closely and intimately associated with wartime conditions than any other Canadian city.

WHENEVER two travellers yarn about the places they have been and the things they have seen, it is not the Taj Mahals of these journeys they chuckle over but the funny little incidents, the oddities, the minor sites and sights they have observed. So, if this slight but happy string of recollections of Halifax, N.S., re-visited in wartime, is made up of minutiae forgive the traveller his idiosyncracy.

Extra-ordinaria is as large as the world itself, as "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley has proven times without number. Halifax, described by a native son, Hugh MacLennan in his thrilling novel, "Barometer Rising", as having "a genius for looking old and for acting as though nothing could possibly happen to surprise it" can properly claim to be one of Extra-ordinaria's outposts. Here are incredible things, here are more defensible superlatives than most other great seaports of the universe can boast.

Take Halifax's democratic naming of its streets, for example. Quite properly there is Cornwallis Street, named for the founder of the City, but in the South End there is also a Smith Street. Other cities have streets commemorating the Whites, Greens, Grays and similar familiar surnames but what other city so honors John Q. Public with a Smith Street?

Clara Dennis in "Down In Nova Scotia" points to Halifax's dignity in having a Lady Hammond Avenue and conjectures that it is the only thoroughfare bearing the title and name of an aristocratic lady. Ottawa, however, has its Lady Grey *Drive* which does sound a trifle more dignified than a mere *avenue*.

Unique signs are here, too. There is the optical firm on Barrington Street whose trade name is:

THOMAS WALLACE
Sons & Daughters

And there is Ray & Nephews, as well. Ordinary "& Sons" is eclipsed by such as these.

Halifax is the home of Bert Batson, the man who has "Anything from a needle to an anchor" for sale. It is said that the slogan not so long ago had "elephant" instead of "anchor" but some one bought the pachyderm! Only a genuine outpost of Extra-ordinaria could produce a Batson.

The calendars issued by Haligonian firms are not unique in the strict sense, but are peculiar to seaports and Halifax sees the best—or worst—of them, depending on the individual estimate of the risque and one's attitude toward nudism in art. Sailors have always been the greatest pinner-uppers and calendars depicting anything less alluring than the female form divine just never get to sea—or to be seen. The fabulous Joe Mozert, who is her own model for nudes and semi-nudes alike, and whose "Sweet Dreams" is reported to have outsold even "September Morn" and thus to have become the most published work of art ever produced, is well represented. Some firms distribute as many as a dozen different calendars each year, partly to assure themselves the exclusive use of certain lithographers' outputs but also to enable an entire ship's crew to find a pin-up girl to every man's taste.

The Charmed Captain

The world meets in Halifax and unusual characters abound. One of these recently was the Norwegian merchant captain who had survived three torpedoings and had another ship but who was having difficulty getting another crew. It seems that a number of seamen figured the law of averages was going to step in some time soon and that this captain's "number" would have to come up. Eventually, however, there were enough other sailors who believed that any man surviving three torpedoings bore a charmed life and the Norwegian got his crew.

There was for a time a smart Army private around Halifax who, whenever he craved a bang-up meal in a swish hotel, simply seated himself at the baby grand piano nearest the dining room and, like Tommy Tucker, entertained "for his supper". A professional pianist it was no ordeal for him to see others gorging themselves while he worked. Besides, he was always sure of more than he could eat.

Not the least feature which qualifies Halifax as an outpost of Extra-ordinaria is the Royal Canadian Navy, whose "Saturday afternoon yachtsmen" (how quickly that phrase died when the convoys started to go through!) are doing such an amazing job. The following could be duplicated many times since it is typical of how the R.C.N. had to lift itself by its boot-straps.

Properly camouflaged (because, after all, it *is* the silent service and, additionally, the Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Company's warning beside each telephone: "It is forbidden to mention Ships or Ship Movements, Aircraft, Troops, War Industries or the weather during Long Distance Telephone conversations" makes a lasting impression) here is the story of one of the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve. When he came out of the last World War he was an aged youth of nineteen with two years' service with the Navy. Upon being called up the day after Great Britain declared war, he was informed that because his papers showed he had done a certain type of technical work with the Admiralty in the last *show* he was to organize a division to handle it in this one.

Three Weeks

His eyes blinked as he pointed out that he had only been at it for three weeks—and that, twenty years before. A grim smile accompanied the reply that that was three weeks more experience than any one else available had had! He started that day and when Canada's official declaration came along six days later he had a staff of one at work. Today there are 200 handling this job which by reason of scientific advances only faintly resembles that which this officer started out to do but he has kept pace with the changes and directed this large staff.

Only in Extra-ordinaria could one find a navy, of which citizens of all the Allied Nations can justly be proud, which was built on such tenuous experience but such ingenuity and indomitable spirit.

Something of the spirit of these men who have kept our little ships at sea doing a big job pervades Halifax. There is a quickened tempo to living here, an awareness of a war in progress, of a victory shaping up surely and inevitably, of a job still to be done, a need to take up the slack wherever it appears. If only all the people east of the Rockies could spend a few minutes hovering over Halifax, its Dockyard and its Bedford Basin, its rail terminals and its ship-building yards, Mr. Ilsley would be able to set his 6th Victory Loan sights at $1,750,000,000 at least, instead of at $1,200,000,000, because the experience would bring out those extra dollars as nothing else short of a personal tragedy arising out of the war to date can do.

One of the most widely reprinted cartoonists in Canada is associated with "The Halifax Herald" and "The Halifax Mail". Cartoonist Chambers' work finds its way, too, through the mails as harried local and regional government officials, finding him hitting some local problem squarely on the head, clip his cartoons and send them with pointed comments to their chiefs in Ottawa. It is said that after the fashion of "Punch's" famous day-long editorial conferences on the subject of the week's leading political cartoon, Mr. Chambers works closely with Editor Rankin of the "Herald & Mail". Between them they produce "editorials in pictured form", as the political cartoon has been called, that appeal to Canadians of all provinces.

Across the Narrows from Halifax is Dartmouth, a suburb reached by ferry. Here is a monument erected to the memory of the tragic originals of the "babes in the woods" story. As a citizen said, "I don't know that 'the robins covered the children with leaves' but other particulars of the story are borne out and certified by this monument." True or not, the robin part of the story is one of the things which had endeared it to all children who have ever heard it.

Even a string of recollections must tie in somewhere and on what better note of trivia than to record the exclamation of a wise, young sailor who on noticing a picture house marquee with the coincidental double billing, "What a Woman — Beautiful But Broke" said, "Nothing unusual in that!"

Biscuits that "Click" with the whole family

Magic's Orange-Raisin Biscuits

2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ tspn. salt
2 tbspns. sugar
4 tbspns. shortening
½ cup raisins
1 tbspn. orange rind
1 egg
½ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until well mixed. Add raisins and orange rind. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup and add milk to make ¾ cup. Add to first mixture. Roll out about ½-inch thick; cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased pan. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) about 12 minutes. Makes 16.

Made in Canada

Your guarantee of Successful Baking

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brings Dominion-wide Swing to Chase & Sanborn

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast made it!

4 GENERATIONS of Canadian women have used and praised Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—because it gives delicious, light, smooth bread *every* time. War-restricted menus today make bread more than ever an *essential* quick-energy family food. It's low in cost—and helps *stretch* scarcer foods. If you bake bread at home be sure to bake it with Fleischmann's—the fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. At your grocer's.

MADE IN CANADA

SUPPLEMENT YOUR DIET by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh Yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex Vitamins.

The English Have A Proverb For It . . . by *Essy*

"It's never too late to mend"

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...SO DO

McCORMICK'S JERSEY CREAM SODAS

CANADA'S FAVOURITES FOR OVER 80 YEARS

THE OTHER PAGE

The Canadian Invasion of Spain In 1942, By a Participant

By JOSEPH WILLIAM BRAUN

The author of this lively account of the movement of French refugees into Spain in December 1942 is himself a German refugee who was in France at the time and accompanied the party.

He was one of the party of refugees from Spain who were recently admitted into Canada, and is now living in Toronto, where he has already secured satisfactory employment. Under the cheery tone of his article it is easy to read something of the hardships which he underwent in his escape from Nazi clutches.

THIS is the story of the Canadian invasion of Spain in December 1942. I was a participant in it and know all about it. Very few other people seem to know that there was such an invasion. Canadians at home in Canada are as little informed about it as anybody else. It is time they should be informed.

The date is November 1942. The Allies are occupying North Africa. The Germans reply by occupying "Unoccupied" France. I am a German anti-Nazi refugee in Occupied France. I and my companions gaze at the Germans as they drive past with infantry, artillery and tank columns. And we know that we have to get away.

Secretly we prepare to flee, trying to find guides who will take us over the Pyrenees. We pack our belongings—a shirt, some socks, a towel and a few toilet articles, that is all. The same preparations are being made at the same time by hundreds, even thousands, of Frenchmen and men and women of other nationalities who have been caught by the German influx.

By the middle of December we are already in the Pyrenees, thousands of us, all in little groups waiting to be guided to freedom by the French Basques, who fortunately know their way about among the steep mountain paths better than do the German patrols. In my party there are five of us—three young Frenchmen, all ex-soldiers, my friend and myself. A few days ago the soldiers were disarmed in their barracks by the Germans.

A good guide showed us the way. After a hard climb of six hours we reach the summit. The snow, glittering like silver, is many feet deep. A stormy north wind blows ice and snow into our faces.

High poles, set in a row but at a considerable distance apart, signify at last that we have reached the Spanish border. Full of joy, we embrace one another, embrace our guide, and give him our last French money. Back he goes down the mountain at a quick pace. We watch him, skilfully jumping from rock to rock. Tonight he will be guiding another group along this same path.

Our descent into the valley is not easy. We miss our guide, whose short word of command kept us going on the way up. But the Germans are no longer after us. We have time. In the distance we hear a shot, down in the valley a dog barks. Ahead of us we see the first Spanish houses. Smoke rises from their chimneys; there we shall find human beings, there we shall be able to warm ourselves.

But climbing the mountains has made us tired. We sit down to rest on a protruding rock, eat the remainder of our scanty rations, and smoke a few "Gauloise" cigarettes. We look at each other and suddenly my friend asks me: "What nationality are you going to give?"

"I am American," I say proudly, full of confidence in the Stars and Stripes. "And you?"

"I shall declare myself an Englishman," says my friend.

"But do you know that there is an American Consulate in X——?" I ask him. "If you declare yourself an Englishman you will have to wait a long time for the British Consul in Madrid to get you out of jail." That we shall have to go to jail we all know, for we are without identification papers and have no Spanish entry permit.

"All right then," says my friend, "I will declare myself an American too."

The three Frenchmen look at us questioningly. They are still very young, none of them over twenty years of age.

"What nationality are you going to give?" they ask us.

"Americans," we say proudly.

"We can't do that," they say drily. "We don't know a word of English."

"Neither do we," my friend answers, "or at least we know hardly any."

"Well," says Réné, a lively good-looking boy, "I shall declare myself a Canadian. If we say we are French we may be sent back to the frontier. And anyhow we have no Consul in Spain, so who would get us out of jail?"

"Right you are!" says his friend Henri, the youngest of the three. "We're Canadians. So we shan't need any English. There are many Canadians who speak only French."

"Certainly we'll go as Canadians," says Claude, the third of the Frenchmen. "But where are we born? Have you thought about that?"

"Quebec for me," says Réné.

"Montreal for me," says Henri.

"Who knows another city in Canada?" asks Claude, wanting to add some variety.

But how should we know the names of the cities of Canada? Canada is far away. All we know about her is that she has a common frontier with the United States, that her men are strong and tall and hunters by profession, and that her soldiers are everywhere where the fighting is hardest.

"Why don't you also take Quebec?" Henri at last impatiently asks, while we continue wading through the deep snow.

"Right, let's take Quebec," Claude agrees. "After all, who can blame me for being born in the same place as Réné?"

Slowly we climb down into the valley—we two Americans with the three Canadians. On the way my friend and I choose our birthplaces. The choice is great. But we have to be careful—we have to choose so as to remember the names and not to give New York at one time and Philadelphia the next as our birthplace.

Two days later we are at the Spanish Central Police Station in X—— All in all we are already seventy refugees. After waiting together in an anteroom we are called up singly in order to prove our identity. The officials treat us kindly and begin questioning. Four typewriters are going simultaneously. Knowing Spanish I am the interpreter. We give our name, christian name, father, mother, profession.

"Nationality?" the officials ask.

"Americans and English." This is answered in English.

They are satisfied, note the given birthplaces, "London, New York, Philadelphia."

Réné is one of the first Frenchmen. "Nationality?" the official asks.

"Canadiense," says Réné, in Spanish. That much Spanish I have already taught him.

"That makes eighty-two Canadians in three days. The whole of Canada is immigrating to Spain," the official says ironically. But he patiently writes it all down.

"Where were you born?"

"Quebec," Réné answers. Then he steps back. "It isn't so easy to be a Canadian when you aren't one," he whispers to me in French.

Claude's turn. "Nationality?"

"Canadian."

"Born?"

"Quebec."

Resigned, the official writes it down. To give a street name in Quebec is not difficult for Claude. How could the Spanish know all the Canadian street names in Quebec! His head high, Claude disappears in the anteroom.

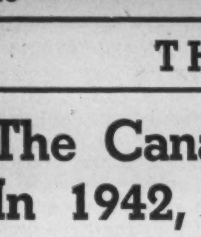
Now it's Henri's turn. "Nationality?"

"Canadian."

Simultaneously we hear "Canadian" from the direction of the typewriters right and left.

At this point a young Spanish official enters the office.

"Again all of them Canadians?" he inquires from his colleague at the typewriter.



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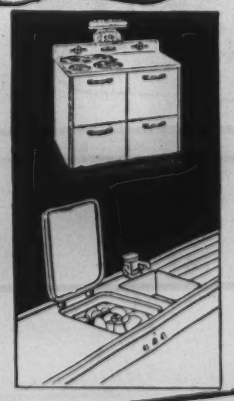
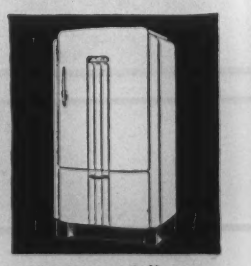


G-E REFRIGERATOR—designed to prevent food waste and spoilage by providing the different correct temperatures needed to preserve various types of foodstuff.

G-E HOTPOINT RANGE—planned to provide the *controlled* cooking essential in the preparation of appetizing meals and the conservation of food and food values.



G-E ELECTRIC DISHWASHER AND DISPOSALL—devised to banish two disagreeable kitchen tasks, these G-E appliances save labour and increase leisure. The G-E Dishwasher washes, rinses and dries . . . the G-E Disposall disposes of all kitchen waste by grinding it to pulp and flushing it hygienically away.

Victory Recipe

SPRING FRUIT DESSERT

1 cupful of hulled strawberries
4 cupfuls of diced rhubarb
1 cupful of water
½ cupful of sugar

Combine the ingredients in a saucepan and cook gently until the fruit is tender. Chill and serve as a dessert with plain cake. Or serve as a sauce over blanc mange, chilled custard or steamed sponge pudding.

EM-44

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co LIMITED

"Nearly without exception," is the answer.

"You are a Canadian?" he suddenly asks Henri in a threatening tone.

"Si, Senor! I am Canadian."

"From where? But all of you are from Quebec or Montreal. Do you speak English?"

"In Quebec and Montreal people speak only French," Henri tries to convince him.

"Better tell your grandmother that," the Spaniard scoffs at him. All the officials at the typewriters burst out laughing. Only the young official stays perfectly earnest.

"What is the capital of Canada?" he asks Henri. Helplessly he looks at me, hoping for assistance. But I have to shake my head, knowing no more about the geography of Canada than does Henri. He thinks hard, looking reproachfully at the official as if he wanted to say: "My dear sir, you ask too much of a Canadian who, after all, isn't a Canadian." But then he quickly pulls himself together.

"Quebec," he answers triumphantly.

"Wrong," says the Spaniard.

"Montreal," Henri corrects himself.

The official looks at him scornfully.

"I was only five when my parents left Canada," Henri tries to explain.

But the Spaniard is no longer listening to him. He strides to the anteroom where the other Canadians are waiting. "What is the capital of Canada?" I hear him asking.

"Quebec," is the whispered answer.

"Montreal," another attempt.

"You are no more Canadian than I am," I hear him scolding outside. "You are no more and no less than quite ordinary Frenchmen, that's what you are."

"Do you know the capital of Canada?" the official at our typewriter asks me.

"I am an American sir," I answer reproachfully.

"Well then, tell me which is the capital of the U.S.A.?"

"Washington," I answer quickly.

"Do you see?" the official triumphantly says to Henri. "This at least is a real American, he knows his capital and speaks English fluently."

"Sure," I answer proudly. Much more I—the American—would not have been able to say.

The examination is ended. Large, swift cars take us away. A few friendly smiling policemen with rifles accompany us. Some minutes later the heavy iron door of the jail in X—— closes behind us—behind sixty-five Canadians, and five Americans and Englishmen. The Canadian invasion of Spain is a success. Today, with the exception of myself, all the daring participants are in North Africa.

• •

SOLDIER

(Note: The author of this poem, Mrs. Charles Gates, now of Capetown, S. Africa, is the daughter of the late James S. Cartwright, and granddaughter of the late James S. Cartwright, K.C., of Toronto. Her husband, an Englishman in the Malayan Civil Service, is a prisoner of war in the hands of the Japanese.)

YOU are so still. Did you once know
A woman's fingers in your hair?
Mouth to mouth, bruised, with laughter too,
Poor lovely lad—and was she fair?
Ah! Rest, be still. All's over now
But sleep—and your last bounty here:
A quiet couch and time to dream,
Silence, and nothing left to fear.—
Dream, where the heart may not recall
The image of comrades strange with pain.
Remember the buds that promised Spring,
The sun, the yearning song of rain.
Earth made no bargain for these gifts,
They are yet yours although you sleep:
The wind still rocks the bowing trees,
And overhead, upon the steep
Blue bank of heaven, like daisies, blow
The infant clouds; and yet more high
A bird cries out his restless joy.
And underneath—how still you lie!

YOLANDE GATES

• •

RAINBOW LAKE

(The late Homer Watson tells of this enchanting spot in his "Birth of a Sketch" which is included in the biography "The Man of Doon".)

THIS is the same secluded lake
Set down in the woodland's heart,
Which lured "The Man of Doon" one dawn
To place on canvas Nature's art.

Cool waters glisten in the sun,
And not a human voice is heard,
As willows bend beneath a breeze.
The lake belongs to beast and bird.

For centuries this pool has lain
Untouched by man's inventive will,
The forest trees encircling it,
Immutable, commanding, still.

Within a weary world at war,
This hidden, peaceful pool remains;
And here a burdened heart may come
To purify the spirit's stains.

CLARA BERNHARDT

Edward J. Tucker, general manager of Consumers Gas Co., Toronto, has been elected president of the Rotary Club of Toronto. Mr. Tucker will take office sometime in July.

THE SAILOR TO HIS SON

THAT'S good, young fellow, close your fists,
Dimpled and soft and white,
You'll need them some day in the lists
To guard the right.
And keep on kicking wild and free.
Wear off those rolls of fat,
You'll have to kick a lot to be
A democrat.

Three months ago you had us scared;
Dumb in felicity.
It seemed too strange that we had shared
God's mystery.
But now we see you as our son.
(Warm are our hearts and mellow!)
A lusty youngster having fun,
A regular fellow.

My kit is packed. I'm on my way
(My Navy blue is trim!)
Where seas are rough and skies are grey
And life is grim.
So keep on kicking, sleep and eat,
And arch your back.
Some day I'll hit (O God, how sweet!)
The homeward track.

J. E. M.

Fitting Pretty...

is the smart secret of fine tailoring as exemplified in the jacket and slacks on our Outdoor Girl! Simple as ABC in line and fabric, the whole effect is one of charm and casual correctness! Slacks $9.95, Jacket $9.95. From a colourful group of playtime togs in EATON'S newly opened OUTDOOR SHOP.

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PUT VICTORY FIRST—BUY MORE BONDS

A Financial Avalanche Hangs Over Germany

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The Germans, Mr. Layton says, can't expect to look forward to living under the same economy after the war as in the pre-war years.

The last few years have speeded up the inevitable crack-up of the Nazi financial system until it now appears that it may crash before the enemy is actually defeated on the battlefield.

London

NAZI Germany constructed a vast aviary of vultures in the Hitler pre-war years, and now they are coming home to roost. Not only in the early days, but even now, the Nazi system of economics excites the admiration of a large number of people, including some self-styled economists who should know better, and some politicians who do know better but who perceive an enormous virtue in a scheme of things that goes unhindered by the depressing influence of hard fact.

To these last the particular merit of the financial system that Dr. Schacht devised and Dr. Funk has continued, and of the economic system that Hitler himself fathered and Speer and others have continued, is that it shows results with all the apparent ease of the conjurer. Hitler's Germany had no gold to speak of, but she outdid competitors up to the stature of Great Britain herself in bidding for certain places in the international trading sphere. She had no commercial prestige, but the markets of the world treated with her. Internally, she was not rich or powerful economically, but she devised vast programs of public works, and her people genuinely looked forward to a Brave New World in which they had but to ask and the Fuehrer-conjurer would provide.

Totalitarian Soul

The results of the intensive development of a totalitarian economy have so far changed Germany, and had so far changed her in August 1939, that they need to be taken into account when we talk of the sort of peace terms that shall be imposed.

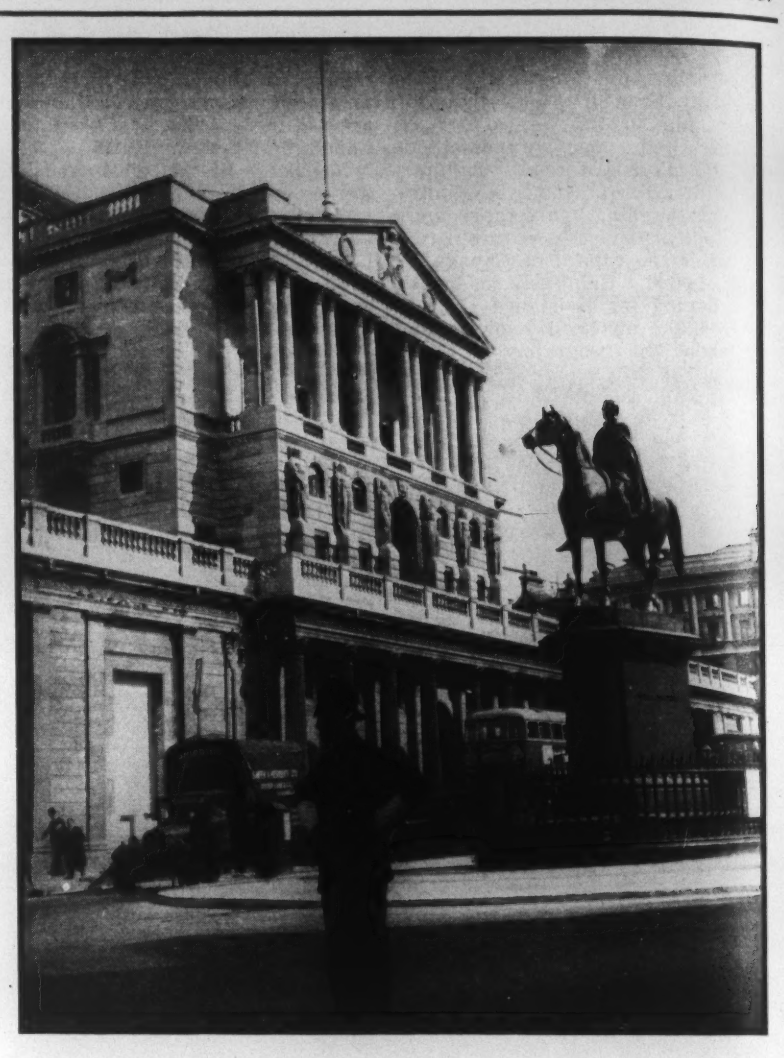
It is, of course, true that war of a totalitarian nature always imposes a totalitarian shape on any belligerent. It is true of Britain and of the United States. Indeed, the degree to which such democracies have yielded their principles of social and economic organisation to the iron compulsion of war is a measure of the completeness of their war effort. But Britain and the United States intend to return to the ways of Democracy not merely where they left off but with a new intensity and at advanced stage. Not so Germany. Germany grew a totalitarian soul during the Nazi era, and when the Germans dream of a return to peace they think in terms of the conditions they lived under in 1935 and 1936 and up to 1939.

They are due to suffer a grave disillusion. If they had been able to win the war they would have been able for many years to have bolstered up their deluded economics, living in their pipe-dream atmosphere of overlordship, but in any case, win or lose, their ultimate fate was writ large on the wall.

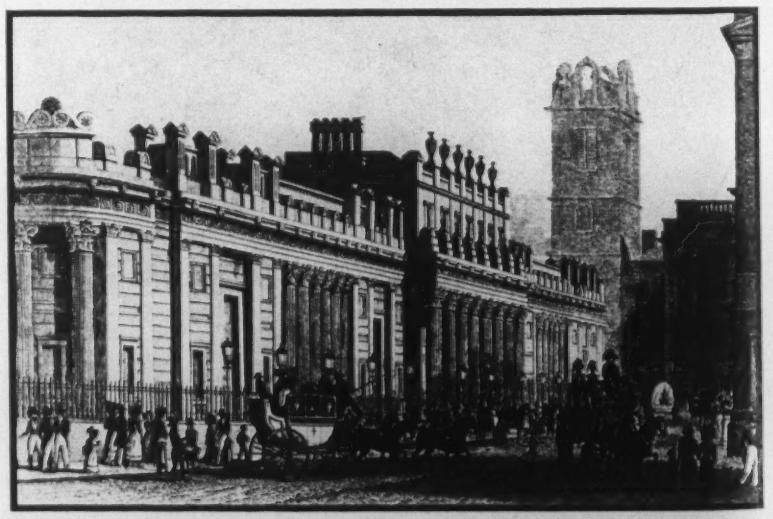
Consider their finance. Having no gold, they professed to found their currency on what Funk called a "labour value", which means precisely nothing. More recently Funk has denied this concept, and talks of a currency which is without objective reality and derives solely from the decisions of the administration. This must be called the "Funk standard", and it is important to understand that the Germans would in any case have been reduced to this absurdity whatever had been the fortunes of their armies in the field or their plunderers in foreign countries.

What we are seeing now, with the Germans fast running into absolute military defeat, is what we should

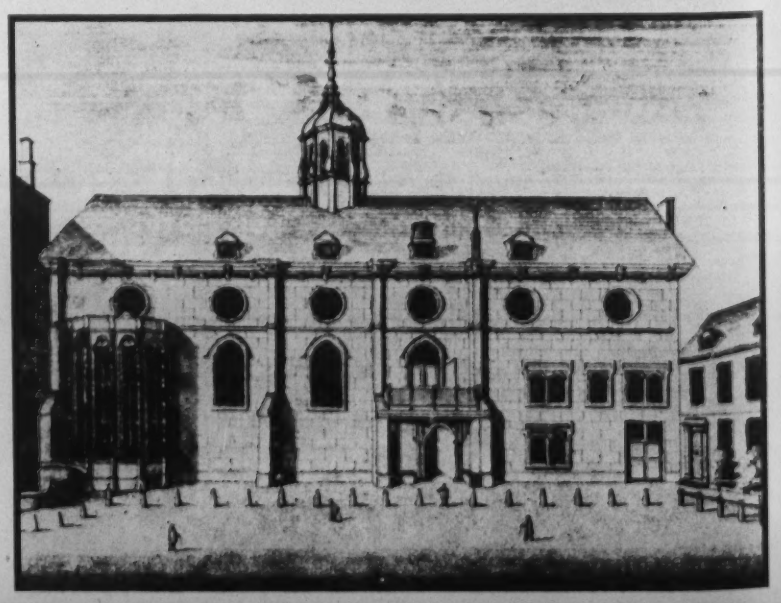
(*Continued on Next Page*)



Even the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" knows what it is to have her face lifted. After 13 years of reconstruction, the old Bank of England, a gloomy, one-storey, fortress-like building, dating back to 1732, was transformed into the modern eight-storey edifice shown above. The earlier structure, as the nineteenth century photograph (below) shows, had no windows facing the street. New foundations of reinforced concrete had to be sunk 60 feet into London's soft blue clay to support the weight of the additional storeys. Far beneath the roaring marts of Threadneedle Street, a series of 13-ton steel doors protect the vaults where untold millions in gold bullion and bank notes are deposited.



But the Bank of England when chartered in 1694 first conducted business in Grocer's Hall, Poultry (below). That was in King William's time. The government needed money and a group of rich men advanced £1,200,000 in return for banking privileges. For tradition's sake the Bank is still guarded each night by a detachment of His Majesty's brigade of guards.



THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Do We Want Rule Like Russia's?

By P. M. RICHARDS

WE ALL admire Russia for her amazing military and industrial achievements; some of us go so far as to want to copy all her methods, believing that anything Russia does should work well with us too; others think that Russia's is a transitional, not the ultimate, system, and that her people will soon be demanding individual freedom of action and choice such as the democracies normally enjoy.

Even in wartime the governments of the democracies must answer to parliament, and wartime restrictions of personal liberty are imposed through temporary powers granted by the people's representatives. If there is misgovernment at any time, it is primarily the people's fault, and they can do something about it.

Can the people of Russia, in similar circumstances, do anything? William Henry Chamberlin tells us in the *New York Times Magazine* how Russia's nearly 200 millions are ruled, and the story furnishes food for thought for Canadian believers in Russia's perfection. The Soviet regime, says Chamberlin, functions with the streamlined simplicity of a one-party dictatorship in which no organized political opposition is tolerated. Any attempt to create an organized opposition group within the ranks of the ruling Communist party is punished just as severely as an attempt to create an opposition party in the country at large.

Only 2.5 per cent Communists

Only about 2.5 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union are members of the Communist party, which is regarded as a sort of governing élite. The organization of the party is hierarchical. It is governed from the top down. Stalin is commander-in-chief, with a general staff consisting of the Political Bureau. This highest steering committee of the Communist party, when its membership was last made public in 1939, consisted of eleven members: Stalin, Molotoff, Zhdanoff, Andreeff, Voroshiloff, Kalinin, Mikoyan, Kaganovitch, Khruscheff, Beria and Shvernik. Some of these men hold high positions in the Soviet government. Kalinin is President and formal head of the state. Molotoff is Commissar for Foreign Affairs; Mikoyan, Commissar for Foreign Trade; Beria, head of the formidable Narkomvnudel, or Ministry of Internal Affairs.

Some of the other members of the Political Bureau, Zhdanoff, Andreeff, Khruscheff, are specialists in party organization and occupy no governmental posts. But membership in the Political Bureau is not associated with any particular office. It is a mark of Stalin's favor. It is in this streamlined, unofficial cabinet that the most important decisions of internal and foreign policy are discussed and taken. Second in importance only to the Political Bureau is the Organization Bureau, to which Stalin also belongs. It has the right to appoint, dismiss and transfer Communists from posts in the party and state service.

Discipline has always been strongly emphasized in the Communist party organization. The member who flouts an order from higher party authorities is subject to expulsion, which carries with it the loss of any public office he may hold. So it is easy to realize how much concentrated power the men at the top of the organization can and do wield. This power is all the greater because Soviet economy is based upon the principles of public ownership and centralized planning. The same group of men which directs the political life of the country also directly manages industry, agriculture, transportation, banking, foreign trade—all aspects of national economic life.

One Voice—the Government's

The Soviet political system is parallel to and subordinate to the party system. No Soviet official, however highly placed, no Prime Minister, no general, no diplomat, would hold his post for twenty-four hours after the Political Bureau had decided on his removal. It is only a minority of the Communists, between one hundred and two hundred thousand, who may be considered as party "officers". The majority belong to the party rank and file and serve as peacemakers and propagandists for government policies among the unorganized masses of their fellow-citizens. At the same time, through their everyday contacts with the Soviet man in the street, they keep in touch with popular moods and problems and grievances, and serve as very useful eyes and ears for the government.

Since 1936 every citizen has been able to vote at elections to the Supreme Soviet, but the non-party deputies are chosen with the approval and sanction of the Communists and there is always a substantial majority of Communists in the two houses of the Soviet Parliament.

There are other features of the Soviet system that help to promote uniformity of thought and viewpoint. The educational system is completely state-controlled. There are no privately-owned newspapers and magazines; the entire press in Russia speaks with one voice—the government's. There are no "forums of the air" and Gallup polls; on any question there are just two attitudes, the government attitude and the wrong attitude.

Will there be evolution from dictatorship to democracy? Maybe, but as yet there are no positive signs of this.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Results at Giant Yellowknife Promise Large-Tonnage Camp

By JOHN M. GRANT

EXCITING news continues to emanate from the Yellowknife area of the North West Territories, as Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines proceeds with its diamond drilling program, latest results of which further confirms the likelihood of the camp becoming the centre of large tonnage propositions rather than the comparatively small tonnage operations to date. The impressive drilling results already secured have been previously commented on in this column, but the most recent holes appear to indicate an entirely new and large high grade zone, parallel with or subsidiary to the main orebody, and the whole is suggestive of an initial capacity of from 1,000 to 2,000 tons daily.

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The Giant property has assumed front rank in new gold mine prospects, in fact, the latest drill holes are believed among the best ever reported in preliminary drilling for gold in the Dominion. Hole No. 100, located 100 feet north of the rich No. 83 hole gave an intersection assaying over $22 over a core length of 64½ feet and then hole No. 101 about 100 feet north of hole 100 gave an intersection assaying better than $15 over a core length of 48½ feet. Values in these holes have the same consistency which marked previous drilling. As already reported an ore zone some 1,400 feet long, still open to the north and more than 100 feet wide in places was indicated in eight drill holes. So far only a very small part of the property has been tested.

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The price of Giant Yellowknife shares have more than doubled recently and its market strength has been reflected in many others of the Yellowknife issues, including B.E.A.R., large shareholder in Giant, Negus Mines and Kamlac Gold Mines, whose properties are under option to Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. Not so long ago there were several producers in the area, but, today, owing to wartime conditions Negus Mines is the only one turning out gold, and this company is meeting with highly interesting developments in underground work and diamond drill exploration. An option has been taken on the Payne group of claims, lying south of and adjoining Kamlac, and a group of 35 claims have been staked, some of them adjoining the Payne option. Negus production has been up sharply lately due to the opening up of some extremely rich ore.

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It is anticipated that operations at Waite Amulet Mines will continue at the full mill capacity of 1,800 tons per day during 1944. Profits were sharply higher in 1943 due to the bringing in of the new mill unit and a resultant increase in the production of zinc and silver. Net profit was equivalent to $1.23 per share, including 90 cents per share from dividends received from Amulet Dufault Mines. Actual combined earnings from the company and its subsidiary was $1.06 as 17 cents of the 90 cents paid by Amulet Dufault was drawn from accumulated surplus. Since the end of 1940 there has been a tonnage decrease of approximately 15% in the ore reserves of the Amulet Dufault "A" orebodies and a decrease of approximately 25% in the "F" and "C" orebodies.

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During the past four years a substantial increase in ore reserves is shown by Falconbridge Nickel Mines, the position at the end of 1943 totalling 12,289,000 tons as compared with 7,502,000 tons at the close of 1939. Early last year the company completed its second wartime expansion program and was enabled to establish a new production record, the tonnage of ore treated being 40% greater than in 1939, the last previous year for which figures were available. Net profit per share was 22.6 cents last year as against 21.9 cents in the preceding period. Net working capital improved from $6,903,578 to $7,742,877, which includes $1,194,800 in Norwegian items. Officials stress the need for a strong working capital, to meet post-war conditions, particularly in regaining and rehabilitating the Norwegian refinery.

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For over a year and a half development work at MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines has been practically at a standstill due to the scarcity of labor, and it is now proposed to devote the bulk of attention to putting new ore in sight and opening up new potential sources of ore reserves. The labor situation remains serious but for the time being production will be secondary. At one time last year the mill schedule was as low as 300 tons daily as against daily tonnage of as high as 700 tons three years ago, but is now back around 430 tons. Ore which has been put in sight has not been sufficient to take care of the decline in ore reserves.

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Ore reserves at Sladen Malartic Mines showed a substantial increase in tonnage and grade in 1943 despite the shortage of manpower. Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 684,000 tons averaging $4.10 per ton (gold $35 oz.) compared with 475,000 tons averaging $3.70 at the close of 1942. A net loss of $6,627 was shown for the year after provision for depreciation and write-offs, while there was a gain of $143,187 in net working capital which now stands at $615,930.

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New interest has been attracted to the Matachewan area and in the past two months a couple of hundred claims are reported staked in several townships. The renewal of attention is attributable to the activities of the American Metal Co., of Canada, which is exploring an interesting showing in Holmes township. This company has optioned the Warner group on the north shore of Holmes Lake on which a promising find is located as well as adjacent ground to round out a block of about 900 acres. Excellent assays of gold and copper have been secured from grab and chip samples. Six diamond drill holes have been completed along a length of 200 feet, but more exploration will be needed to ascertain the strike and dimensions of the zone. The American Metal Co., of Canada, was incorporated last year as a wholly-owned subsidiary of the United States company of the same name.

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A Financial Avalanche Hangs Over Germany

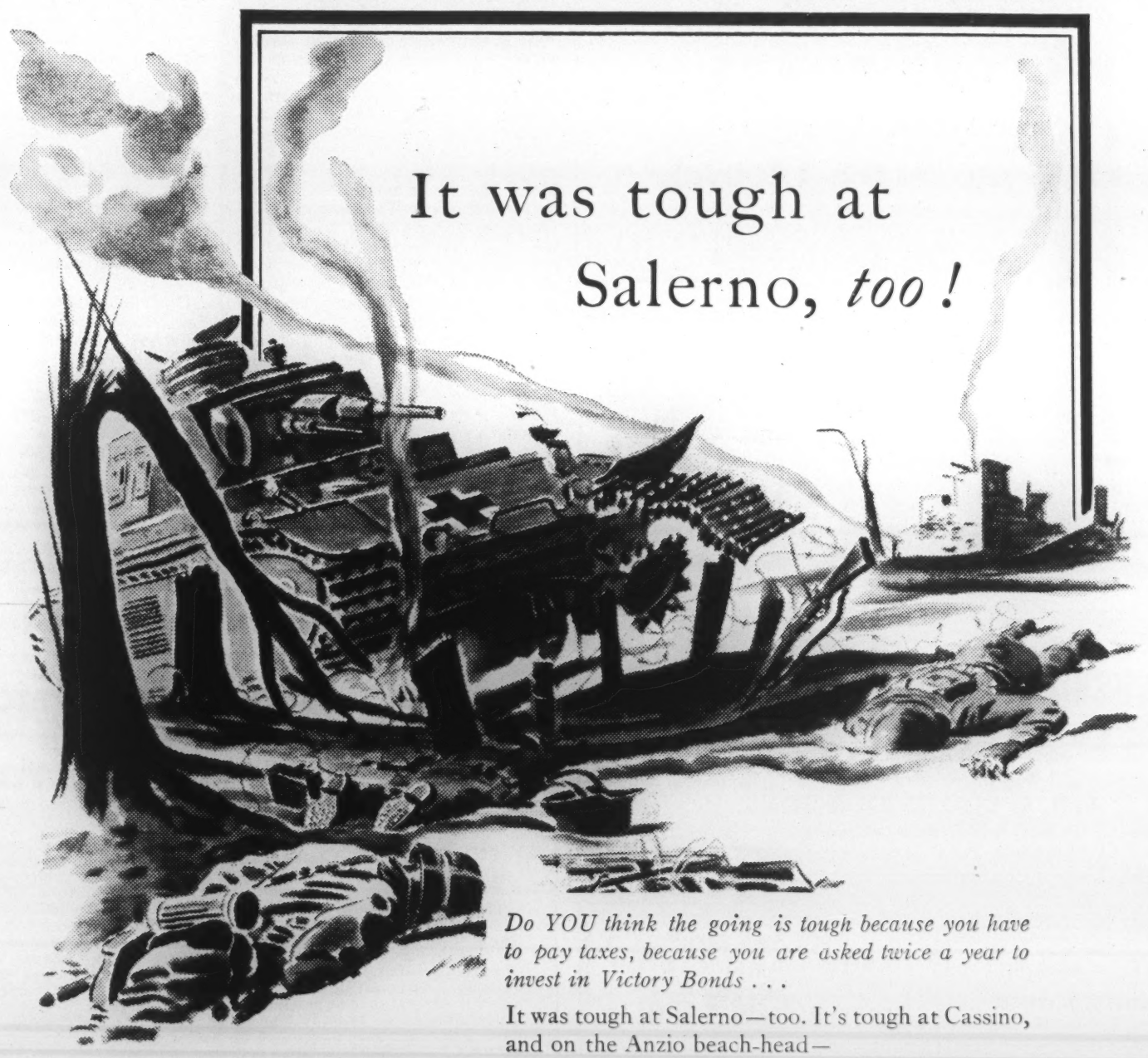
(*Continued from Page 42*)

have seen ten or twenty years hence had they been victorious.

The present German picture, with the Russian armies carving into the heart of Eastern Europe and the Balkans and with the great invasion forces on the springboard, is as near madness as despair, and very near both. Every vestige of economic independence has been torn from industry and trade and from the people. To match the "Funk standard" in finance there is the "Speer standard" in industry, which has added the venerable name of technocracy to cover a new and final assault on individual control.

Shareholders may no longer meet to elect their boards. Prospectuses may not be issued. The stock-exchanges are frozen by the operation of price pegs. Treasury bonds are offered only to state-controlled banks and insurance companies and co-operatives. There is no capital market in the sense in which we understand it, even under war limitation, in Britain, nor is there any money market save for the inter-Governmental arrangements which are inevitable.

The question is whether such a system must break before the German armies are smashed, and, in breaking, destroy the administration, or whether the administration must break first, destroying the system—such as it is—and greatly assisting the task of the Allied forces. What is certain is that the German people, as even the State-controlled German Press asserts, are clamouring for a "real" money, the industrialists for the right to control their factories, and the traders for their right to exist. The snow is poised, and the avalanche cannot be long delayed.



Do YOU think the going is tough because you have to pay taxes, because you are asked twice a year to invest in Victory Bonds . . .

It was tough at Salerno—too. It's tough at Cassino, and on the Anzio beach-head—

It is tough dodging flak over smouldering Berlin—

It is tough herding convoys on the raging North Atlantic—

It is tough to be away from home for two, three, four long years . . . or more.

Let's be realistic. We still have this war to win, and the part *we* are asked to play is to "Put Victory First"—to *invest in Victory Bonds and keep on investing to the limit of our resources until Victory is won.*

A Message to Our Customers

We urge all our customers to buy Victory Bonds. There is no better investment. Victory Bonds are as good as cash—the best security you can have for a bank loan when needed—and they earn interest. We have no hesitation in suggesting that our customers withdraw money from their savings accounts to invest still more in Victory Bonds.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

WHERE WOULD YOU BE If It Weren't for HIM?

Back him to the limit... Buy More

VICTORY BONDS

Put Victory First!

BANK OF MONTREAL

If you are without the ready cash to buy Victory Bonds, we shall be glad to arrange purchase for you through our time-loan plan. *Victory Bonds should be kept safe:* For 10¢ per $100 per year, minimum charge 25¢, we will place your bonds in our vaults for safekeeping.

A234

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

BRANCH OFFICES:

AGENCY BUILDING . . . . EDMONTON, ALBERTA
211A EIGHTH AVE. W. . . . . CALGARY, ALBERTA
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. . . . . REGINA, SASK.
411 AVENUE BUILDING . . . . SASKATOON, SASK.

Clarkson, Gordon, Dilworth & Nash

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Toronto • Montreal • Hamilton • Winnipeg • Vancouver

E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS

Authorized Trustees and Receivers

15 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, • TORONTO

Associated Breweries of Canada Limited

Dividend Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Quarterly Dividend (No. 60) of Twenty-five Cents per share on the No Par Value Common Shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the 30th day of June, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of May, 1944.

By Order of the Board,

I. N. WILSON,
Treasurer.

Calgary, Alberta,
April 29th, 1944.

Canadian Wirebound Boxes LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Directors of the Company have declared a dividend of thirty seven and one half cents (37½c) a share on account of arrears on the class "A" shares of the Company, payable July 3rd, 1944 to holders of record the close of business June 10th, 1944.

By Order of the Board,

F. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY B-A LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the issued No Par Value capital stock of the Company for the second quarter ending June 30th, 1944. The above dividend is payable in Canadian funds, July 3rd, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 6th day of June, 1944.

H. H. BRONSDON,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto, April 26th, 1944.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines Limited, payable June 15th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business May 12th, 1944.

By order of the Board.

J. R. BRADFIELD,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 28th, 1944.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

E.R.N., Kapuskasing, Ont.—An increase from the present $1 rate on FORD MOTOR CO. OF CANADA shares seems unlikely, in view of the fact that retained net for 1943 was $1.46 a share, which is the maximum distributable net as long as the 100 per cent excess profits tax prevails. Though the company's aggregate production for the four war years was three times the aggregate value of output in the four years 1936-39, shareholders have received no higher dividends, the $1 rate having been maintained throughout.

E. M. T., Toronto, Ont.—Your SUNBEAM KIRKLAND shares are exchangeable for Goldbeam Mines on the basis of one new share for each 10 held, with Trusts & Guarantee Company of Toronto, transfer agents. At last report GOLDBEAM was endeavoring to raise money for the purpose of resuming operations. Further development to expand the ore tonnage to a point where a mill would be warranted has been recommended. Proven and probable ore is estimated at 110,000 tons.

T.W.S., Brandon, Man. — At current quotations the yield on CANADIAN CELANESE common is slightly better than 5 per cent. In my opinion the shares have attraction as a buy for holding. The $5,000,000 plant expansion program, half of which is to be carried out in the current year, promises to have a major bearing on the postwar future of the company. The horizon of the company is broadening to embrace not only the growth potentialities still contained in the field of synthetic textiles to which operations have been limited to date, but also the wider possibilities in the developing lines of plastics and chemicals in which the parent company, Celanese Corp. of America, is already engaged.

C.M., Port Arthur, Ont.—It is unfortunate you did not ascertain beforehand that the PONTIAC ROUYN (1939) shares were to be held in escrow as it is extremely unlikely you will find a market for the pooled shares. Pooling of shares is usually to facilitate financing arrangements. The property was acquired last year by Anglo-Rouyn Mines on a basis of one new pooled for two old shares and the new company has commenced diamond drilling.

T.J.H., Montreal, Que. — Though the ROBERT MITCHELL CO. will be busier for some months than it was earlier this year, it is expected that production for 1944 as a whole will be substantially lower than the 1943 peak and that profits will also be reduced. However, the president states that a reasonable expectation is that the company will earn a moderate amount of refundable tax as well as the full retainable net of $1.35 a share. The company has declared a dividend of $1 payable June 15. Peacetime prospects are considered good.

A.M., Toronto, Ont. — AMALGAMATED LARDER MINES shares, in my opinion, holds speculative attraction for the postwar period. The company has excellent management with financing coming from some of the largest Canadian mining companies, in the hope of securing a duplication of the conditions which made Kerr-Addison such an outstanding mine. SHELDON LARDER MINES, has locational interest as it adjoins southwest of Kerr-Addison, but no work is being done at the present time and I have heard of no plans for the immediate future. Surface work in 1938 is reported to have given some encouragement near the boundary with Kerr-Addison, however, no drilling has been done to follow up these results at depth. The company has a strong board of directors.

E. S. W., Toronto, Ont.—I think FANNY FARMER would be quite suitable—the current yield is 5½%, the company is in good position and has fine postwar prospects. The same can be said of LAURA SECORD CANDY SHOPS, the current yield on which is 5.7%. LOBLAW GROCETERIAS "A" yields 5% currently. These companies have come through the war in good shape and have good prospects for the postwar. A preferred stock I like is CANADIAN CELANESE preferred. This is currently selling around 145.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

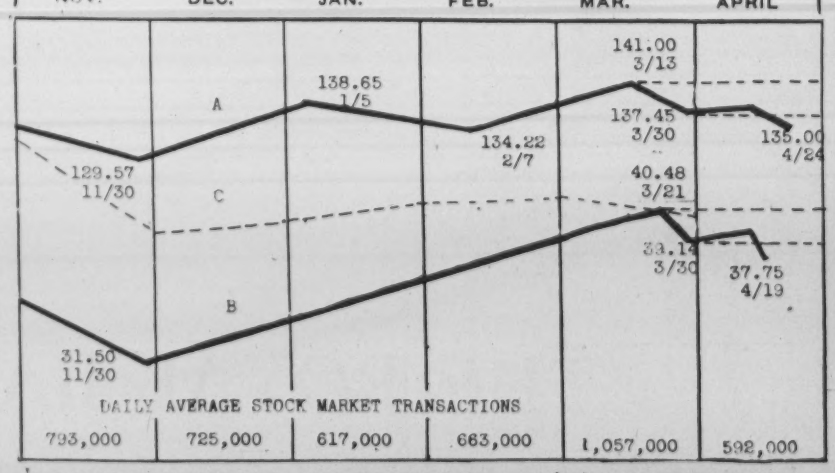
Main Trend Downward

BY HARUSPEX

The ONE TO TWO-YEAR MARKET TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July, 1943, and are now in cyclical decline. For discussion of SHORT TERM outlook, see below.

At the time this is written, the stock market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones averages of rail and industrial issues, has refused to break the low points established on April 19, except fractionally by the industrials, and volume has been low. This action is not out of line with the viewpoint expressed here last week. In that discussion, we called attention to the fact that industrial stocks, from their peak point of mid-March to their low point of April 19, or over a six-week period, wiped out 50% of the advance achieved over the preceding sixteen weeks, or from the November lows to the March highs. Assuming no immediate unsettling news developments, the depth of such decline, in keeping with the general tone of pessimism that now pervades Wall Street, could easily bring about rallying tendencies for one or more weeks. At the same time, the zigzag downward formation effected in the two averages suggests a downward trend as concerns the more important movement and rallies, for the time being, should be looked upon as of passing or temporary significance.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



A-DOW JONES INDUSTRIALS, B-DOW JONES RAILS, C-(95) CAN. COMMON STOCKS

See "The Dow Theory Barometer" on page 47.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.

C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.

Chartered Accountants

Toronto Kirkland Lake

WAR CALLS FOR THRIFT

When the government war-time programme calls for money, be prepared. Be in a position to write your cheque. Have a balance in your savings account constantly growing. Open an account with the Canada Permanent and make deposits regularly and systematically.

2% on Savings—Safety Deposit Boxes $3 and up —Mortgage Loans.

CANADA PERMANENT Mortgage Corporation

Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto

Assets Exceed $61,000,000

The Royal Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 227

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (being at the rate of six per cent per annum) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Thursday, the first day of June next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th day of April, 1944.

By order of the Board.

S. G. DOBSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., April 11, 1944.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND

On April 27th, 1944, a quarterly dividend of $2.00 was declared on the Common Stock of this Company payable in Canadian Funds June 5th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business May 12th, 1944.

Montreal 27th April, 1944

J. A. DULLEA,
Secretary

Frank R. Deakins, newly appointed President of RCA Victor Company, Limited, Montreal. Previously he was with Radio Corp. of America.

The fixed dividend rate is 7%—that is $7 a year—in addition to which there is a participating dividend which amounted to 94c a share in 1943 and 53c so far this year. The earnings outlook is attractive and the company is now undertaking an expansion program to permit it to enter into new fields of development after the war. MASSEY-HARRIS preferred is yielding 6%. This company has greatly improved its financial and operating position during the war and has good business in sight for the postwar. However, I think this is slightly more speculative than those already mentioned. BRITISH AMERICAN OIL shares are attractive at current prices, I think. They yield 4.6% currently and an interesting point is that important new industrial uses for oil and its derivatives are developing. If you want to add on gold stock, I would suggest KERR-ADDISON. This is developing in a very attractive way.

G.B., Lindsay, Ont. — OBASKA LAKE MINES has met with important results in the first drilling in the renewed campaign of exploration at its property in Louvicourt township, Quebec. Two vertical holes have been drilled about 200 feet apart in the main zone and a third is being drilled between these to ascertain whether values are continuous. Previous drilling indicated what may be a major area of mineralization and two drill holes gave excellent intersections. The best intersection was 98 feet running 0.318 oz. per ton. The property consists of 25 claims directly east of the Bourlamaque - Louvicourt boundary, and operations are being financed by Frobisher Exploration, F. McConnell and International Mining Corporation. The last quotation I noticed for the stock was 85 to 90 cents, although it recently sold as high as $1.25.

D.E.M., Winnipeg, Man. — NEWCOR MINING AND REFINING LTD., was formed in June, 1943, to take over the ownership of the Douglas Lake Gold Mines, which Wampun Gold Mines had under lease and the latter company retains the controlling interest. Newcor shareholders recently approved a redivision and increase of capitalization to assist in financing operations. It is proposed to resume operations on the arsenic-gold property and the management hopes to have production underway in approximately four months. RED CLOUD MINING AND SMELTING LTD., was recently reported carrying on exploration of its property in Manitoba in preparation for a diamond drilling campaign. Nine claims formerly owned by Redmac Syndicate have been added to the Red Cloud holdings. The proposed exploration is in the hope of enlarging known occurrences of nickel-copper mineralization and to locate possible occurrence of chrome.

Canadian Oil Companies, Limited

CANADIAN Oil Companies, Limited, an old-established member of the petroleum industry in the Dominion, during the war years has largely directed its efforts to increasing production to supply petroleum products to the armed forces and essential industries in growing quantities. In the last five years the company has spent nearly $2,500,000 on plant additions in the expansion of facilities and these additions will be available for meeting the postwar demand for gasoline, lubricants, and petroleum products for various purposes. Increased uses for petroleum derivates for chemicals, plastics, etc., is anticipated in addition to the consumption for normal purposes.

Addressing the recent annual meeting of the company's shareholders John Irwin, president, stated that the war had brought difficult operating conditions for the industry and that these conditions have continued into 1944 and, instead of showing any prospect of early abatement, present the possibility of becoming rather more acute if requirements in connection with the invasion of Western Europe place added burdens upon the petroleum industry. Today we in Canada can face the future with an even greater confidence than at any time in the past five years, he continued. Victory may be near or far but it is sure, and when it comes, the president stated "we in the petroleum industry generally and in Canadian Oil Companies, Limited, in particular, will be ready to launch great plans for development." These latter remarks of Mr. Irwin indicate the industry is looking forward to active development in the postwar period.

Net profit for 1943 of $365,218 compared with $340,219 for 1942—the 1943 net including $51,702 refundable portion of the excess profits tax. Net per share for 1943 was equal to $1.43 per share, or exclusive of the refundable tax to $1.07 a share, compared with $1.25 a share for 1942. While the retained net, or the amount available for distribution to shareholders, of $1.07 per share for 1943 was below dividends and extras aggregating $1.20 per share being paid, the additions to earned surplus from 1938 to the end of 1943 were equivalent to $1.72 per share and this is available for distribution to stockholders, as well as annual retained earnings.

A new peak of $3,059,157 was established for net working capital at the end of 1943, this figure being an increase from $2,876,247 at the end of 1942, and from $1,283,253 at the end of 1938. In the past five years the company spent $2,436,000 for plant additions, partly financed by an issue of $1,500,000 of 4% debentures, due 1955, of which $1,386,500 was outstanding at December 31, 1943.

Outstanding capital at December 31, 1943, consisted of $2,000,000 of 8% cumulative non-callable preference stock of $100 par value and 143,764 common shares of no par value. Dividends have been paid regularly on the preferred stock and the dividend record on the common stock goes back to 1919. Present outstanding shares resulted from a six-for-one split in the old common of $100 par. An initial quarterly dividend of 25c was paid on the present common in August 1927, with the rate reduced to 12½c a share in February 1933 and increased to 25c in 1942, which rate has been maintained to date. In addition to quarterly dividends on the common annual extras of 20c per share have been paid since 1941.

Canadian Oil Companies, Limited, was incorporated in 1908 with an Ontario charter. The company operates a complete refinery and engages in the distribution of petroleum products in most provinces of the Dominion. The refinery is located at Petrolia, Ont., and the company operates a fleet of tank cars and motor trucks for the distribution of products, also terminals, warehouses and service stations.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938-1943, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividends Per Share
1943	23¾	15	$1.43*	16.6	10.5	$1.20
1942	15	10	1.25	12.0	8.0	1.20
1941	19	12	1.51	12.6	8.0	1.20
1940	21½	12	1.46	14.7	8.2	1.00
1939	22	12	2.03	10.8	6.0	1.00
1938	18½	10	1.27	14.5	7.9	0.62½
Average 1938-1943				13.4	7.9	
Approximate Current Average					13.0	
Approximate Current Yield					6.5%	

*—Includes 36c per share portion of refundable tax.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938
Net Profits	$ 365,218*	$ 340,219	$ 377,973	$ 370,570	$ 452,298	$ 342,317
Earned Surplus	1,254,546	1,221,845	1,214,143	1,168,688	1,104,020	955,485
Current Assets	5,329,553	4,601,948	4,126,852	3,328,179	2,918,078	2,369,443
Current Liabilities	2,270,396	1,725,701	1,583,843	1,021,295	1,777,530	1,086,190
Net Working Capital	3,059,157	2,876,247	2,543,009	2,306,884	1,140,548	1,283,253
Cash	783,745	251,294	233,563	234,022	278,718	110,568
Dominion Bonds	500,000	300,000	....	....	....	....
Funded Debt	1,386,500	1,425,000	1,500,000	1,500,000	....	....

*—Includes $51,702 refundable portion of the Excess Profits Tax.

MONTREAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY

Annual Report for Year Ended 31st December, 1943

Report of the President and Directors

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1943

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

Your Directors herewith submit their Annual Report for the year 1943.

Revenue:		
Operating Revenue—Tramways	$18,032,352.62	
" " Autobus	3,848,812.94	
		$21,881,165.56
Expenses:		
Tramways		
Operating Expenses	$9,892,810.86	
Maintenance and Renewals	3,370,261.74	
	$13,263,072.60	
Autobus		
Operating Expenses and Maintenance	$3,007,567.66	
Depreciation	578,235.53	
	3,585,803.19	
Taxes (other than Income Taxes)	696,423.42	
City of Montreal Rental	500,000.00	
		18,045,299.21
Net Operating Revenue		$ 3,835,866.35
Other Income:		
Interest on Marketable Securities, Call Loans, etc.	$ 24,844.17	
Dividends	50,445.80	
		75,289.97
		$ 3,911,156.32
Other Deductions:		
Interest on Bonds	$ 2,166,339.81	
Exchange	107,128.07	
Amortization of Bond Discount and Expenses	10,942.00	
		2,284,409.88
		$ 1,626,746.44
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes		364,870.53
Net Income transferred to Surplus		$ 1,261,875.91

SURPLUS AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1943

Balance at beginning of period		$ 1,808,817.37
Net Income from Profit and Loss Statement		1,261,875.91
Transferred from Contingent Reserve		9,000.00
		$ 3,079,693.28
Deduct:		
Transferred to Depreciation Reserve	$ 800,000.00	
Reserve for Financing	184,363.22	
Premium paid on Bonds purchased for Sinking Fund	85,323.12	
		1,069,686.34
Balance at end of period		$ 2,010,006.94

The number of revenue passengers for 1943 was as follows:

	Tramways	Autobus	Trolley Bus	Total
Revenue Passengers, 1943	288,327,630	63,021,553	3,010,372	354,359,555
Revenue Passengers, 1942	260,218,074	55,898,490	3,281,760	319,398,324
Increase	28,109,556	7,123,063	* 271,388	34,961,231
Increase per centum	10.80%	12.74%	* 8.27%	10.95%

*Decrease.

Miles operated were as follows:—

1943	34,257,089	10,661,885	308,412	45,227,386
1942	32,277,347	10,205,240	358,871	42,841,458
Increase	1,979,742	456,645	* 50,459	2,385,928
Increase per centum	6.13%	4.47%	* 14.06%	5.57%

Taxes, Snow Removal and City Rental

Included in the Operating Costs for the year are the following:

City of Montreal:	
Snow Removal, Taxes and Annual Rental	$ 1,354,565.71
Other Municipalities Snow Removal and Taxes	59,839.71
Federal Government:	
Income Tax, Gasoline Tax, etc.	423,532.13
Provincial Government:	
Taxes, Gasoline, etc.	253,769.89
	$ 2,091,707.44

The operations of the Company from 1918 to December 31st, 1943, have included the following amounts payable to the City of Montreal:—

Snow Removal	$ 5,521,321.22	
Annual Rental	9,111,711.60	
Taxes	10,220,100.26	
		$24,853,133.08
Expended by the Company for Maintenance of Street Pavement		4,137,519.04
		$28,990,652.12

Financial

The number of revenue passengers carried during the year was 354,359,555. This constitutes an all time record for this Company and represents approximately 34.81% of all passengers carried on all street car systems operating in Canada in 1943. The increase over 1942 was 10.95% and that of 1942 over 1941, 21.18%, or a combined increase for the two years of 34.45%. The results are notable in view of the fact that the operation of the system was carried on with only a slight increase in rolling stock and with an embarrassing shortage of materials for essential repairs. The Operating Expenses for 1943 show an increase of $3,072,902.29 over those of 1942. The difference is due in large part to an increase of 2,385,928 in the number of miles operated and other increases in wages and cost of materials.

Income Tax

Your attention is directed to the second paragraph of the Auditors' Report, which reads as follows:

"On January 24th, 1944, the Montreal Tramways Commission by resolution ordered your Company to pay to the City of Montreal out of its gross revenues for the year 1942 the sum of $1,000,000 on account of arrears of City Rentals, but only if and when the Commissioner of Income Tax ruled that such a payment would be allowed as a deductible expense for that year. The provision for Income and Excess Profits taxes shown on the balance sheet is accordingly subject to final determination by the Income Tax Authorities."

This matter is still under consideration by the Authorities referred to.

Fares

There was no change in tramway fares for 1943, the average rate for the year being 6.08 cents. In 1942 the average fare in cities in the United States with a population exceeding 100,000 was 8.02 cents and no change has been noted in 1943.

Labour Relations

On March 29, 1943, the Company's employees went on strike. They returned to work on the morning of March 31, 1943. The strike resulted from a jurisdictional dispute between Local 790 of the American Federation of Labour and the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees. The strike was declared to be illegal by the Honourable Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labour of the Federal Government. Pursuant to Order-in-Council P.C. 4020, Dr. H. Carl Goldenberg was appointed by the Minister of Labour as an Industrial Disputes Inquiry Commissioner. After investigation, Dr. Goldenberg recommended that the Negotiating Committee then in Office under an agreement between the Company and its employees dated July 24, 1940, and then also officers of Local 790 of the American Federation of Labour, should be replaced by a committee nominated by the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees. This recommendation having been made by a Commissioner appointed by the Minister of Labour was accepted by the Company and the strike came to an end.

Rolling Stock

Additions to rolling stock during the year consisted of seven (7) new Ford 27-passenger buses at a total cost of $54,279.

Four (4) passenger-car bodies were built at Youville Shops in order to utilize to better advantage the electrical and truck equipment normally assigned to observation cars.

The maintenance of a maximum number of vehicles in daily service has to some extent interrupted the normal routine of maintenance of both street cars and buses. The Maintenance Department has, however, accommodated itself to the difficult conditions prevailing and has produced very creditable results. A shortage of repair parts and the use of substitutes for materials subject to high priority rating have made it difficult to maintain the Company's usual high standard of repair but service records do not indicate any important or unusual depreciation of equipment.

Of forty (40) new buses ordered in January, 1943, none have as yet been delivered but twenty 40-passenger buses have been allocated to the Company by the proper authorities in the United States and delivery is expected in May or June, 1944.

Track, Construction and Renewals

New construction was limited to an extension of approximately one mile of single track from the Cartierville line to the Noorduyn Aircraft Plant on Bois Franc Road.

A turning loop was constructed at Hillsdale Avenue on Van Horne Avenue to replace facilities previously afforded by the wye at Hartland Avenue.

In addition to normal maintenance and reconditioning of tracks, 2.63 miles of single track was renewed during the year.

Power

In order to provide the necessary power facilities for the operation of a larger number of cars over the Cartierville line, a 1,000 k.w. substation was built at Decarie Boulevard and Garland Street. This involved the addition of a 12,000-volt feeder line and additions to the positive and negative low-tension cables on the Cartierville Division.

Buildings

The construction of a new operating garage at the corner of Charlevoix and Ste. Cunegonde Streets was started in August, 1943, and will be in operation in March, 1944. This garage has a designed capacity for 85 buses and is being erected at an estimated cost of $360,000.

The location of this garage will reduce substantially the net cost of operation of all buses to Verdun and in the southwestern section of the metropolitan area.

Your Directors desire to record their sincere appreciation of the loyal and efficient services of the Company's Officers and Staff during the year.

Submitted on behalf of the Board of Directors.

R. N. WATT, President.

General Balance Sheet

AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1943

ASSETS

Current Assets			
Cash on Hand, Demand Deposits	$ 1,840,325.38		
Call Loans	2,475,000.00		
		$ 4,315,325.38	
Marketable Securities, at cost (Market Value $882,750.00)		861,062.50	
Accounts Receivable		57,220.17	
Inventories of track and overhead materials, Street Car and Autobus repair parts and supplies, etc., at cost (as determined and certified to by Officials of the Company)		1,214,636.75	
Due by Employees on Victory Loan Subscriptions		441,372.37	
Accrued Interest Receivable		28,944.81	
			$ 6,918,561.98
Investments			
Company's own Bonds (Par Value $812,800.00)		$ 786,173.51	
Securities of Affiliates		725,248.33	
Securities held for account of Guarantee Fund (Market Value $503,750.00)		500,000.00	
Securities held for account of Autobus Depreciation, Financing and other Reserves (Market Value $2,526,250.00)		2,500,000.00	
			4,511,421.84
Fixed Assets			
Property, Plant and Equipment		$57,228,472.29	
Less Reserves—			
Maintenance and Renewals	$ 394,634.18		
Depreciation, General	7,000,000.00		
Depreciation, Autobus	2,341,636.46		
		9,736,270.64	
			47,492,201.65
Deferred Charges			
Prepaid Taxes		$ 4,047.00	
Uniforms—amount applicable 1944 operations		34,772.12	
Prepaid Insurance, Rents, etc.		47,200.06	
Unamortized Bond Discount and Expenses		123,092.00	
			209,111.18
Other Assets			
Operators' Ticket Advance Account		$ 65,000.00	
Refundable portion of Dominion of Canada Excess Profits Tax 1942		131,821.26	
			196,821.26
Note:			
Balance due Company under Contract, payable only when earned:			
On account Financing Allowance	$ 737,234.01		
			$59,328,117.91

Verified in accordance with our Report of this date.

SHARP, MILNE & CO., C.A., Auditors.

Montreal, March 16th, 1944.

LIABILITIES, CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS

Current Liabilities			
Accounts Payable		$ 503,225.10	
Accrued Liabilities			
Wages	$ 1,080,950.74		
Provision for Income and Excess Profit Taxes, less amounts paid on account	1,065,888.45		
Other Taxes	248,239.45		
Bond Interest	322,612.85		
Montreal Tramways Mutual Benefit Association	180,795.23		
City of Montreal Rental	125,000.00		
		3,023,486.72	
Other Current Liabilities			
Employees' Security Deposits		34,039.86	
			$ 3,560,751.68
Funded Debt			
First and Refunding Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds due July 1, 1951 (Payable at holder's option in Canadian or U.S. currency or in sterling)		$17,600,000.00	
General Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds due April 1, 1955,			
Series "A" (Payable at holder's option in Canadian or U.S. currency or in sterling)			
5%	$ 2,525,400.00		
4½%	264,400.00		
	$ 2,789,800.00		
Series "B" (Payable in Canadian currency)			
5%	$21,039,200.00		
4½%	1,823,100.00		
	$22,862,300.00		
Bonds not yet presented for exchange			
5%	$ 379,100.00		
4½%	16,200.00		
	$ 395,300.00		
		26,047,400.00	
			43,647,400.00
Reserves (In accordance with provisions of Contract)			
Contingent Reserve		$ 300,000.00	
Reserve for Injuries and Damage		200,000.00	
Other Reserves, including refundable portion of Dominion of Canada Excess Profits Tax		202,119.63	
			702,119.63
Reserves (For Company's Account)			
Reserve for Financing		$ 1,582,181.93	
Reserve for Redemption of Unpresented Tickets		500,000.00	
Reserve for Exchange on U.S. Dollars		209,000.00	
Other Reserves		116,657.73	
			2,407,839.66
Capital Stock			
70,000 shares of $100.00 par value			7,000,000.00
Surplus			2,010,006.94
			$59,328,117.91

Approved on behalf of the Directors:

BEAUDRY LEMAN
GORDON W. MacDOUGALL } Directors.

Certified Correct:

A. A. BOIRE,
Chief Accountant.

SHARP, MILNE & CO.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Aldred Building, Montreal, March 16th, 1944.

Montreal Tramways Company,
Montreal, Quebec.

We have examined the balance sheet of Montreal Tramways Company as of December 31st, 1943, and the related statements of profit and loss and surplus for the year 1943, have reviewed the system of internal control and the accounting procedures of the Company and, without making a detailed audit of the transactions, have examined or tested accounting records of the Company and other supporting evidence, by methods and to the extent we deemed appropriate. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards applicable in the circumstances and included all procedures which we considered necessary.

On January 24th, 1944, the Montreal Tramways Commission by resolution ordered your Company to pay to the City of Montreal out of its gross revenues for the year 1942 the sum of $1,000,000 on account of arrears of City rentals, but only if and when the Commissioner of Income Tax ruled that such a payment would be allowed as a deductible expense for that year. The provision for Income and Excess Profits taxes shown on the balance sheet is accordingly subject to final determination by the Income Tax authorities.

In our opinion, the accompanying balance sheet and related statements of profit and loss and surplus present fairly the position of Montreal Tramways Company at December 31st, 1943, and the results of the operations for the year then ended, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year.

SHARP, MILNE & CO., C.A., Auditors.

Officers: R. N. WATT, President; WM. C. FINLEY, Vice-President; D. E. BLAIR, Vice-President and General Manager; A. DUPERRON, Assistant General Manager; PATRICK DUBEE, Secretary-Treasurer; T. D. ROBERTSON, Assistant Secretary-Treasurer

Directors: WM. C. FINLEY, GEO. H. MONTGOMERY, K.C., SEVERE GODIN, HOWARD MURRAY, O.B.E., C. E. GRAVEL, GORDON W. MacDOUGALL, K.C., BEAUDRY LEMAN, R. N. WATT

ABOUT INSURANCE

Reform Workmen's Compensation Administration in N.Y. State

By GEORGE GILBERT

During a thorough investigation over a period of fourteen months by a N.Y. Commission, in the course of which numerous public and private hearings were held, many abuses in the administration of the Workmen's Compensation law were disclosed which were depriving workers of the benefits to which they were entitled.

As a result, a number of amendments to the law have been made which Gov. Dewey has declared will end these undesirable conditions. Safeguards have been inserted to ensure honest and efficient medical care and punishment for those remiss in their duty.

ABUSES in the administration of the Workmen's Compensation law in New York State, which brought about an extensive investigation, have resulted in several amendments to the law which Governor Thomas E. Dewey has stated will end them. One of the amendments provides for the revocation, suspension or annulment of the license and registration of a physician who is a party to fee-splitting or the giving or taking of kickbacks.

Another amendment prohibits the presence of a physician selected by an employer, insurance carrier or employee when doctors of the Division of Workmen's Compensation, a state body, make a physical examination of a claimant, but permits a physical examination by an insurance carrier's and employer's physician immediately thereafter in the presence of the claimant's physician.

Under another amendment the State Industrial Commissioner is empowered to appoint a medical practice committee of three outstanding physicians to consider applications of physicians, medical bureaus, laboratories and X-ray bureaus to treat patients in New York City, while in up-state counties the medical societies will so act.

It is also provided that disagreement as to the value of medical aid shall be decided by the medical practice committee in New York City and by an arbitration committee appointed by the Industrial Commission for up-state, and that the Commissioner shall select expert physicians from panels submitted by county medical societies for opinions as to injuries to claimants; also that the Commissioner employ physicians at $7,500 a year to act as expert consultants.

It is further provided that no claim for medical or surgical treatment shall be enforceable unless the physician's report is submitted directly to the Industrial Commissioner within forty-eight hours; that a copy of the report by an insurance carrier's physician regarding his examination of a claimant be filed with the Industrial Commissioner; that the State Industrial Board shall have tests of the character and fitness of applicants for licenses to represent claimants, and shall make rules and regulations governing these licenses.

If the Industrial Board determines, after a hearing, that objections to an award were interposed by the employer or insurance carrier without just cause, it shall require them to pay the claimant an additional award of an amount not to exceed 15 per cent. An employee injured by the negligence of a third party may receive medical benefits and compensation from the employer even though suing the third party; and any person interfering with the selection of a physician by an injured employee, or influencing or attempting to influence the medical opinion of the physician, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

It is also provided that fines up to $2,500 may be imposed on insurers failing to comply with workmen's compensation requirements, and that whenever an insurance carrier or employer appeals to the Appellate Division of the Court of Appeals and the award to a claimant is unanimously upheld, the claimant's award is to be increased by 10 per cent, but not less than $100 if the court certifies that the appeal was not made on meritorious grounds.

Disability Awards

In the case of temporary total disability, the minimum compensation is set at not less than $12 a week, and, where the injured employee's wages were less than $12 a week, the award is to be for the full amount of the wages. The minimum heretofore has been $8 a week. For permanent and for temporary total disability the maximum compensation is increased from $25 a week to $28 a week, for any period of disability arising out of claims accruing during the year commencing next June 1, as a war emergency measure.

For permanent total dust disease disability or death the maximum amount is increased from $5,000 to $6,500. It is also provided that a committee of expert consultants in dust diseases shall investigate cases to determine the feasibility of allowing compensation for partial disability and other full benefits. The employer is made liable for replacement or repairs to crutches, apparatus, artificial members of the body and surgical appliances necessitated by ordinary wear, in addition to their duty to provide them in the first place.

While workmen's compensation has been provided in New York State for over thirty years, and its compensation law is well drafted and has, in fact, served as a model for other states, the purpose of the legislation has in recent years been largely defeated by bad administration which deprived workers of the benefits to which they were entitled. In the last months of 1942 public attention was directed to the scandalous situation which had developed, and Gov. Lehman appointed a Moreland Commission to inquire into the matter. The inquiry was continued under Gov. Dewey.

After fourteen months of thorough investigation, the Commission made its findings that the present amendments to the law have been made. The Commission found that instead of quick payment and final determinations without litigation, delay and litigated controversy before the tribunals set up by the law had been common for a decade.

Rights Ignored

In certain parts of the state injured workers were compelled to accept representation not of their own choosing, while in many parts of the state injured workers were compelled to accept doctors not of their own choosing—doctors whose loyalties and interests were not to their patients. In some instances, injured men were subjected to unnecessary and disabling operations. Payment of the claims of injured workers were denied or delayed, although their rights should have been free from controversy.

It was found that all too frequently injured workers were unable to obtain their rights during the period of incapacity when funds were essential. Public officials, entrusted with the duty of administering the law, failed to rectify or even to attempt to rectify these conditions over a period of many years. These same officials were guilty of repeated selection of inefficient and even corrupt personnel whose good will was often for sale.

In New York State employers have the choice of insuring with the State Insurance Fund, operated by the state, or with private insurers. The Commission found that the State Insurance Fund had not been the example to private insurers it was intended to be. There had been dishonesty on the part of certain of its employees, and there had been laxity on the part of its executives in the supervision of the Fund.

It was also found that the medical societies had been unable to eradicate the undesirable fee-splitting and kickback practices which had permeated so deeply into the system. Fee-receiving licensed representatives built up large organized practices over a lengthy period, it was reported, farming out much of the work to lawyers on their payrolls. Another finding was that injured workers had been compelled by the Department of Labor to submit to medical examinations under deplorable conditions, sometimes even in jail quarters and on floors.

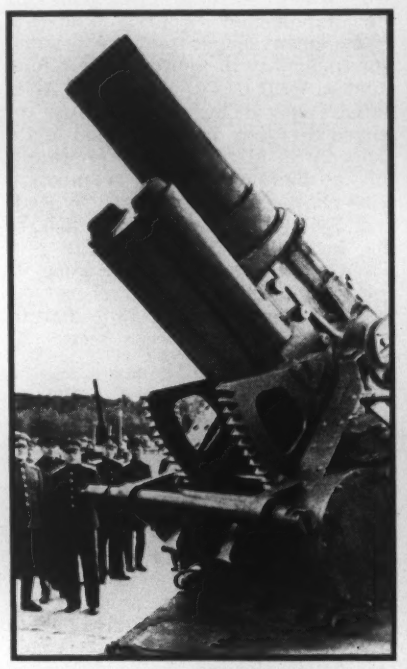
Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to obtain information about the financial position of a Swedish company called the Svea Fire and Life Insurance Company, Limited, so far as its Canadian policyholders are concerned. Has this company been in business for any length of time, and what are its assets and liabilities in this country?

—C.A.S., Montreal, Que.

Svea Fire and Life Insurance Company, Limited, with head office at Gothenberg, Sweden, and Canadian head office at Montreal, was organized in 1866, and has been doing business in Canada under Dominion registry since 1927. At December 31,



In Moscow, Soviet Commanders view this heavy German siege mortar, believed to be either a 240 or 305 mm. piece. It was abandoned by the Germans in retreating from Russia.

FIDELITY
Insurance Company of Canada
TORONTO

Consult your Agent or Broker as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company
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THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD
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FIRE AND CASUALTY
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EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
E. D. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

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. . . a contract under which the owner of good property co-operates to reduce fire losses, and to receive, as his reward, the savings that result therefrom in the form of dividends. Investigate the Northwestern Mutual plan today.
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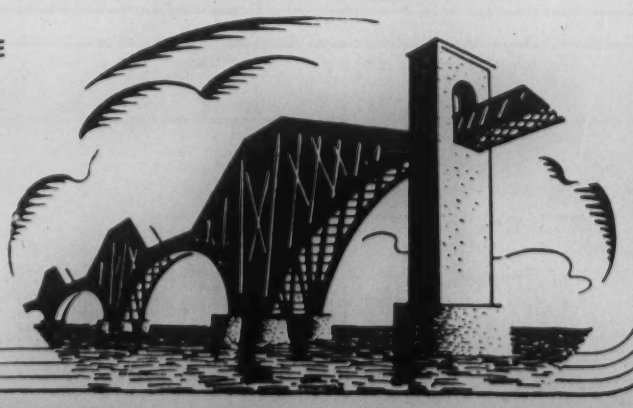
THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co. Ltd.
ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
THE STANDARD LIFE EDINBURGH
A mutual office noted throughout the world for its soundness and strength.
HEAD OFFICE: 3 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH
Head Office for Canada: 391 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL
Branch Offices are maintained in the following cities:—
TORONTO, LONDON, OTTAWA and HAMILTON, ONT.;
MONTREAL, P.Q.; FREDERICTON and SAINT JOHN, N.B.;
HALIFAX, N.S.; and VANCOUVER, B.C.
UNSHAKEN BY THE WAR
THE FORTH BRIDGE EDINBURGH
A bridge noted throughout the world for the outstanding strength of its construction.
The scene of the first bombing raid in Britain —it stands proud and unscarred.



TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AROUND, CHUM!

1942, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total admitted assets in Canada were $97,566, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $29,963, showing a surplus of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $67,603. The company has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of bonds of the market value of $60,200 for the protection of its Canadian policyholders exclusively. Comparing the amount of the Government deposit with the amount of the company's total liabilities in this country, it will be seen that its Canadian policyholders are amply protected, and that the company is safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

Are there any reliable statistics available showing the average fire insurance loss ratio on Canning Factories in Canada over a recent period of years? I have been informed that the loss ratio on such risks is a good deal higher than the average for all classes of risks. Can you tell me if this is correct?

—B. J. M., Brantford, Ont.

Reliable figures are to be found in the detailed reports of the Superintendent of Insurance, Ottawa, in the form of tables of experience of Dominion registered companies as to premiums and losses under each of 27 separate classes of risks. For the five years, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940 and 1941, the five latest years for which this information is available, the net premiums on Canning Factories totalled $1,126,313, while the net losses incurred amounted to $668,449, showing a loss ratio of 59.35 per cent. The average loss ratio on all the 27 classes of risks for the same period was 37.52 per cent.

• •

The Dow Theory Barometer

By HARUSPEX

FROM time to time Haruspex receives letters from readers concerning the barometric aspect of the action of the Dow-Jones averages. A student of the Dow theory will ultimately learn how to detect stock market trends but his proficiency is improved by his full understanding of the Dow theory and its application to the available facts.

Sometimes confusion of thought seems to exist concerning this matter of barometric aspect of the Dow-Jones averages. The following considerations are submitted therefore in an endeavor to clarify the situation: First, a barometer does not forecast weather; it is a recording instrument only, that registers changes in atmospheric pressure. From the sequence and the amount of these changes, the experience of the weather man enables him to predict, with fair accuracy, weather in the immediate future. It can be seen that the forecast is derived from deductive inference in the mind of a man, and not in any sense is it a pronouncement by the barometer.

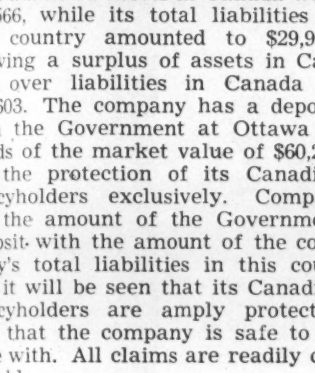
Analogically, the averages do not forecast market movement in the future. These averages are only a record of price fluctuations up to the moment of compilation. It is the mind of the market observer that does the forecasting and his success in using the data supplied by the averages (factual data only) depends upon his experience, the acuity of his observation, his acquired market wisdom, and his capacity for imaginative projection of the flux of the present into the future. In this the Dow-Jones averages are useful because:

Second, these compilations form an accurate picture of the flow of prices, in the market as a whole from hour to hour. It is presumed that this idea is accepted and that all will agree that no better way of sampling that flow is to be had. The competence of the Dow-Jones averages to do this has been threshed out repeatedly with reasons given, theoretical and applied. The barometric nature of these averages in appreciation was discovered by Wm. Peter Hamilton who regarded the price at any given moment to result from the integration of all factors having a market influence, and so to be a summation of opinion of all who are interested in common stocks.

This integration is automatic for it is based upon the action of trading rather than casual observation, in which every element that could have a bearing upon values is wrought into the composite result; financial, news, political and personal factors all merge into a trade that establishes a quoted price. Obviously there are radical differences of opinion, for in every trade the minds of buyer and seller meet, each feeling that he is acting advantageously.

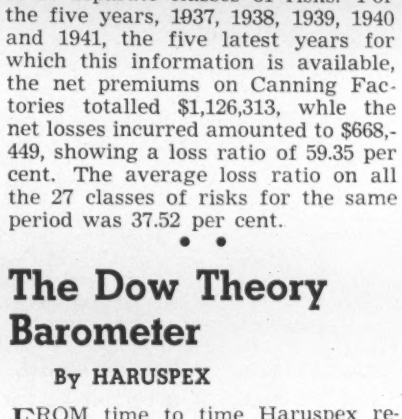
The imponderables of the market place and of the social, economic and political enigmas which confront us are so all-embracing that the averages can do no more than reflect the hopes and fears, the beliefs and prejudices of those foolhardy souls who speculate or invest.

While much might be written, this should be sufficient as a germinal thought for elaboration, say, after the manner of allegro sonata in musical art, and so in re-capitulation it can be stated that the averages are only factual records of what has occurred in the market; it is the active mind of the observer which projects the forecast according to his insight and his personal exigencies.



MR. E. HOLMES

who has been appointed Manager of the main Toronto branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce. Though born in Toronto, Mr. Holmes spent practically all his early life in Nova Scotia. He entered the Bank at Windsor, N.S., in March, 1911, and after training there and at other points in Nova Scotia he was appointed Accountant at Cobalt in 1917. His first managerial appointment came early in 1919 at Belleoram, Nfld., and successively he has been Manager of the Bank's branches at Burin, Nfld.; Truro, N.S.; Moncton, N.B., and St. John's, Nfld. In 1931 he was made Supervisor of the Foreign Department of the Bank at its Head Office in Toronto and in 1937 he became Chief Inspector. Two years later he received the appointment of Manager at Windsor, Ont., where he took a prominent part in the business life of the Border Cities.



MR. CRAWFORD GORDON

Manager of the main Toronto branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, who is retiring from the Bank on pension after a long and distinguished banking career. Mr. Gordon joined the staff of the Bank in Winnipeg in 1900, and received his early training there until he was appointed an Assistant Inspector in 1909. In 1911 he became Assistant Manager of the Winnipeg branch. In 1920 he proceeded to Kingston, Jamaica, to open a branch of the Bank there, returning to Canada early in 1925 for a short period as Assistant Manager of the main branch in Toronto. In 1926 he was made Manager at Ottawa, where he remained until 1931, when he was appointed Manager of the Bank's branch in London, Eng. In November, 1935, he again returned to Canada, to assume the managership of the main Toronto branch. During his long and varied experience Mr. Gordon has made many friends, not only in banking circles, but among business men and citizens both in Canada and abroad.

The Wawanēsa
Mutual Insurance Company
—ORGANIZED IN 1896—
Admitted Assets - $4,382,095.84
Surplus - - - - - - 2,431,602.73
—Write for Financial Statement—
Head Office: WAWANESA, Man.
Eastern Office: TORONTO, Ont.
Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, and Montreal.

LAW UNION & ROCK INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
W. R. HOUGHTON, Canadian Manager
RIDOUT & STRICKLAND CO. LTD.
Toronto Agents

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In spite of the fact that the Advertising Department of SATURDAY NIGHT accepts color advertising in less than half of its issue, SATURDAY NIGHT carries more color advertising than any other periodical published in the Dominion.

Established 1809
CANADA'S OLDEST INSURANCE COMPANY
THE HALIFAX INSURANCE COMPANY
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THE ESTABLISHED 1906 MONARCH LIFE Assurance Company
A PROGRESSIVE CANADIAN COMPANY

1864 1943
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FIRE — INLAND TRANSPORTATION
HAIL AND WINDSTORM — RENT AND LEASEHOLD — EXPLOSION AND RIOT
SPRINKLER LEAKAGE — AUTOMOBILE
The personnel and assets of this Company are behind the business, men, women and property owners of this country. It is important that your Property Damage and Business Interruption Insurance contracts are 100% effective *before* a loss occurs. This is the objective of our Agents and this Company.
A Message
It is very important that Business Interruption Insurance be placed on a sound basis insofar as the insurable amount is concerned.
Ask our agents for our worksheet, compiled especially to arrive at correct insurable amounts.
The cost of Business Interruption Insurance for one year is most likely to be less than the recovery for one day's suspension of business—DON'T GAMBLE.
36% of our entire assets are in Government War Bonds.
TORONTO GENERAL AGENTS:
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Murphy, Love, Hamilton & Bascom, Toronto
WESTERN MANAGERS: Osler, Hammond & Nanton, Ltd., Winnipeg
PROVINCIAL AGENTS:
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Hunter & Doyle
SAINT JOHN
Frank R. and Geo. E. Fairweather, Limited
HALIFAX
Alfred J. Bell & Co. Limited
VANCOUVER
Vancouver Mortgage Corporation Ltd.
A BOARD COMPANY
USE OUR FACILITIES FREELY

That's the Good Thing about VICTORY BONDS

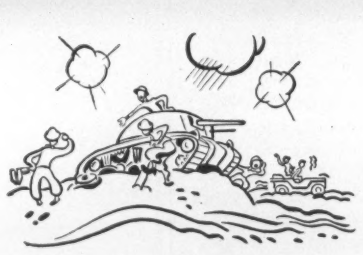
THEY ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR ALL-OVER SECURITY PLAN

PAYING FOR THE WAR

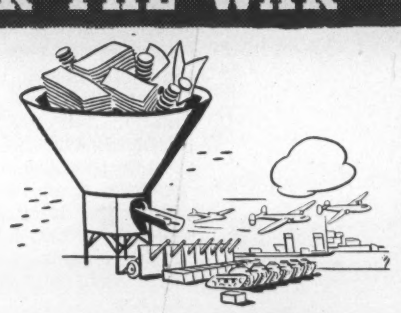
WE'VE GOT

TO WIN

THIS WAR



and we've got to pay for the supplies and equipment to do it, without bringing on inflation.



To pay for the war, taxes on incomes, profits and luxuries have been increased. But that's not enough. And there's a practical limit to taxes—so funds also have to be secured in other ways.

Victory Bonds are the best alternative for raising extra funds without increasing taxes to a level that would be unbearable.

PREVENTING INFLATION

When there is so much more money to spend than there are goods to spend it on

then the danger of inflation, with its disastrous rise in the cost of living, looms over us.

To meet the threat of inflation, prices, profits, wages and supplies are controlled.

Excess spending must also be switched from where it can bid up prices and costs, and put to work for the common good.

PROTECTION FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

Over 3 million individual Canadians have invested over 3 billion dollars to date in Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates.

If left around for loose spending, this 3 billion dollars would have bid up prices, created black markets, prevented the fair distribution of supplies . . . blown the lid off.

For national security and stability nothing has been a more important factor in preventing inflation than this investment by Canadians.

Millions of Canadians have learned new habits of thrift and the way to protect their own future.

This advertisement is the fourth of a series being issued by the Government of Canada to emphasize the importance of preventing further increases in the cost of living now and deflation later.

IT'S AN ACHIEVEMENT THAT IS PAYING DIVIDENDS